

Sinai Beach, My Gun, Your Bullets

I can feel your eyes on my face.

I can sense the laughter in this place.

I can see disgust in your eyes, as they stare straight back to mine.

I feel the prick of your fingers pointing at my back: "Worthless!"

I'll speak up, just not with my voice.

Time to talk back.

Crush all that I am, because all I am is not all you are.

And now all that's left of me is only what you've chosen to leave be.

So leave me in my ruins: just a mound of flesh.

So leave me in my ruins: my prison of flesh.

But I'm breaking free, and you're helping me.

My hand holds the gun, your hate pulls the trigger.

My life is over, it's about time I speak up.

Worthless.