

THIS IS HIS HEART

This is his heart
The door is locked
The gun is loaded

Enter and break
You'll see it's cocked
He can't control it

He'll tell you you're brave to try
But he'd rather ossify
And if you should stand your ground
He'll fire off his first round

Hands up it was done before it started
You'll see you were meant to lose the game
It's your hand's luck you have made yourself the target
And he is a bullet with your name

This is the road
The walk you take
Into the senses

The way of the will
The drive to climb
The best defenses

He's happy to stage the play
He knows he will walk away
Quicksilver to the core
You'll never mine this ore

Hands up he was born to be your marksman
You knew you would love him for his aim
Still you're dumbstruck that the keeper of your heart's sun
Turned you from the hunter to the game

This is your stop
Wake up get off
This is the station

His is the heart
You die to win
Your consecration
Your destination

