

Firing Squad

Sadistik

(Ah, the simple life)
Yeah, this is my rifle
There are many like it, but this one is mine

I had a heart of gold, I wore it on my sleeve
Vampire bit my arm and then it tore in three
I melted down the pieces and sold them for a fee
And all I got was some boredom from the normalty

Born to bleed
Probably never get more than what's been thorn from me
Swarms of bees
Still sting to the rhythm of a Grindcore horrible scream
Morrissey
Taught me never to forget those pretty girls who make graves
But could it be a mistake to ache, I'm Joan of Arc
Burning on a stake this day and age

All I ever wanted was to cut open my stomach
Let the butterflies go back home, that's all I know
That's Prozac, notes pass through me
Usually, I don't show that spooky side
I hide a mile high, shine so bright I might go blind
Idle eyes, rifle sights, cycle go through my vital signs
With a tidal (?), never rival side and silly motherfucker with a psycho mind
I go on a high note like a Bible line, but I don't lie though
So fire those, nice rifles at my temples, watch me die slow
Watch 'em all agree I'm monster in the pm
And marijuana Tijuana caught up in Tequila
Onomatopoeia when the heart beats off-beat
I don't wanna be another xerox
Copy, watch me, re-animate a zombie
Melancholy's always on my mind, my mind to find
My mine own guidelines that I know, they'll probably bite soon
So when High Noon comes, I'll set (?) on my two guns
Tick-tock, quickdraw, instant, these holes are my own flesh
Count to five, bound and tied and blindfolded
They ready, they aim and now I'm so
Dead

Distance makes the heart grow fonder, so I pulled mine outta my chest
Hurled off to the deepest, darkest black yonder into a hornets nest
Where they picked apart everything I loved and left the remains for the birds
Broken, aimless, but we're famous, painted, God never could maintain his work
Complex of these poison tongues, life has tested me more than once
Took the best of me, fucked aggressively, fed me to the wolves for my gods
To a thousand tiny red pixels covering your canvas
Every single syllable I spit is a pivotal piece of me unleashed
Representing my tangled anguish

All I ever wanted was to cut open my stomach
And strangle my enemies with the intestines that I pull from it
(?) bull running, everytime I seen red the scene fled
Know that my motherfucking team was best
But please believe the week(?), everything the magazines (?)

So when I scream it from the top of my lungs I mean this plead
With (?)

"Emotionally I have a lot of pain, and I'm stunned that six human beings would stand in front of one human being and fire 46 shots. I just don't understand that. It appeared to be a firing squad dressed in police uniforms."

(Fuck the police! Fuck the police! Nine to yo dome like, Fuck the police!
Fuck the police! Fuck the police! Nine to yo dome like, Fuck the police!)