

State Property

"First One Shot"

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Offed by just the man he used to know
Many years be four and twenty and veritgo
Scarlet billows he
Breaths a sigh of
The relief of a killers
And keeps his eyes up ahead

So tip your hat to the gentlemen
Or at least
Nod your head
For only he knows what stands in front of
What is medicinal at best

'cause the first one to be shot
Is the last to know
And the garden that grows apart
Is it's only soul
Don't ask me to follow suit
It's just too late now
Our god isn't what you preach

We stand up
You fool yourself but you no fool us

First one to be shot
Is the last to know
And the garden the grows apart
Is it's only soul
And the line that you stand before
Is a line that you alone draw
With the world on the killing floor
Will history not teach us all
That your god isn't
Your god isn't
Your god is no different

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