

The Bled

"Shade Tree Mechanics"

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Collect your bones.
Man did you hear the news.
The boy's back in town and he reeks of the blues warm
welcome home to the bitter truth.
So someone spiked the drinks with bad blood tonight
the venom takes control.
I'm kicking down the door.
So fuck the invite.
Spare me the small-talk.
Every second the price on my head grows.
I'm dodging bullets from a gunman who everybody
knows.
I can hear you calling out.
But it's a waste of time.
And I just can't bring myself to slap a mouth that never
shouts.
So raise our glasses one more time.
May the best man overdose on pride.
I could destroy you.
But not in these shoes.
You lack the stones to be more than a metaphor.
I saw this coming slow as an avalanche.
Here's some advice for you next time make sure you
put at least two bullets in the head.
So make this your last mistake this is not a cheap shot
it cost an arm and a leg.
So please give me something to shake something to
lean on something to shatter or break.
Next time there will be no next time

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