

Brooks

Shiner

I have the perfect living specimen for trade. I have the
perfect pricey sacrifice for trade. Two times, twice I
had the urge for something new. I'll sell the price I
choose to pay for something new. I washed, I tried to
wash the blood off of my hands. I chose, I chose to live
with your blood on my hands.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>