

Collect your bones.
Man did you hear the news.
The boy's back in town
And he reeks of the blues warm
Welcome home to the bitter truth.
So someone spiked the drinks
With bad blood tonight the venom takes control.
I'm kicking down the door.
So fuck the invite.
Spare me the small-talk.
Every second the price on my head grows.
I'm dodging bullets from a gunman who everybody knows.
I can hear you calling out.
But it's a waste of time.
And I just can't bring myself
To slap a mouth that never shouts.
So raise our glasses one more time.
May the best man overdose on pride.
I could destroy you.
But not in these shoes.
You lack the stones to be more than a metaphor.
I saw this coming slow as an avalanche.
Here's some advice for you next time
Make sure you put at least two bullets in the head.
So make this your last mistake
This is not a cheap shot it cost an arm and a leg.
So please give me something to shake
Something to lean on something to shatter or break.
Next time there will be no next time