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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