

# Whiskey For The Soul

Adestria

I've used your trust for target practice  
I used your lust to fulfill mine

The buzzards pick at names I used to know  
But my path is set and I will die alone  
You should have ran me out when you had the chance  
But now I'm here to stay

The man in black said boy don't take your guns to town  
But I've never been one to listen to reason  
This heart, these hands of treason  
I gave my soul to this steel  
Because a dead man feels no guilt  
Gave purpose to the lifeless  
To fill what can't be filled

I'll peak through broken fingers  
Attempt to slant my view  
Amazed by their indifference  
Though I knew just what they'd do  
They'll leave a hole in your chest  
Before they lay you to rest

This town will never be the same

I've used your trust for target practice  
I used your lust to fulfill mine

But I'm not ready  
To take the credit for the work that they've done  
The work that they've done  
It was the guns, it was the guns  
So wipe their stain from off my hands and see what they have done

[Tyler 'Telle' Smith:]  
And I wanted you to know the truth  
This is what I was born to do  
And I can't explain what goes through my head  
But when the dust clears,  
you'll all be dead.

It was the guns, it was the guns  
So wipe their stain from off my hands and see what they have done

I can feel them start to betray  
I can feel them start to aim this way.