In Your Crosshairs

Knuckle Puck

Even though the words were spoken in whispers They were loud and they were clear From the kitchen steps, through the ceiling vents So careless and cavalier I swear to god I never meant for this But I'm crippled with resentment And if I could speak I would ask one thing You wouldn't bother answering How could you do this to me?

I'll hide behind nightmares and blank stares While you justify your treason You had me in your crosshairs

Don't act surprised to see the knife in your spine With your initials etched in the handle I guess what comes around, comes around I guess what goes around, comes around

I've been grasping onto pages From the book that you burned ages ago Just a glimpse at the bigger picture What else could be left to show?

How could you do this to me? I'll hide behind nightmares and blank stares While you justify your treason

From the driver seat of a Cherokee, I can finally see From the kitchen steps, through the ceiling vents Clarity, clarity

I'll hide behind nightmares and blank stares While you justify your treason You had me in your crosshairs