

Cold Coda

"Rifleman's Creed"

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This is my rifle, my dear rifle
there are many like it, but this one is mine.
it's useless without me, I am useless without it.
my brother, my best friend, my life and my shine.

We will become part of each other
Myself and my rifle, we know what it's for
not the noise of the burst nor the rounds we fire
it's the hits, that's what counts in this war

it's the hits!

Lord, Oh Lord
You see it's a sore spot, lord
now show me some more, lord
of war, of sweet war

My rifle is human, even as I am
I'll learn all it's parts, it's barrel and sight
it's useless without me, I am useless without it.
my sword and my cover, my sign of divine.

We will become part of each other
Myself and my rifle, we know what it's for
not the noise of the burst nor the rounds we fire

it's the hits, that's what counts in this war

it's the hits!

Lord, Oh Lord
You see it's a sore spot
now show me some more
of war, of sweet war

I must shoot straighter than enemy who
is trying to kill me or just trying to kill
I must fire my rifle, it's the hits that what counts,
and I'm sure that we will hit, we will and I will.

We will become part of each other
Myself and my rifle, we know what it's for

not the noise of the burst nor the rounds we fire
it's the hits, thats what counts in this war

We will become part of each other
Myself and my rifle, we know what it's for
You can fall, you can win or just standoff but rather
the hits, thats what counts in this war

it's the hits!

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