

## Once Nothing

### "The truth inside an ak-47"

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I have always been a few steps behind  
Just close enough to see the green in your eyes  
The way the music plays  
Or how there is always something in the air it reminds  
me  
that I could never escape you.  
How sad I must look when I search for my own path  
I have nothing except my heart in my hands  
I am trying to live my life  
According to the words on my arms  
But this is so much more painful than the actual  
process  
These scars are all justified in my own mind  
I always feel like I am wasting paper on words  
I've already written  
My how I wish I could piece together  
what is scattered across the floor  
In all my pain,  
In all my glory you are still a familiar voice.  
Kingdom come, with fire.

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