

Murs

"I Shot A Warhol"

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I shot a Warhol
Dead with my pistol
When the wind hit the hole
In the canvas it whistled
Beautiful with no frame
A face with no name
Glass full of cold fame
Chased it with slow pain

Nostrils of cocaine
Cocktail and kill time
Scenes from a bad film
Lived out in real time
Who plays the hero
Which one's the victim
Violent and fearful
They find their positions

Pride and ambition, the enemies inside you
Tendencies to listen, even when you're lied to
Pry through the details
Unmask the myth
Try to impress the cast
With acid trips
Mash your lips against a cold hard bottle of
Washed up stars and old role models

She loves the sorrow
So much that she swallows
But talk to tomorrow
Which walk will she follow
Everybody needs to be appreciated
Execute him for the masterpiece that he created
Death of a sales martyr
Fire starter
If the hate doesn't make you wanna die
Try harder

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No game to rise to
The coke side blinds you
Hope with no aim
And its the fuel that you "Eye" to
Steady with that rifle
Pointed at your idle
Open up the spot
With each fallen rival

This is the cycle
Replace the A-list
The next batch of faces
Can come hate the famous
Everybody thinks that what they make is golden
When Lennon got shot
There were thoughts of holding
What'cha gonna do to impress the bitch
Which slow blow gets picked
When you get that itch

If they notice
That you're climbing to the focus
Surround yourself with soldiers
and like minded moments
Dark sticks, in whoever heart's the biggest
Eye of the beholder
Is dark, cold and vicious
She loves you
Because she loves image
Let's tear it all apart
From the start to the finish

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It's nothing but a slow pulse
If you just stop feeling it
Your friends and your folks
Can't adjust to what you're dealing with
Accustomed to trust
Now the lust got you killing it
Eyes wide shut
Now your fucked
No healing it

Travel down the barrel towards the light
Once in open space
it's easy to lose sight
Don't look down
You're bound to fall flat
If you do hit the ground
You're bound to bounce back

The sound track
She hated every single song
But everybody else
Seemed to wanna sing along
Bring along
The belief that every thing is wrong
We all break down in front of God
Before the break of dawn

Silence
Open up the eyelids
To sex, drugs, and violence
Movies, songs, books
Everything is based on it
So we stay on it
Got a bullet with your face on it

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