

## Weapons VI

Son Lux

Put down all your weapons  
Let me in through your open wounds  
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Put down all your weapons (all your weapons)  
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You got the coal and the ash in your hands  
Fire in your heart but no master plan  
Burn through your bridges, everybody ran  
Destroy friendships like nobody can  
Turn off the faucet, you try to force it  
Stumble to save it, but then you lost it  
Own first weapon, everybody's steppin'  
Get far away, but "Who you reppin'?"  
Sadly it's us, but when you bust  
Sounds recycled, stop being rushed  
Kick it with it, don't want to kick it with  
if you know more, google it or wik it  
Dead on description, my prescription  
Quit cold turkey, my affliction  
Flaming, sinking over and over  
Break the chains of constant friction  
Waving goodbye, take off and fly  
Another friendship is going to die  
Add it to the pile, it won't be the last  
Stir up that, unless you break your cast  
Never your fault, always theirs  
List of complaints, nobody cares  
Washing my hands truth be damned  
Keep this wish, you'll sing to the sand  
Run the course, what's the source  
of inspiration cause you sound forced  
Open wound closed, double band-aid  
On my toes now, with my plans made  
Connections cut, gates are shut  
Done with this, no if's and's or but's  
Do me a favor, save the ground  
Shut your mouth, or put your weapons down.

Put down all your weapons (all your weapons)  
Let me in through your open wounds

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Let me in through your open wounds (open wounds... open wounds... open wounds... open wounds)