

# Pistola

## Incubus

On the tip of my tongue  
An offensive is poised and rearing  
My intention: A bullet  
My body: A trigger finger Yeah my pen is a pistola  
Let go of your fear, fear yeah  
Yeah my pen is a pistola My secret arsenal  
Is an infinite, ageless inkwell  
It's a fountain of youth  
And a patriot's weapon of choice  
Yeah my pen is a pistola  
Let go of your fear, fear yeah  
Yeah my pen is a pistola  
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