

# The Philisophical Significance Of Shooting My Sist

## Alexisonfire

My name is James Secord  
Everything was gone  
With this bullet  
In my sister's face  
Maybe then they  
Won't hear the screams  
Pull the triggerThe mirror hurts us, the music notes  
And wonder how they won't beTimes are hard enough  
Without days like these  
If you cry hard enough  
Maybe they'll hear your screams  
Life is rested, splattered neck  
Put a bullet in my own sister's faceNothing now  
I won't be, won't be  
'Cause I am back again  
Black cats, red dogs  
Breakfast, rapist  
Rough bread, not dead  
Goodbye, rapistGod damn meWith a simple bullet  
The shit is simple  
You left a dead bullet  
Everything is, everything is dull, gone, gone  
Is dull

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>