

Underneath The Gun

"A Sharp Definition Of Dull"

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Gather yourself to your feet
This world isn't done with you yet
You keep finding yourself on your back
Screaming through quiet words

Dwelling among all the cowards
Words that are not your own

Words are not your own!
Words are not your own!

This isn't you, crawling, when you once flew
This isn't you, crawling, when you once flew

There is another ending
When the servant becomes the king
There is another ending
When the servant becomes the king

This isn't you, this isn't you, crawling, when you flew!

Can it be, can it be, more obvious?
Intentions do not bare the strength
You're leaving steps, you're leaving steps, unwalked
I will not be silent anymore
You're leaving steps, you're leaving steps, unwalked
Can it be, can it be, more obvious?

Intentions do not bare the strength of actions
You're leaving steps unwalked

Come back, Come soon, Come through
Come back, Come soon, Come through

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