

Aska**"Bitter Revenge, Sweet Tragedy"**

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One chance,
One shot
One bullet in the back of my head
And it came from the bottom of your heart
You couldn't find the words to tell me
So you went and found some bullets and shot me
What better than the kiss of a 9mm
To promote the heartbreak?

Goodbye to the paramour notes
We used to be such a finely scripted romance
But now you're all alone in watching me drown in our
Last tragedy that you so proudly painted

Oh God, how the bullet meets my lung
Just like the love it takes my breath away

Oh God, well now it's ended
But the last laugh belongs to me; listen up
This is my bullet of envy
This mess, the cracks in your heart
That's what you've created
This the heartache that only you've invented

Oh God, how the bullet meets my lung
Just like the love it takes my breath away

You're pulling the trigger, pacing the bullet against my
heart
Screaming the point 4 so I can have a head start to exit
But I'll break back through with my bullet of envy
My bitter revenge before your sweet tragedy

Oh God, pull the trigger
Oh God, the pull of a trigger
Say something more
To preach the sudden silence
My last words before your
Gunshot

