

## The D.O.C. "Sunset Gun"

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From the moment I woke,  
In receipt of a blackmail note,  
And all of these curious eyes,  
A new disease of the last seen eyes,  
A live christ in the city,  
I got my black-eyed mind,  
I'm gonna poison up the wrong way round,  
Like a bad design.

It's in the way that I'm cold,  
Left dealing with a famished soul,  
I won't give you the time,  
It's greed sparked in a goldmine,  
I can't view your condition,  
It's as failed as they come,  
Great failures are forced into our famished eyes  
With a gun.

It's in the way that I'm cold,  
Left dealing with a famished soul,  
It's all as fake as they come,  
Burn my eyes like a sunset gun.

Your point of collapse-  
My mark of indifference,  
Its all as fake as they come,  
Burn my eyes like a sunset gun,  
It's not like you care,  
Even at my insistence,  
Its all as fake as they come-  
Burn my eyes like a sunset gun.

I won't give you the time,  
It's grief sparked in a goldmine,  
Its in the way that i'm cold,  
Left dealing with a famished soul,  
Its all as fake as they come,  
Burn my eyes like a sunset gun.

