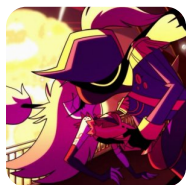


## Piss – Hazbin Hotel 2

These elysian nights  
Alone in the golden skies  
Lost in a memory  
Of how it used to be  
When it was only you and me,  
And our old petty slights  
I found home in those messy fights  
Somehow, I couldn't see  
Through the cloud of debris  
At the scene of the crime  
They say time heals all wounds  
But the wounds are what I miss  
'Cause every brush with death  
Meant much more than a kiss  
Can you hear me callin'  
From way the fuck down here?  
Those golden days of brawlin'  
Were the best of all my years  
I'm bored as fuck without you  
Are you bored without me too?  
I'm longing for just one night more  
Of beating the piss out of you  
Turf war, what's the score?  
How the hell'd she get on board?  
Egg Boiz, kill that vandal  
Hope you like your minions scrambled  
Oh shit  
Get lit  
Get your punk-ass off my ship  
If you say so, gotta go  
Oh my God, it's gonna blow  
Another exciting Sin City night  
This Sheila's blastin' your ass away  
Glorious bloodshed under neon lights  
I will destroy you at last  
They say time heals all wounds

But the wounds are what I miss  
And every brush with death  
Meant much more than a kiss  
Can you feel me fallin'?  
Though I don't know if it's love  
(Could this be love?)  
The cuts are healed and scarrin'  
But I still taste the blood  
(I still taste your blood)  
I know I tried to kill you  
And you tried to kill me too  
You blew a hole right through my soul  
While I was beating the piss out of you  
Beating the piss  
Out of you



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych