

# Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Pull The Trigger"

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You stand so tall, so high on your throne  
You're not so gracious anymore  
We bring you praise, and speak of your name  
Yet, you don't know us anymore  
You thought yourself to be more than a man  
You're just a fucking open sore  
A festering mass of lies and deceit  
And we believed every word  
You spoke of honor and trust, but you could not be  
trusted  
I don't believe a fucking word  
The chains that held us strong, beyond repair and  
rusted  
You stand to fall, prepare for the worst  
You're no one's God anymore  
We brought you praise and spoke of your name  
No one will remember your face  
You're not the man that I thought you were  
You are a coward in disguise  
You made the bed of nails that you lie in  
And you will surely die alone  
And we believed every word  
You spoke of honor and trust, but you could not be  
trusted  
I don't believe a fucking word  
The chains that held us strong, beyond repair and  
rusted  
What a mistake to place gold in the hands of a beggar  
If only you could see yourself  
Just pull the fucking trigger  
You dug the fucking grave that you lie in  
Now you will surely die alone  
You will die alone  
Give me one reason not to rip out your throat  
You live in horror  
Oblivious to the world around you  
Destined to become the empty shell of a man

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