

Shot From The Sun

Filter

There are marks on the wall that we hated to make
Carved from the bullets that fibs from the fake
A beam of the light from the golden god sun
Only makes sense when it's shot from a gun

A dream that's kept from happening
A life that bleeds through
A life that eats you
One life that is catastrophe

There's one down
It feels over
I look around
It's over my shoulder
It gets cold
We feel so torn
It's one down
There's just a million more

The lectures and lessons that you made us take
Have dug in deep and are making us hate
The price of the free
Is marked on us all
It keeps us in line and our backs to the wall

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A life that bleeds through
A life that eats you
One life that is catastrophe

There's one down
It feels over
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A dream that's kept from happening
A life that breathes through
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Is catastrophe

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There's just a million more