

Whiskey For The Soul

Adestria

I've used your trust for target practice
I used your lust to fulfill mine

The buzzards pick at names I used to know
But my path is set and I will die alone
You should have ran me out when you had the chance
But now I'm here to stay

The man in black said boy don't take your guns to town
But I've never been one to listen to reason
This heart, these hands of treason
I gave my soul to this steel
Because a dead man feels no guilt
Gave purpose to the lifeless
To fill what can't be filled

I'll peak through broken fingers
Attempt to slant my view
Amazed by their indifference
Though I knew just what they'd do
They'll leave a hole in your chest
Before they lay you to rest

This town will never be the same

I've used your trust for target practice
I used your lust to fulfill mine

But I'm not ready
To take the credit for the work that they've done
The work that they've done
It was the guns, it was the guns
So wipe their stain from off my hands and see what they have done

[Tyler 'Telle' Smith:]
And I wanted you to know the truth
This is what I was born to do
And I can't explain what goes through my head
But when the dust clears,
you'll all be dead.

It was the guns, it was the guns
So wipe their stain from off my hands and see what they have done

I can feel them start to betray
I can feel them start to aim this way.