

Beneath The Genocide "Words Like Bullets"

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You rub the salt into my wound.
To what am I guilty? To love and to swoon?
You lie, you cheat, you complete my defeat.
Left me down on my knees.
I beg you to show, I ask you to prove,
Deny what my thoughts consume.
Your words repeat, no actions change.
I hate what this feeling has became.
Don't you know that it stings like glass?
Like knives in my back, just do it fast.
Those words are deadly, as you choke them out.
Did you even think you'd bring to life my doubt?
But still I try, even as the hearse drives by.
Bad habits die hard, no sense why.
Even as you hold that gun to my head,
I'm glad we met,
Only you putting me to my deathbed.
And what could I do?
I'm without direction.
My life is broken.
All I can do is...
Reach. For. The.
Skies!
Reach for the skies.
Life will move on.

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