

Civet, Massacre

I saw you coming up, real fucking slow
You've got nothing to prove and you've got no where to go
In your massacre
I hear you talking, but you've got nothing to say
I've got my finger on the trigger, gonna blow you away
In your massacre
Say it isn't so, oh I know, I know you know
You're dying
Tonight you know it just ain't right
Give me something to spare your life tonight
Your blood on my hands
Broken conscience, Broken man
You're wrong
Tonight you know it just ain't right
Give me something to spare your life tonight