

Nola

Trophy Scars

I fly back down to Michigan
Bring the picture of the key
I show the locksmith Nigel
And then he laughs at me

The key is something digital
He can't recreate
So I track her down to New Orleans
To ask her on a date

Man I should've done this
A way long time ago
I pretend it was an accident
When I'm at the same hotel

"Hey there miss, remember me?"
"We used to have a ball."
She tells me she is excited
And agrees that we should talk

Yes
Lets have a drink
Lets have a talk
Lets meet at your place at
Nine
So we do
We drink some wine
We talk about old
Times
Then she cries
She says her sorry
I tell that it is
Fine
I move in close
I hold her tight
I tell her to relax or

If she moves
I'll break her neck
This is for
Everything!
Anytime!
Anything!
Breaking me
Leaving me
Stealing keys
Comes to an end
She
Cries
Stop
But
I don't see
Why I should
When she
Didn't for me

I say

Fine
But
It's
Too late

I didn't mean to kill her
But I gone done did it
I wish I could've told her
It was all over
Love, love, love
And money

So I grab her bottom lip
I pull the mouth wide open
Then I pull out my key
It was covered in
Stomach
Acid...

Then I book my flight
I head back to Geneva
I don't believe in God
But I do believe I'm evil

I think about my life
I ponder my decisions
I walk into the bank
With 20/20 vision

I open up my lock box
I only found a note
It reads
"I'm sorry that I left you"
"But you have been set up, love."
I rub my eyes and turn around
Sure enough I had been found
Two guys approach me and put a gun to my head
They told me how lucky I am to be dead
I kneel down and feel a pinch
All I taste is smoke and soot

Don't trust
Your luck

Played my cards and now I see
This whole time she was playing me
The only people you can trust
Are in control of your blood's luck