

## Asking Alexandria

### "The Irony Of Your Perfection"

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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

