

# Pistol Grip, Empty Shells

This kids got no hope  
This kids got no time  
This kids going down and down cause this kids lost his mind

Everyone has problems but they're never ever like mine  
You bully's are really gonna fuckin get it this time

Grab that loaded gun  
Everyone's gonna run  
He's bringing empty shells to a fiery hell but not until he's done

[Pre-Chorus]

Mommy mommy look at your creation  
Look at the misery you have made  
Daddy daddy please don't let me fall down  
It's the music they're all to blame

There's a sniper on the roof  
Random target equals you  
No feelings for the hims or hers my aim stays right and true  
What's the problem this time  
More innocent people are dying  
Someone please explain why unnecessary pain always hits headlines

Shotgun therapy pacing through these terrified halls  
Take them one by one till every little fucking kid falls

[Chorus]

Everyone has problems but they're never ever like mine  
So everyone will pay that stands in my way this time  
Shotgun therapy pacing through this agonizing world  
Parents gonna mourn cause I'm taking your boys and girls

Mommy mommy look at your creation  
Look at the misery you have made  
Daddy daddy please don't let me fall down  
It's the media they're to blame  
Lunatic cries go unnoticed  
Never listen to what I say  
Mommy mommy look at your little boy  
Someone please take his gun away