The Bled "Shadetree 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 better 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 your time.

and i just can't bring myself

to slap a mouth that never shouts.

so raise your 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 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.

i can hear you calling out.

but it's a waste of your time.

and i just can't bring myself

to slap a mouth that never shouts.

i hope that you were calling out. but it's a waste of your time. may the best man overdose on pride.

so go again and say the next time there will be no next time. next time there will be no... next time there will no next time. next time there will be no...

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