

# Colt .45

## Stavesacre

I thought about what you said  
And I'm not sorry for a thing  
You do not understand this  
Or what it means to me Cannot discard this as emotion  
This is more than another passing stage  
You'll have to prove it's just opinion In defense of everything this is my everything  
Could it be that you have stumbled, tripped  
And fallen over something more than faith Could you prove yourself  
This is a matter of life and death  
Would you step up to the line  
But please don't just talk this time I want what you ask of me  
I want what you ask of me this time  
Step up to the line  
Action begs reaction What is left to be said  
Anything less has all been done before  
To put to rest what you've been wondering  
If you could take my life would you still ask for more I though about what you said  
Something occurred to me  
You wouldn't ask me to turn my back on anything  
If you believed that I believe Truth is I would love to show you  
Take faith and works to another higher stage  
So there is little time for words you've heard Life and death are only steps  
I'm not afraid of what comes next  
What is enough in your opinion  
Perhaps my death would bring  
Some substance to my claims Vanity of vanities  
This life, love, art and sex  
Each breath you breathe  
Is grasping at the wind He is my everything  
We cannot both be right  
About right and wrong and God and man  
Right and wrong and God and man I want what you ask of me this time  
Please step up to the line  
He's my everything action begs reaction What is left to be said  
Anything less has all been done before  
So put to rest your wondering  
If you could take my life you'd still ask for more

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