

Twilight Ophera

"The Gun"

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Exploited, avoided
Where have the efforts shown?
Got loaded with steel coated
Ready to explode

As the strings you try to hold
Get entangled around your throat
We'll gaze out to the sea, when you're sinking your own
boat

Yeah! The gun - to make justice for your deeds
You'll get what you need - Look who's laughing now
and who's to bleed
The gun - will be the final hint you'll heed
It makes you concede - Time is up indeed, cut off the
leash

Got hooked on crooked arousal
A blessing become a curse
We'd sell our souls for your welfare...

And spider's web you wove
Stuck on our fingers and our toes
Was keeping the bait in place - turning allies into foes

Yeah! The gun - to make justice for your deeds
You'll get what you need - Look who's laughing now
and who's to bleed
The gun - will be the final hint you'll heed
It makes you concede - Time is up indeed, cut off the
leash

A wicked pimp thought he did fine
With stupid hos that stood in line
Was not aware of what those hos might recognise
And then on as time went by
Kept his proceed low and nigh
The barrel of the gun points at what's left to die...

