

Shot To The Chest

Letter Kills

Well, here comes a test
A fight until death,
A song without a rest,
But I cant complain,
It's what I asked for.

So I'll ask for your hand,
Cause it's a long road ahead,
And I feel so alone.

And I hope this takes care of broken words.
I'm broken down you know,
I hope this makes you proud,
Write this down,
It's better than the rest, to see you smile.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.

And here comes a test,
It's shooting for my head.
Along with all the rest.
I can't compete with what I ask for,
So I ask for your hand,
Cause it's a long road ahead,
And I feel so alone.

And I hope this takes care of broken words.
I'm broken down you know,
I hope this makes you proud,
Write this down,
It's better than the rest, to see you smile.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.

If you fall asleep, fall asleep in the back room.

Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.
Hey! Whoa!
I hope this makes you proud.