Russian Roulette

Shawn Cooley

So he loaded the clip
Pointed the gun to his temple
He had a note on the dresser
That read, â€œTo whomever listens
To whomever reads this I have some natural questions.
And even if I filled the paper
You would not get the message.â€•
The tears fall from his eyes.
He doubts his placement in heaven.
Heâ€™s having flashbacks to playing ball when he was eleven.
Yo things were different back then.
He cracks a smile for a second.
But then itâ€™s back to the sweat
And back to the thoughtless aggression.
He feels heâ€™s done the best he could
But lately he hates what heâ€™s become
An open Bible on the floor beside an empty case of rum.
Yâ€™know itâ€™s gettinâ€™ hard to breathe
The walls are caving on his lung.
He would rather feel the pain.
But too many pills have made him numb.
Nah.

Heâ€™s got a son thatâ€™s on the way.
"Heâ€™s better off without me around,"
Thatâ€™s what he thinks.
On the brink, give him a couple seconds and he will break.
Heâ€™ll take his own life and care less about fate.

I got one bullet in the pistol, I spin it and let it fly.
Barrel to the brain the fear of God in my eyes.
Will I rise to the sky or spend my time in the fire?
Why do they pray for my demise more than they pray for my life?

I ainâ€™t get it!
Theyâ€™re the ones who put me on the ledge,
Every time I cry they push me closer to the edge.
I donâ€™t get it!
I donâ€™t think Iâ€™ll ever get it.

Left me to feel the pain when they seen that I ainâ€™t no longer livinâ€™.
So here we go, time to end it.
Got the barrel to the brain, so I pull the trigger.
clickâ€¦ clickâ€¦ clickâ€¦

From the way I finished that I guess you thought that I was dead.
Guess Iâ€™m not the only one to hear the voices in my head.
Yeah, I pulled the trigger but I left the safety on instead.
Then I fell down to my knees.
I ainâ€™t lyinâ€™, donâ€™t go back.
That was Godâ€™s way of showinâ€™ me thatâ€™s not the way to go.
How could I be so selfish?
Iâ€™m sorry but I donâ€™t know.
I guess thatâ€™s what I get,
I tried to solve it on my own.
Take it out of Godâ€™s hands,
It ainâ€™t hard to lose control.
Now I swear that I wonâ€™t lie.
Not a thing about me is perfect.
And I apologize for the times I acted worthless.
I now follow the Lord and His path has gotten me nervous.
I keep slippinâ€™ up and sayinâ€™, â€œGod, Iâ€™m sorry but Iâ€™m still larninâ€™.â€•
I was bankrupt.
Lord only You could pay the debt.
Donâ€™t waste shaminâ€™ me
Oh my God, why did I end this way?
I learned it all the hard way,
Listen donâ€™t you forget:
You got way too many blessings to play Russian Roulette.

Lyrics Submitted by Ethan Swoyer

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