

## The Number Twelve Looks Like You "If These Bullets Could Talk"

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what you've accomplished towards me was sickening  
so i'll be sure to return the favor.  
you hurt me horribly, i turned back, you killed me.  
i haven't for much, but i'll ask you this...  
why would you destroy your best friend...  
i'm so tired of looking into mirrors, just to see the  
reflection cry.  
so plain and simple, i need you to die.  
As there piling away your worthless body  
ill be sure to shatter the tombstones that are layed  
theres nothing more i'd rather see  
than you chasing bullets as you fall into a tunnel  
then your heart goes comatose and your appendages  
torn off  
sending out the harmony that you're gone  
you're gone  
YOU'RE GONE!  
place this picture of my face in your lovers' hands,  
watch her dying in pain and disbelief.  
now you're gone, now you're gone...  
YOU'RE GONE!!!  
i feel that i've done my part,  
but now it's time to stop this beating heart...  
how could you destroy  
your best friend  
but now its time, for me, to stop...beating

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