

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.

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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)