

Above This

Theory of a Deadman

They try to kill the President
They try to put a shiny bullet in his head
He leaves a resident
He couldn't pay the bill and wound up dead.

I am not above this
Who put these thoughts in my head, in my head?
I could grow to love this
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?

They want to know where the money went
They'll break a bone for every dime you spent
They'll cut your throat for the hell of it
They're going to cover you in wet cement.

I am not above this
Who put these thoughts in my head, in my head?
I could grow to love this
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?

With lives in his hands
I see why he loves this
He thinks he's a god
Not even God is above this
Now you see why I couldn't love this

I am not above this
Who put these thoughts in my head, in my head?
I am not above this
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?
I could grow to love this
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?

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