

# My Gun Your Bullets

## Sinai Beach

I can feel your eyes on my face  
I can sense the laughter in this place  
Well, I can see disgust in your eyes  
As they stare straight back to mine Well, I feel the prick  
Of your fingers  
Pointing at my back  
"Worthless" I'll speak up, just not with my voice  
Time to talk back  
Time to talk back Crush all that I am  
Because all I am is not all that you are  
And now all that's left of me  
Is only what you're chosen to leave be So leave me, in my ruins just a mound of flesh  
So leave me, in my ruins: my prison of flesh But I'm breaking free  
And you're helping me My hand holds the gun  
Your hate pulls the trigger  
My life is over, it's about time that I speak up  
Worthless

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