

Consider Us Dead

Sentenced

Feel it... And how it's weighing in your hand
Cold and loaded
See it... Oh, how it's shining in my hand
Cold and loaded

I know I haven't got the balls to pull this through
And therefore I'm laying all my faith in you

Raise the gun, take aim and shoot me
Put a bullet through my head
Consider us dead
Raise the gun, take aim and blow me away
Squeeze the trigger, free the lead
Consider us dead

We're leaving... this human ruin behind
Too cold and empty
Yes, leaving... for there's nothing more I can find
In this cold and empty

The choice is mine so don't be afraid to pull this through
Just get a grip, I'm dying to get rid of you

Raise the gun...

I know I haven't got the balls to pull this through
Just get a grip, I'm dying to get rid of you