

## .44 Caliber Love Letter

Alexisonfire

Sifting through weathered photo albums  
(Does it make a difference?)  
Looking for gloriously aged polaroids  
(This is the way it is)  
(You think it really would make a difference? Would I hang on t  
he beach in perfect black and hide?)  
Of places you've never been.  
(I broke through this hollow shell that once held me so tight I  
couldn't breathe)  
A place to accept you don't exist  
(Come with me, jump off the edge)

"Smile for the camera sweetheart. I really wanna immortalize th  
e moment."  
Just remember the first step in forgetting  
Is destroying all the evidence.  
With friends like you,  
Who needs subtext?  
Sub. Text. Sub. Text.

This is a .44 caliber love letter straight from my heart.

With a gun, make your shot.  
Let's hope for better shit.  
(Straight {straight!} from {from!} my {my!} heart {heart!})  
That reason for separation.  
(Straight {straight!} from {from!} my {my!} heart {heart!})  
Straight from... my... heart.  
Christened by your bullet.  
I'm losing patience.  
Well I guess...  
It's my own fault.

Don't remember.  
Don't remember.  
Don't... remember.  
Don't!