

Consider slaughter as entertainment
The shockshow, ensures success
Nostalgia isn't what it used to be
Is this murder in the first degree

Your eyes were false
Mirrors to you soul
All along
Inverted backwards
Manipulating me
Now I see it, so differently

Here today, gone tomorrow
Wherever you go, I'll stand behind you
Hear me out now, listen closely
It's all a dream, and we're all in it

Breathing down the barrel of a shotgun
A fireline of powdered dust
A deadly sniper on the roof
Take a shot, I'm bulletproof

The ability to walk away
Come to grips
Seize the day
Turn the spotlight
Face to face

Come what may
I'm a man with a mission

Here today, gone tomorrow
Wherever you go, I'll stand behind you
Hear me out now, listen closely
It's all a dream, and we're all in it

We're all inside a dream
We're still waking up
Waking up...

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Nostalgia isn't what it used to be
Deja vu in the first degree

If you aim right between my eyes...
Pull the trigger, if you dare...
Another bullet rain of lies...
Shoot me once
Shoot me twice
Shoot me down, yeah, yeah