

Shreds

Grieves

I don't believe in cuttin' corners
Own it like a scar on the face
Stand tall whether taking the gold or in last place
Not really the one to give God praise
But if you've got the gospel, then tell me how it tastes, halleluiah
Bitin' on the bullet for strength
I'm a long distance runner sucker, I'm in it for length
It's not a matter of whether or not you can play
But a scale of if you give a fuck enough to make a statement
Lay it down, separate the men from the mice
Another body under halogen lights missing its life
Wondering what the hell would make you think that
You could judge another person for loving something so much it hurts the stomach
Living by the blood in my neck
With a bullseye tatted on the back of my head
I never spoke it how they wanted it to be said
So they left me for the winter and the wolves
Tear me into shreds, rip me into bits
Tear another page out, punch me in the ribs
I can smell the poison on your lips
Whatever it is, I be willin' to bet
They wanna get inside my head, tell me how it is
Sittin' in a tower with a rifle and a list
I can see the razor on your lips
Whatever it is, I be willing to bet
You shoulda held your breath I don't believe in sitting down
Take it like a knife in the back
You burnt out into nothing after striking a match
I never been the type to follow the pack
So if it's true, you got the answers, then why the hell you so mad then?
Another Holy Ghost-laid script
Clipped the wings off of my words and buried the shiv
They wanna pick apart the passion in my ribs, I invite them
Cause I don't run away from shit, lay it out
Separate the guns and the flowers
The minutes that go into all these hours
And I bet if you were given a smidgen of just the tip of the iceberg I've had to struggle with
You wouldn't act so sour, but maybe not
Livin' off the fruit of my stress

With a size 12 boot heel steppin' on my chest
Didn't do it how they wanted it to end
So they threw me to the winter and the wolves
Tear me into shreds, rip me into bits
Tear another page out, punch me in the ribs
I can smell the poison on your lips
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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