Once Nothing "Gunfire Is The Sound Of Freedom"

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Put me to sleep and let me
Wake up without a memory
I cannot stand the eyes of judgment
Staring through me
It's like lead on my chest
Concrete around my feet
A sword down my throat
And poison on my tongue

Burn it off Burn it off Burn it off Burn it off It has taste!

For too long my teeth kept secrets
From escaping my tongue
For too long my teeth kept secrets
From escaping my tongue
So bring your scalpels and cut away
So bring your scalpels and cut away

I cannot settle for mediocrity It is a leech Burn it off

I have no lover, I've buried them all I sleep on a blood soaked mattress: luke-warm

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