

Archive "Bullets"

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Come touch me like I'm an ordinary man
have a look in my eyes, underneath my skin there is
violence got a gun in its hand, ready to make sense of
anyone anything.

Black holes living in the side of your face, razor wire
spinning around your blistering sky blistering sky,
bullets are the beauty of the blistering sky, bullets are
the beauty and I don't know why, bullets are
the beauty of the blistering sky, bullets are the beauty
and I don't know why.

Personal responsibility, personal response insanity.

Confine me let me be the lesser of a beautiful man,
without the blood on his hands, come and make me a
martyr come and break my feeling, with your violence
with the gun to my head, ready to take out anyone
anywhere.

Black holes living in the side of your face, razor wire
spinning around your heart, blistering sky blistering
sky, bullets are the beauty of the blistering sky, bullets
are the beauty and I don't know why, bullets
are the beauty of the blistering sky, bullets are the
beauty and I don't know why.

Personal responsibility, personal response insanity.

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