

Letter Kills, Shot To The Chest

Well, here comes a test
A fight until death,
A song without a rest,
I won't complain,
It's what I asked for.
I'll ask for your hand,
It's a long road ahead,
And I feel so alone.
And I hope this takes care of broken words.
I'm broken down you know,
I hope this makes you proud,
To write this down,
It's better than the rest,
To see you smile.
Hey! Whoa!
(I hope this makes you proud)
Hey! Whoa!
(I hope this makes you proud)
Well, here comes a test,
It's shooting for my head.
Along with all the rest.
I can't compete with what I ask for,
I'll ask for your hand,
Cause it's a long road ahead,
And I feel so alone.
And I hope this takes care of broken words.
I'm broken down you know,
I hope this makes you proud,
To write this down,
It's better than the rest,
To see you smile.
Hey! Whoa!
(I hope this makes you proud)
Hey! Whoa!
(I hope this makes you proud)
If you fall asleep, fall asleep in the back room.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.