

Dystopia, Father's Gun

got a gun
its a real one
should be fun
my fathers gun
a new feeling
load bullets one by one
cold steel in my hand
click click. try me
i visit it every day
time passes but i cant stay away
im lonely
i have no one
its just me and my gun
got my gun
a revolution
against me
my worst enemy
i dont have no one
i dont want no one
and i show no love
to anyone on the other side of the gun
what have i become
a threat to me and the ones i love
stare at the mirror and spit on my reflection
tears stain my bed
i write a letter to my mom and dad
telling them their son has failed them once again
gun in my mouth
i pull he trigger
the same story
a dead son
a fathers gun