

Trivium, A Gunshot To The Head Of Trepidation

You starve your children on neglect
Then feed their bellies with fear
Concussion bat to the brain
Witness to a battered mother

[Chorus]
Your abuse will end right here
No longer will your family fear
A gunshot to head of trepidation
My promise if you ever lay a finger

Just look at the scars you make
Your terror makes your kids break
A broken home just as you were raised
With fist raised up to your children

[Chorus]
This battle is on all
You've made beautiful
Now hateful
You wretched life wrecker
Abuser
Now suffer

Open fire
On the desire of the man
Open fire
With strife we'll strike down the hand
(Open fire, build the pyre)
If I can't make you see the damage you've made
(Open fire, build the pyre)
I'll make you wish you'd never been alive x2