

Pistol Grip

"Pity Refrain"

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Withered and stabbed by the hour and minute hands
Left here for dead like a book on a shelf never read
And i shout, till the sound of my lungs give out
Id do anything to hold onto the gift that you gave me
only

When fiery pain takes it's place in my veins
Nerve endings burning the fingers that play
To the point where i can't think past the pain
Ill bang out the six final chords of the pity refrain

Gentleman gather and sing us the choral complain
Children come sulk in the rain of the pity refrain

Memories jaded your paintings will fade over time
And your face i can't place like a name you can't find
And i scream oh my god what's become of my mind
Ill mumble out words of the pity refrain one last time
Fine, I'll resign

When fiery pain takes it's place in my veins
Nerve endings burning the fingers that play
To the point where i can't think past the pain
Ill bang out the six final chords of the pity refrain

Gentleman gather and sing us the choral complain
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