

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 mineWell, 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 backCrush 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 beSo leave me, in my ruins just a mound of flesh
So leave me, in my ruins: my prison of fleshBut I'm breaking free
And you're helping meMy 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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