

A Small Victory "Stabbing Tree"

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Just one last cigarette to temporarily erase you
Just one last cigarette to temporarily erase you
To calm the butterflies and bring ease to uneasy minds
Just one last cigarette to temporarily erase you

Just one last open-heart conversation
It's just me and the television to talk
So let's talk about the things i said
And let's talk about this rope tied around my neck
Just one last thought wasted on me
It's just me versus the nicotine
Begging for dark with palms full of sweat
And i'm begging for an exit

So bring another lit match to my cigarette cause
I only scream when the lights go out
And i'm terrified trying to figure myself out
So now i'm thinking about that
One last round in my revolver begging to be shot
One more broken mirror hung in my house
I've said bloody mary three times to count
So now i'm thinking about that
One last round in my revolver begging to come out

The thought soaked sheets at the edge of the bed dry
out
The thoughts show me as they're written in red, i
doubt...
I doubted this old home's purity
I doubted the stares you still gave me
The thought soaked sheets at the edge of the bed dry
out

So bring another lit match to my cigarette cause
I only scream when the lights go out
And i'm terrified trying to figure myself out
So now i'm thinking about that
One last round in my revolver begging to be shot
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