

# 1936

## PHOX

Her blood is our blood too, I know.  
And I feel all of it too, and you know, you know. 1936 breathing.  
Garnet her stone, ever gleaming.  
And Edith's hope is for love  
but she doesn't hear of her grandchildren grieving, no.  
Eldest raised by Al Ringling, spirit granted from Sing Sing.  
All of her heart is for drugs  
and she doesn't care that everyone is leaving.  
Her blood is our blood too, I know.  
And I feel all of it too, and you know, and you know.  
Her blood is our blood too, and I know.  
I feel all of it too, and you know. And halfway in the hour, toward the mid of the night,  
We met our hands, despite our wicked fight,  
And we will sort our way around  
This awful mess that all our genes have thrown around.  
Her blood is our blood too, and I know.  
And I feel all of it too, and you know.  
Her blood is our blood too, and I know.  
And I feel all of it too.  
Her blood is our blood too, I know.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>