

## Massacre

Civet

I saw you coming up, real fucking slow  
You've got nothing to prove and you've got no where to go  
In your massacre

I hear you talking, but you've got nothing to say  
I've got my finger on the trigger, gonna blow you away  
In your massacre

Say it isn't so, oh I know, I know you know  
You're dying  
Tonight you know it just ain't right  
Give me something to spare your life tonight  
Your blood on my hands  
Broken conscience, Broken man  
You're wrong  
Tonight you know it just ain't right  
Give me something to spare your life tonight