

Michael McGuire "Brand New Bullet"

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BRAND NEW BULLET

my guiding light warms the steel of my faith, the whore of truth gona

prove the virtue of my hate, you don't need an excuse when your about to

choke on the reason, i told manny i was gona bark a riot maybe i was just

tease'en,i'm gona wear my soul like a skin over the animal

underneath, that way i'll feel more like an angel as i walk this devels

beat, born with my finger on the trigger all that's left to do is pull it, i'm as

confidant as a brand new bullet traces of the apple find color in the red of

her lips, yesterdays house fire and tomorrows fire sale with her off the

deep end trips, she's working her way into my fist via my sense of

pride, when i wake her from these dreams of a better life she'll be wishing

she had died,i'm paying the price of a layaway life at the cost of my

sanity, and the debt just grows and the ratio is the value of her vanity, born

with my finger on the trigger how much strength will it take to pull it, i'm

as curious as a brand new bullet maybe i need forgiveness but not the

spiritual kind, cause i've been looking for something special and guilty of

taking what ever i find, maybe i'll take her to the alter let the recoil breed

a sacrifice, and then lay my fury down with the bride and bones of

night, but i guess i should rob a bank and then take her to heavens

tower, and have generic deities wait on us like we were the saints of

power,born with my finger on the trigger but i've got to take aim before i

pull it,i'm as capricious as a brand new bullet.

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