

## The Weeks

### "Three/Four"

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Well sharpen these words and fashion my tongue  
These bullets were fired from an unloaded gun  
By some man in the shadows who knows what he's  
done  
And hides from the mess that he's made  
And sinners and saviors it's money they seek  
I know nothing is perfect no nothing is free  
And no one can tell me I'm wrong

I believe my enemies this life will be the death of me  
No one said that life is free we were perfect before we  
were born  
I can see that nothing's changed in factories one dollar  
paid  
To a man who works all day and slaves for a family he  
has to feed

Well there's sin in my soul and blood on my hand  
There are scars on her body from an unholy man  
Well nothing can stop me I shake where I stand  
You were perfect before you were born  
Well life it gets shorter with each day that pass  
And I'm scared when I see the reflection I cast  
Well nothing is sacred no nothing will last  
We won't pray till there's ash in our hands

I believe my enemies this life will be the death of me  
No one said that life is free we were perfect before we  
were born  
I can see that nothing's changed in factories one dollar  
paid  
To a man who works all day and slaves for a family he  
has to feed

Well it's two deep breaths inside my chest and it's ten  
more years until we rest  
We'll curse the damned and save the blessed we were  
perfect before we were born

