

The Bullet

Birdeatsbaby

Tired of the bullet, you laid out your life
In selections of photographs hung up to dry
Shoot through the middle and gather your points
By protecting yourself from another bad choice

No one will care if you put out that light
You built an army but they would not fight
So then speechless and void, you're just a memory
Stuck in the mirror with no exit strategy

You should move on, make a life of your own
Get happily married and live in a home
But you can't sit still and you're certain it's true
There's just too many them and just not enough you

You're a rat in a cage, you're a bull in a china shop
Took center stage for the world just to spit you up
I say let's shoot back

Heaven above us and hell just behind
Nobody knows it, I'm just one of a million kinds
So sing if you're sorry for all that you see
Sing if you're just the same as me

Looking back now there's no way I would do
Anything different or anything new
You and me both we're the bullet within
We're just playing a game that nobody can win

So I'll burn all my promises, never agree
To become what I hate and then hate what I see
I'm as empty as all of the air that I breathe
And I'm hollowed and fraught but at least I still bleed

Help me remember that once you were here
Living without you, it's just one of a million fears
So I'll keep on singing this lullaby
Darling how deep does the bullet lie

How deep does the bullet lie
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