

The Shooter

The Magic Numbers

No one move,
There's a dancer in the dark
Would it all make sense
If you pick her up and pull her apart?
No one sees,
There's a flicker in the spark
Get on your hands and knees,
Praying Jesus this is not who we are

No one speak of the reading in the cards
It could all make sense
If the reason to believe in was ours
No one leave as I shoot her
Through the heart
Would it all make sense
If you picked her up
And pulled her apart?

Who goes there?

In the fields I walked the valleys below
Beneath the leaves, lie down
It was painless
In the back of the car
She kept the light on

No one sees,
There's a shooter in the dark
What if we face the wall,
Will they all come running...
And if you just play dead?
Would it all make sense
If you picked her up
And pulled her apart?
Who goes there?
In the fields I walked the valleys below
Beneath the leaves, lie down
It was painless
In the shape of a girl,
I remain nameless

No one breathe as I shoot her
Through the heart
It will all make sense
When you pick her up
And pull her apart
No one sees
As I lead her through the dark