

Asking Alexandria

"I Was Once Possible, Maybe, Perhaps A King"

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I see myself there waiting by the roadside
Laid claim to nothing but a black bag and the attire I
stand in
No name, no history
Just a target on my temple and a hole in my head
I could've been one of kings
The shell of a boy of the man that I used to be
A monkey in a man suit
I stand here as nothing to you
Wind me up and watch me go
Lay down your guns
Cut me from ear to ear
Eye for an eye
The glass is long gone broken
I walk this road alone
No thanks to you
Load up your six-shot baby
Put it to my head
Pull the trigger, blank I'd figured
Put it to me, dead
Lay your guns down let me die (scars)
Why can't you just let me die (don't)
Lay your guns down let me die (heal)
Why can't you just let me die (when)
Lay your guns down let me die (you keep)
Scars don't heal when you keep cutting
Always cutting
Cutting deeper
Always deeper
Scars don't heal when you keep cutting

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