

Your Demise, Blood Ran Cold

It doesn't seem that long since you changed your fucking song
My heart grew fond of you and now for everything you do
Used to take as gospel every word you say
I used to have respect for you but you disgraced your name

You took your chances, now it's my fucking turn
You lost our self respect
And took the piss out of everyone in your path
So this ones for you

Now that I've come not to care its true your going nowhere
And maybe your safe at home but your empty forgotten and alone
And if I cut my wrists I'm sure the blood will run out pure
And if I cut your wrists I'm sure the blood won't run out pure

The colours blue and gold S T A the blood ran cold...