

State Radio "First One Shot"

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Offered by just the man he used to know
Many years before and twenty and vertigo
Scarlet billows he breathes
The sigh of relief of a killers

So tip you hat to the gentleman
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

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Don't ask me to follow suit
It's just too late now
Our god isn't what you preach

We stand, stand, stand up
We stand, stand, stand up
We stand, stand, stand up
You fool yourself but you know fool us

'Cause the first one to be shot
Is the last to know
And the garden that 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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