

Norma Jean

"Creating Something Out of Nothing, Only to Destroy It"

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Your eyes, your concrete eyes
Cross crisscross my path
Walking in circular patterns
Shoe shine your ammo, polish your metal
I need not your wicked weapons
My war is not with someone like you
A string of blood that is not my own strings between
Increase time and it will fall into place
A sword and my heart

So much so that it makes it's way through my throat
giving me thought to speak
This becomes my pistol
This becomes my dagger of my time
Don't sell out
It all comes to
This becomes your future
Unseen war
Your weapons are useless
Drop the gun
Golden gun
Like bringing a knife to a gun fight

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