

# Red Medic

## A Bullet for Pretty Boy

My thoughts left alone are a dangerous thing

They are hard to confront with dignity

Every conclusion has offered no change

No peace of mind, peace of mindI've felt outcast and it's kept me distant

It's kept me resistant to the only grace worth giving into

I act on anger and think with my fist

To keep me from feeling like I've lost controlBut I've slipped too far to pull my weight

Out of the grave I made my homeI used to look for a hiding spot

This isn't what I had in mind

There must be more outside of

The skin the holds my bones in place

And then I met a man

Dressed in different faces

I recognized him by the hope in the way that he spoke to meHis words suggested purpose

That I started to see in my own reflection

Could it be there is truth in me?

Could it be there is truth in me?My lungs are coming alive

My lungs are coming alive

Breathing life into the ghost I used to be

I can't remain quietWe're designed for a purposeLet where I've been give you peaceHope is here

And then I met a man

Dressed in different faces

I recognized him by the hope in the way that he spoke to meHope is hereThere must be more outside of

The skin that holds my bones in place.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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