

## Theory Of A Deadman

### "Above This"

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They try to kill the president  
They try to put a shiny bullet in his head  
He leave a resident  
He couldn't pay the bill and wound up dead

I am not above this  
Who put these thoughts in my head, in my head?  
I could grow to love this  
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?

They want to know where the money went  
They'll break a bone for every dime you spent  
They'll cut your throat for the hell of it  
They're going to cover you in wet cement

I am not above this  
Who put these thoughts in my head, in my head?  
I could grow to love this  
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?

With lives in his hands  
I see why he loves this  
He thinks he's a god  
Not even God is above this  
Now you see why I couldn't love this

I am not above this  
Who put these thoughts in my head, in my head?  
I am not above this  
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?  
I could grow to love this  
Who put this gun in my hand, in my hand?

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