

Number Twelve Looks Like You, The "If These Bullets Could Talk"

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what you've accomplished towards me was sickening
so i'll be sure to return the favor.
you hurt me horribly, i turned back, you killed me.
i haven't for much, but i'll ask you this...
why would you destroy your own best friend...
i'm so tired of looking into mirrors, just to see the
reflection cry.
so plain and simple, i need you to die.
place this picture in your lovers' hands,
watch her dying in pain and disbelief.
now that you're gone... i feel that i've done my part,
but now it's time to stop this beating heart...
i'll never be hurt again.

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