Pull The Trigger

Through the Eyes of the Dead

You stand so tall, so high on your throne
You're not so gracious anymore
We bring you praise, and speak of your name
Yet, you don't know us anymore
You thought yourself to be more than a man
You're just a f**king open sore
A festering mass of lies and deceit
And we believed every word
You spoke of honor and trust, but you could not be trusted
I don't believe a f**king word
The chains that held us strong, beyond repair and rusted
You stand to fall, prepare for the worst
You're no one's God anymore
We brought you praise and spoke of your name
No one will remember your face
You're not the man that I thought you were
You are a coward in disguise
You made the bed of nails that you lie in
And you will surely die alone
And we believed every word
You spoke of honor and trust, but you could not be trusted
I don't believe a f**king word
The chains that held us strong, beyond repair and rusted
What a mistake to place gold in the hands of a beggar
If only you could see yourself
Just pull the f**king trigger
You dug the f**king grave that you lie in
Now you will surely die alone
You will die alone
Give me one reason not to rip out your throat
You live in horror
Oblivious to the world around you
Destined to become the empty shell of a man