

## **Guns**

### **SACHA:**

Let me tell you something bout a little machine  
It's a mean little machine and its really obscene  
If you've seen where it's been you know the damage its done  
No matter how fast you are you can never outrun  
It's not fun  
I said that it's the feeling we dread  
As it comes up behind you and fills your head with some lead  
not even knowing how much you have bled  
you fell to the floor, It painted you red,  
Now you're dead  
the power of this little machine  
Can take a mans life, ripped apart at the seams  
But you see  
Not the machine committing actions obscene  
But the hands on the handle that are mighty unclean

### **SETH:**

Here's a story bout a quiet kid in school  
The bigger kids were bullies, calling him a fool  
He found a gun at home, it belonged to his dad  
Now let's personify it was the only friend he had  
He was lonely one day, brought the gun to school  
The bullies didn't notice it when they were being cruel  
Out of his pocket came the blasting machine  
And never again would they ever be mean

### **ELIJAH:**

I'm telling ya, I've seen this metal thing in action  
This strange kid had some kind of crazy attraction  
I swear man, this guy wanted everyone dead  
So, I fled, closed myself inside a shed.  
I can't handle the noise,  
Of these illegal toys  
This stuff is rough  
I have definitely had enough  
How can something so small cause so much pain  
What's with this kid? Hes gone insane.  
He's on a different mental plane  
Nothing will be the same  
My perception of reality is down the drain  
How'd he get his hands on this little machine  
It's the worst damn thing that I've ever seen.