

Gun Held To The Head Of The World

Gwen Stacy

Dear Self,
I love to watch you struggle
But I hate to see you cry
What good is trying to save the masses
When you can't save yourself?

I blame me for my betrayal

You reach for me
Such love for a traitor
Like I am
My tears tonight prove I find I'm worthless
You're all I am

So we'll open up our eyes and see ourselves
For who we really are
Who are we?
Nothing short of nothing

Don't believe what you see

Again, and again
Your eyes see through these walls of mine
And hold onto my heart

One by one

They became like dead men
At the sound of the earth
As it calls forth it's tried and true

I see your face
I've never seen something so beautiful