

# PULL THE TRIGGER

grandson

Come on

Connor's loadin' up a clip, and he's dumpin' that shit at anybody that told him, "Get a grip"

Spin a revolver, fire it, teenage murderer, product of his environment

Shot, shot, shot

Shot, shot, shot

Leave all the bodies

Drop, drop, drop

Drop, drop, drop

Oh, I want the taste of metal in my mouth

I want the taste of metal in my mouth

I want the taste of metal in my mouth

I wanna taste that metal

'Cause we all love it when it gets violent

And you would pull the trigger, don't you deny it

These delights have ends

For me and all my friends

Yeah, we all love it when it gets violent

It's a good thing I picked up the pen, or it would've been a machine gun I picked up instead

I would fill it with lead, walk into school, head up to my floor (My floor, my floor)

I'm 'bout to hit the high score (Woo)

My skin is white, so you would say I need a therapist

If it was brown, you would call me a terrorist

And that night, when everybody's asleep, you would watch it on repeat

I want the taste of metal in my mouth

I want the taste of metal in my mouth

I want the taste of metal in my mouth

I wanna taste that metal

'Cause we all love it when it gets violent

And you would pull the trigger, don't you deny it

These delights have ends

For me and all my friends

Yeah, we all love it when it gets violent

Already gone, no way you're gonna reach him

Already gone, and there's nothing you could teach him

He's already gone

He's already gone

Fuck it