

Storm, The

"B.S.E. Featuring Michael Poulsen"

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A goodbye bullet came
And took it's toll
And I just stood there watching
The heads were rolling
And I was riper than a cherry red
I didn't see a thing
I couldn't sense the danger

And now you wonder if the matters of the heart
Will ever let you go
You keep your skeletons at bay
You struck your gold in the darkest night
Noone to see
Your secrets safe with me

I hold back the heartache
And fall to the ground
I'm searching for answers
Between the lost and found

I'm gonna pick my weapon well
Cause I have a tale to tell
And I am expecting sabatoge
And from a speeding train
I take my aim
With a silver shell that's saying
Go to hell

But now the muscle from your mean machine
Is running out of luck
There ain't no sign of helping hands
And now you're paying with your broken pride
You'll never learn
Your bridges they will burn

I hold back the heartache
And fall to the ground
I'm searching for answers
Between the lost and found
But I will never find what I am looking for
I couldn't give a damn cause what I want is even more

Than your black shot eyes

See the chains that I wrestle
And the score I will settle
I can see them walking hand in hand
And the blows I have taken
They will not be forgiven
I am such a fool to try

But I will never find what I am looking for
I couldn't give a damn cause what I want is even more
I'll never ever find what I am looking for
I couldn't give a damn cause I want so much more
I hold back the heartache
The lost paradise
I'm searching for answers
Behind the black shot eyes

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