

If These Bullets Could Talk

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

what you've accomplished towards me was sickening
so i'll be sure to return the favor.
you hurt me horribly, i turned back, you killed me.
i haven't for much, but i'll ask you this...
why would you destroy your best friend...
i'm so tired of looking into mirrors, just to see the reflection cry.
so plain and simple, i need you to die.
As there piling away your worthless body
ill be sure to shatter the tombstones that are layed
theres nothing more i'd rather see
than you chasing bullets as you fall into a tunnel
then your heart goes comatose and your appendages torn off
sending out the harmony that you're gone
you're gone
YOU'RE GONE!
place this picture of my face in your lovers' hands,
watch her dying in pain and disbelief.
now you're gone, now you're gone...
YOU'RE GONE!!!
i feel that i've done my part,
but now it's time to stop this beating heart...
how could you destroy
your best friend
but now its time, for me, to stop...beating

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

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