

# These Words Are Bullets

The Flatliners

Cover your blackened eyes, and forget about this mess  
If I haven't destroyed every little thing...  
We could leave in the middle of the night  
With the worst behind us  
WE'll smoke these days away until the day we die

You better stop before you hurt yourself  
These words are bullets, have you caught one yet?

Don't give me those sunken eyes  
This train is racing my heartbeat  
The lights all slowly fade and stop, stop at a glow  
Just give me what I need, I'll swallow anything you know

I don't wanna die empty  
I don't wanna live along the lines of ruining everybody's lives

We are the dead generation on a heart attack mission  
We're the black-eyed population making heart attack decisions

We better stop before we hurt ourselves  
These words are bullets, have you caught one yet?

And life is lying in shambles on the floor  
And if you haven't been motherfucked yet, you'll get yours

We better stop before you hurt yourself  
These words are bullets, have you caught one yet?  
These words are bullets from the gun you've been hiding from me

We are the dead generation, staring down the barrel of your gun  
You're gone