

Bronx, The

"Gun Without Bullets"

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i don't know where i should begin
my scars have overrun my skin
frustrations taken all my patience
exposing everything inside

the more time that i spend alone is
the more time that i hate myself
it's one thing not to finish in the first place
another thing not to finish at all
i cant stand here & listen to bullshit
and everything you own
cant stand cos i live alone

watching shadows fall
i don't know where i fell apart
it wasn't always like this from the start
frustrations taken all my patience
i feel the walls closing again
each day, i try to find another way
my brains a gun without bullets
so sad, i cant replace the drive i had
with my own blood

i don't know where i should begin
my scars have overrun my skin
leaches on to everything inside
i search for a darker place to hide

right now i've lost complete control
frustration stole my dedication
rip my solid state apart
each day, i try to find another way
my brains a gun without bullets
so sad, i cant replace the drive i had
with my own blood

my brain's a gun
my brains are gone
my brain's a gun
my brains are gone

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