

# History

## The Rifles

You're the shaded sun  
You're daddy's broken gun  
You're the loneliest moon  
You are a butterfly dreaming about your cocoon  
You're the only sound when I am blind  
So I label you mine  
You're the house you grew up in  
You're always just arriving at your end  
You're your mama's shit eatin' grin and your daddy's double chin  
You're the first pair of shoes you ever went to school in  
And you're the kid pretending she's in prison  
Behind the bars of a jungle gym  
Someone's gonna give you wings  
And you'll think it's what you need  
And you'll fly  
You'll be so high  
But you're history acts as your gravity

Your history acts as your gravity  
Acts as your history acts as your gravity  
You're the only one you ever believe in  
You're the solution and you are the problem  
You're a rapist and your only victim  
You are fact and you are fiction  
Ou're the only one you've considered a friend  
And now you're alive  
Waiting for your life to begin  
Again  
You try to find you, you who is lost  
But your hooked to the rush of approaching chaos  
You're king for a minute but a fool for an hour  
Alone in your room  
You are a closed flower  
Dreams of your shadow you're going to destroy  
The way you handle yourself  
Like an unbreakable toy

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