

## Alexisonfire

# "The Philisophical Significance Of Shooting My Sister In Th"

Visit "[The Philisophical Significance Of Shooting My Sister In Th](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

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 my 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

Visit [Alexisonfire](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.