

The Weeknd

"Three/Four"

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Well sharpen these words and fashion my tongue
These bullets were fired from an unloaded gun
By some man in the shadows who knows what he's
done
And hides from the mess that he's made
And sinners and saviors it's money they seek
I know nothing is perfect no nothing is free
And no one can tell me I'm wrong

I believe my enemies this life will be the death of me
No one said that life is free we were perfect before we
were born
I can see that nothing's changed in factories one dollar
paid
To a man who works all day and slaves for a family he
has to feed

Well there's sin in my soul and blood on my hand
There are scars on her body from an unholy man
Well nothing can stop me I shake where I stand
You were perfect before you were born
Well life it gets shorter with each day that pass
And I'm scared when I see the reflection I cast
Well nothing is sacred no nothing will last
We won't pray till there's ash in our hands

I believe my enemies this life will be the death of me
No one said that life is free we were perfect before we
were born
I can see that nothing's changed in factories one dollar
paid
To a man who works all day and slaves for a family he
has to feed

Well it's two deep breaths inside my chest and it's ten
more years until we rest
We'll curse the damned and save the blessed we were
perfect before we were born

