

Alexisonfire

"Philosophical Significance Of Shooting My Sister In The Face. An Essay By James Secord"

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My name is James Secord
Everything was gone
With this bullet
In my sister's face
Maybe then they
Won't hear the screams
Pull the trigger

The mirror hurts us, the music notes
And wonder how they won't be

Times are hard enough
Without days like these
If you cry hard enough
Maybe they'll hear your screams
Life is rested, splattered neck
Put a bullet in your own sister's

Face
Nothing now
I won't be, won't be
'Cause I am back again
Black cats, red dogs
Breakfast, rapist

Rough bread, not dead
Goodbye, rapist

God damn me

With a simple bullet
The shit is simple
You left a dead bullet
Everything is, everything is dull, gone, gone
Is dull
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