

Lefty, Hollow

cocked and loaded
pointed in my direction
no protection guess your gonna
hit me with it
slow implosion
no one knows what makes it all tick
guess we're gonna
burn out trying

hollow to the core we are
swallowed
broken by the mold
no one knows how we lost control
no one knows why

one explosion haunts you slow
and small it all is a speck of dust
you'll wipe right off in time
and when it all ends
how can you say you never were a slave
look em in the eye
and face it

no one knows

pointed in my direction
guess your gonna hit me with it
pointed in my direction
guess your gonna burn out now