

Pistol Grip, Sweet and Sour Of A Knife

Turn around got another man down bloody trails along the floor
Speed away siren through the foggy air bloody guts entangled gore,
Shortened breath, runnin from death, clutch my chest in this hospital mess
Tubes running through my injured rib cage as my mother cries out the door.

Pray to a God that you had given up on before
See your mortality dripping on the floor
Your retaliating ripping through,
sweet and sour of a knife gonna crucify you
Pray to a God you had given up on. I'm never gonna die

Reel in pain as you feel the deadly blade now it's your turn to hit the floor
Vengeance made on a fortunate day now I'm craving a whole lot more
Gotta go, hear the whistle blow, now they know, gotta find a place to go
Move in shadows as I run through empty streets
now I'm gunning for that safe house door

(Chorus)

Turn around got another man down who's laying on the battleground floor
Speed away siren through the foggy air who's turn is it to even the score
Open sores, never ending wars, run your course, gotta live with no remorse
Splattered dreams on a desolate street be ready for what you have in store