

Pistol Grip

"Sweet And Sour Of A Knife"

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Turn around got another man down bloody trails along
the floor
Speed away siren through the foggy air bloody guts
entangled gore,
Shortened breath, runnin from death, cluth my chest in
this hospital mess
Tubes runnung through my injured rib cage as my
mother cries out the door.

Pray to a God that you had given up on before
See your mortality dripping on the floor
Your retaliating ripping through,
sweet and sour of a knife gonna crucify you
Pray to a God you had given up on. I'm never gonna die

Reel in pain as you feel the deadly blade now it's your
turn to hit the floor
Vengeance made on a fortunate day now I'm craving a
whole lot more
Gotta go, hear the whistle blow, now they know, gotta
find a place to go
Move in shadows as I run through empty streets
now I'm gunning for that safe house door

[Chorus]

Turn around got another man down who's laying on the
battleground floor
Speed away siren through the foggy air who's turn is it
to even the score
Open sores, never ending wars, run your course, gotta
live with no remorse
Splattered dreams on a desolate street be ready for
what you have in store

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