

Cage

"Shoot Frank"

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Off of his newest album, (Sept 20th, 2005) Hell's Winter.

"[VERSE 1: Cage]

One Last Vein To Pulse, Made It To Dark To See This
Scenery Slips In Line Up To Go In The Ground And
Leave Us
To Repeat This Til I'm Sick And I Wont Feed This
To My Little Girl Who Kept Me In This World To Be This
As The Little Kid, Taught To Follow Jesus
Get To The Front Line I'm Being Led By Leaders
So When I Speak Words, And I Dont Mean, It's
Like I'm Only In The Cloud To Wonder What Syrene Is
Enable To Wake Or Delete The Reasons
It'd Be The Same Bet I Made Up To Sleep With demons
Whether, Sick Sane Or A Pattern Repeated...
If I, Spit Pain, I'd Knew How To Relieve it...
If At, sixteen I had started to treat it...
Til My, shit changed whether or not I would need it...
To Trace back to the face before the fetus
If The departure was wrong from the gate then she is...

[HOOK: Daryl Palumbo]

Trigger finger itch,
The son of a snitch
I'm the Rat's favourite son.
Blast a pallet cut
Slit to bleed the rust
By thou as far I walked...

We roll under covers waiting
I tied off a limb, debating
If all of the names forsaken
Spell out what I'm takin
Watchin the skin... pop (pop echoed 9 times)
Pop (pop 9x)

[BRIDGE: Daryl Palumbo]

I would do anything to,
Tell you why I've been late to
Fix up my head and escape to

Where I can rest my eyes

[VERSE 2: Cage]

The sun says wake up with a beam in my eyes
Clutching the bed like she's still by my side
Part of me died, even when I prescribed, to just be
ostracized
Cause she dont really know if she wants to ride or drive
On no nooses, long enough to hang my excuses
Whether I'm dead, gun to my head, or elusive
The end is close, almost no need for money,
Yet, when I wished for death nobody took my life from
me.
If I cannot see whats right in front of me
And the lights on, it still wouldnt be enough to leave
I fix me, when I broke the aggression,
But I'm still attracted to my beautiful depression
If I, felt emotions, I learned to suppress em
Til I'm ready to sleep, I'll've found a place to rest in
Most thanks to angst, I learned my lessons,
And can erase the face that cant answer the question.

[HOOK + BRIDGE: Daryl Palumbo]

Trigger finger itch
The son of a snitch
I'm the Rat's favourite son.
And by the time I'm back
That heart that beats so black
Let it shine like his gun

We roll under covers waiting,
I tied off a limb, debating
If all of the names forsaken,
Spell out what I'm takin
Watchin the skin... pop (pop 9x)"

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