

In Pieces

"Heaven And A Gun"

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recover from the tragedies of life
superstition, a scar you've left to show
opinions are shot down
wishes will no longer be made
mistakes reveal those forgotten memories
drying up into the tears you've never shown
a soul shatters, falling towards your bed for tears,
lining up one by one
whispers trapping your thoughts from being heard
eyes look into themselves as the mirror shatters
escape, a question once asked to the barrel of a gun
six chances now to break away,
your wish to be forgotten has already been made

recover from tragic memories,
a broken promise is all you have to hold in your hands
as the tears you've never shown rain down into your
pool of gold

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