

Other People's Stories

Kari Rueslåtten

Come take my hand and we'll walk into the woods
This is my kingdom, now this is your home
If you believe, sometimes pretend
If you fight back, in the end
You should shall see what is worth

Other people's stories they are just like mine
But for one thing, I did what they plan
In my darkest hour I just kill a man
With the silver bullet in the barrel of my gun.

I should know better
By the age of twenty-eight
But I took the chance and I never once looked back

When the sun climbs up over victoria hill
I will stop and take the last breath
Then they'll come for me