

## Underneath The Gun

### "Cutting Ties, Breathing Lies"

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Forcing the words up my throat, and through my  
tongue  
Causing the projection of loss, and speeding of lungs  
The walls of regret share the texture of shame

Forcing the words up my throat, and through my  
tongue  
Causing the projection of loss, and speeding of lungs

Bring to life what died in me, Tear the flesh from the  
bones which don't bleed  
Bring to life what died in me, Tear the flesh from the  
bones which don't bleed

And in the hate of which you talk, this I assure you is  
how I walk  
But I've been known to fall  
Breathing the air close to my knees revealing those ash  
filled scares  
Making them visible to see

Forcing the words up my throat and through my tongue  
Causing the projection of loss and speeding of lungs  
As the feeling of breathing becomes chocking

This is the answer to the question of what you've been  
asking  
Asking

I am the perfect enemy?  
Can't you see?  
Come closer  
Don't you recognize me?

The taste of breathing has become the feeling of  
chocking

Oh Lord, bring to life the dying sight  
Show them what I cannot write

