

Pistol Grip "Fadawhite"

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Everyone turns
To face my way
Stops what they do with such scared looks on face
In silence they all look at me

The sky starts to crack
The boy on aluminum bicycle stops dead in his tracks
With such a sad look on his carousel face
His eyes meet with mine but they're hollow-white inside
I let out a horrible scream and i say

Well i guess this is it
Yet today is the day
They're the black
They're the poor
Fadawhite

And i look down to say
My legs are on one knee
As lives turn and fade
From the streets that we make
I continue to run to the girl to the place
That i know is still here
That i know is still fake
She's up on the hill on the cliff where we live
Leaps up over the edge with both her arms
outstretched
She now climbs for the edge as the world comes to
ends

But her body just shatters like glass
Her porcelain face in my hands
Alone in the dark i collapse

Under silent skies
(we fade away)
Under silent skies
(kiss me goodbye)

