

Thistle Suit

Tad

What would make a man
Wanna feel like
Dropping his life blood on the carpet

What would make
A man hold a gun
Hold it straight to the temple of his skull

I'm your temple
Your backbone

What would make a man
Put a gun to his temple
Cold gun to his head
Pull the trigger

What would make a man
Empty his life blood
Open up his head
Bleed it like a river

Your head blown
Your head blown
Your head blown
Your head blown

Taken down now
In the middle of hell
Takes the fear out of life
Questions why every single night

You're my friend
You're my blood
You're my life
You're my soul