

Staple, Gavels From Gun Barrels

I felt my heart beating faster I never saw it coming!
Gavels from gun barrels expose me as far less than what I need to be.
The sentencing will be dealt swiftly...It's too late to mend my treachery...

Shots ring out as my last mili-seconds unwind...
Time bloats with fresh gun-smoke forcing me to review what I've done with my life
Too late to change, too soon to die.

Life is still warm on my lips.
What can I expect from all of this?
I'm trembling at the mighty feet of mercy - guilty; it's true, but no less sorry.
Too late to change, useless to weep for years of sin weighed on scales accurately.
Interrogate, assassinate, take the lead for justice' sake.
Change of heart, repentant faith only count in mercy's wake...

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I've debauched and deceived, and destroyed families... I've taken all.
Given none, and received judgement from the objective eye of a gun.
I'm guilty, it's true, but remorseful, no less. I'm sorry!
What becomes of me, but death deserved, received?
What of a crooked man's desperate plea seeking The Good Judge's mercy?
He loved the loveable and the unlovely, the decadent and the holy.
He made a way for the pope and he made a way for me...

FALLEN FROM HELL AND INTO YOUR ARMS...
BLESSED MYSTERY THAT YOU HELD ON...
FALLEN FROM DEATH, LANDING AT YOUR FEET...
AMAZING GRACE SO SWEET.

Shots ring out as my last mili-seconds unwind...
Time bloats with fresh gun-smoke forcing me to review what I've done with my life
Too late to change, too soon to die.
I'm finding out what it truly means to die - too late to change, too soon to die