

# Zebrahead, Brixton

Started off as I fall in a ball of flame burning out on your sentiment  
It's all in vain  
Shot your 44. caliber  
Words with aim  
You mighta killed the heart but you left the brain  
Devastated and I hate it see your eyes are insane  
Gray and dissipate buiolding just like rust on a chain drained  
Dislocated echo in the things you say  
You might have killed the heart but you left the brain  
Your words are making me sick  
No more lies  
Enough with your rhetoric, whoa-oh  
What do you got to hide?  
Whoa-oh  
You're dead inside  
What a wonderful lie  
Don't you feel alive?  
Whoa-oh  
What do ya got to hide?  
Whoa-oh  
You're dead inside  
What a wonderful lie  
Don't you feel alive?  
Cut away  
Cut it all away now  
Cut me off  
At the pass, as OI hydroplane  
Crashing down from your promises, all were fake  
Shot your 44. caliber  
Words with aim  
You mighta killed the heart  
But you left the brain  
Formulated and I'm fated to withstand the pain  
Wave of generated conscience from the edge of a blade  
Feigned and fabricated echo in the things you say  
You might have killed the heart  
But you left the brain  
Switch all the lights off  
Tell me what you want from me  
Take my time and my energy  
Turning you heart off  
Come about so easily  
It's not enough  
But it's plenty  
Bleed in the black out  
You said you'd be there for me  
Now you're gone and we're history  
Screaming you lungs out  
Say you want what's best for me  
Give it up  
You abandoned me