

# Bullet

## Superheist

My black heart is stained  
With the price of betrayal  
I hope you get what you fought for  
In this life you live So you wanna be a star  
Such a pretty, pretty, pretty star  
Things have gone from bad to worse A fractured kiss that made me curse you  
I've ceased to breathe anesthetized by your disguise  
Honesty brokered, I infest you with despise Things have gone from bad to worse  
Since you left me, I've become a shadow of you  
Razor-loving eyes I've got a bullet for you Four walls and a view of you  
Cold bed of blood I brew to entice you  
Eat the poison of another's embrace It's all in your face  
The lies that I cannot trace  
In a room where you die alone

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