

Hardest of Times

Handguns

Night before last, I painted your picture
It looked a hell of a lot like Satan
Last night I drank all the pitchers
Woke up sleeping in your basement
This morning: blood on my teeth
I'm aware like a wolf, the fear, I can taste it
Tonight it's an eye for an eye leaving everyone blind with funeral faces

Hanging on by a thread, suspended over the ledge
Staring down an immeasurable lake too deep to reach the dredge
Hanging on by a thread, I know I'll never see you again
With every single song I hear, I'm brought back to when we were kids

I found out at 5 AM that I lost my love
My only friend, my second wind
Now I can't breathe no thanks to him
Frozen ghosts in fallen snow, they turn to angel's after glow
I'll use that light to guide me home

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With every single song I hear, I'm brought back to when we were kids

I'm gonna sink my teeth into you, it's a full moon
You better pray I don't find you
I'm gonna slit your throat like a tire you liar
You better pray I don't find you

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I'm gonna sink my teeth into you, it's a full moon
I'm gonna leave you as food for the wolves and everyone's gonna forget you

Been through some of the hardest times...

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