

# Alexisonfire, The Philisophical Significance Of Sh

&quot;The Philisophical Significance Of Shooting My Sister In The Face: An Essay By James Secord  
From &quot;Math Sheet Demos&quot; EP

My name is James Secord

Everything was gone

With this bullet

In my sister's face

Maybe then they

Won't hear the screams

Pull the trigger

The mirror hurts us, the music notes

That wonder how they won't be

Times are hard enough

Without days like these

If you cry hard enough

Maybe they'll hear your screams

Lifeless and splattered red

I put a bullet in my sister's head

Nothing now

I won't be, won't be

'Cause I am back again

Black cats, red dogs

Breakfast, rapist

Rough bread, not dead

Goodbye, rapist

God damn me

With a simple bullet

The shit is simple

You left a dead bullet

Everything is, everything is dull, gone, gone

Is dull...