

Song the Bullets Sing

Save Face

Oh it's a sick sad world we live in
You're either at the haunt while the haut monde clock still ticks
Or getting hot in the bottom of the local crypt
So put the dagger in my heart and put the poison on my lips
And try not to act so surprised when I'm the one who flips the script

When you feel my pain
And the blood, it stains
The only requiem will be the song the bullets sing

I'm not a mess God made, I'm the messenger of Goddamn death
At the masquerade, I'm the only one wearing red
And now you're handing me a dagger acting like you think I'm your Juliet
But I don't need a Romeo, and I ain't dying for some weak-ass man

So when you feel my pain
And the blood, it stains
The only requiem will be the song the bullets sing
When the mask comes off
And the party stops
I wanna see you drop
So let em sing like la la la la

Oh, don't you know
They'd see us strung up by our throats
I won't let you down
The blood will be my avatar and seal, so just give me the gun
So give me the gun
So give me the gun
Give me the gun
Give me the gun
Give me the gun
Give me the gun
Give me the gun
Give me the gun
Give me the gun
Give me the

(Oh it's a sick sad world we live in
You're either at the haunt while the haut monde clock still ticks
Or getting hot in the bottom of the local crypt
So put the dagger in my heart and put the poison on my lips)

So when you feel my pain
And the blood, it stains
The only requiem will be the song the bullets sing
When the mask comes off
And the party stops
I wanna see you drop
So let em sing like la la la la...