

Scavenger - One In The Chamber

9 under my mattress

I crumble to ashes

Face torn up with scratches

My shadow is casted

Ripped apart my room

Life always resumes

And i'm sick of it, crying, wishing for an early doom

I'm past my last straw

I'm consumed by my flaws

I suffer from withdrawals

From the drugs and from a broad

Gun in my hand, i put one in the chamber

Sick of this shit, i cannot ever change her

Losing myself and i feel like a stranger

Brushing the barrel against my retainer

Mom walks in

My patience is thin

She starts freaking out

Where do i begin

Tell her bout crack

Tell her bout shannon

Tell her my thoughts as wÐµll as all that i'm planning

Hate i'm the third wheel and always abandoned

HidÐµ it behind all my smiles and laughing

**Crying a river, i fucked up my liver, don't set the bar high, i can't ever
deliver**

Feelings turn bitter, i won't eat my dinner

One more minute, would've pulled the trigger

My hands start to quiver and i get the shivers

**They took the gun, but i still got the scissors, use it if i need to, but i
t won't be quicker**

Hate that bitch, i won't ever forgive her

**Least my parents know there's an issue, got them both crying, they pulling
out tissues**

**Nothing remains of their joy-filled kid who, couldn't care less, now my gut
is what i stick to**