Fire At Will

Kensington

It's called a black-out
The TV-screen flips off
Leaving this silent, darkened
Awkward farceThe lines are dead now
The walls are closing in
She said "I think it's time to chat
To think about things like meant regret"This is the show down
This room is suited for one
And since we aren't speaking
You should pick up a gun
She loads it, aims it
Pierces my heart with bullets
Filled with dirty secretsGo get your gun
Stay in line with the sun on the water
We'll be stuck, get it on
And fire at will, will, ohAnd the armor on my chest
Isn't made of the best
And so I'm sitting here
While I'm quietly asking
To think this throughAnd oh, what's left is just to hope
She's tightening the rope
Around my hands and throatAnd it's all too clear that
Things will never be the way they were
The words I say will only make it worse
"So save it," she said
It's time for a payback
I'm settling the score, just face itIt's called a knock out
The images are gone
She said "I think it's time to chat
To think about things like meant regret"Go get your gun
Stay in line with the sun on the water
We'll be stuck, get it on
And fire at will, will, ohAnd the armor on my chest
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I'm settling the score, just face it

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

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