

Killers

"Flesh And Bone"

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I've gone through life,
White-knuckled in the moments that left me behind
Refusing to heed the yield,
I penetrate the force fields in the blind
They say I'll adjust
God knows I must
But I'm not sure how
This natural selection picked me out to be
A dark horse running in a fantasy

Flesh and bone-
Am I running out of time?
Flesh and bone-

Somewhere outside that finish line
I square up and break through the chains
And I head like a raging bull
Anointed by the blood, I take the reins
Cut from the cloth, the flag that
Bears the name of "Battleborn"
They call me the contender
Listen for the bell
My face flashing crimson from the fires of hell

What are you afraid of?
And what are you made of?
Flesh and bone-
Am I running out of time?
Flesh and bone-
And what are you made of?
Flesh and bone-
Man I'm turning on a dime
Flesh and bone-

This could decay
Like the valley below
Defenses are down
The stakes are high...

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