

Antagonist A.D

"Silver Bullets"

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After these years of running against their walla.

My body is bruised.

I'm bleeding.

My hand is numb but kept alive my hope.

But hope for what?

A fucking revolution?

Our fucking salvation?

The sun has already set on the ignorant years of my life.

We watched it burn to a bitter ending

In the dawn of a jaded light.

Now I'm at your daggers edge.

Waiting for the final curtains to fall...

Jokes on you mother fucker.

You can't kill what's already dead.

There's something left in this cold heart

That tells me this ain't over yet.

Jokes on you mother fucker.

You can't kill what's already dead

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