

Let Me Be Alone

King 810

I feel like I shouldn't talk about the knives or the guns.
They can't even serve water at the schools where I'm from.
Sometimes late at night I think "what the fuck am I doing?"
It's like the better I become at this music, the worse I get at
being human
Meanwhile I try to act normal, I try to go through the motions
When in reality I'm just waiting to saw someone's chest open
They say "You're lucky" for the opportunities that I've had,
But I believe I paid in full for these so just try and understand.
The truth is I hate the shows, the truth is I hate the road,
I hate my face and my voice and my name is even though
And had I known it would turn out like this
I wouldn't have fought for my life
I would have laid there in my piss.
When they shot me and they stabbed me I wouldn't have tried to
walk
I would have laid there and bled and went to God to have the talk.
I would have never crawled home to tell my friend I had been shot
and had him help me through whether he wanted to or not.
A year later the very same friend cut his throat
Did I help him like he helped? Truth is I don't know.
They said a millimeter deeper neither of us would have made it
and it makes me think of us playing as kids and how our days went,
and his dad praised us both so it's kind of like we're brothers
while he sits at home and kills himself, I'm out here killing others.
Now his dad has passed away so no one keeps us in line
I wish I could bring him back, I wish the lord had taken mine

I remember how we met, I saw you shoot that kid
I didn't like him, didn't help him but you didn't know if I did
.
Investigated for the shooting and I never told 'em nothing
So you made me go on a mission to make sure I could be trusted
You gave me that gun and I shot at everybody
From then on it was us up against anybody.
Years later you told me you had came back to kill me,
You don't know what told you not to but you just had a feeling.
Know I still remember all the crazy things we did,
Know I fall apart when I see your kid.
Got your name on my wrist where the handcuffs are placed.
I pray that you protect me every time I'm in the cage
Your kid's mother hates me cause that was my gun
And you did the time for me even though you had a son.

My responsibility to anybody else means nothing
I see her kill around in public, I'll shoot him in front of his
children.