

P.O.D. "Bullet The Blue Sky"

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And from these fireflies
And from these fireflies

In the howlin' wind comes the stingin' rain
You see it drivin' the nails into the souls of the tree of
pain
And from these fireflies, a red orange glow
You see the face of fear runnin' scared
In the valley below, right

Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue

In the locust wind, comes a rattle and hum
Where Jacob wrestled the angel and the angel was
overcome
You plant a demon seed, you raise a flower of fire
You see them burnin' crosses
You see the flames higher and higher

Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue

This guy comes up to me
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush
With all the colors of a royal flush
And he's peelin' off those dollar bills
Slappin' them down

One hundred, two hundred
And I can see those fighter planes
And I can see those fighter planes
Across the mud huts where children sleep
And through the alleys of a quiet city street

You take the staircase to the first floor
You turn the key and slowly unlock the door
A man breathes into a saxophone

And through the walls you hear the city groan
And outside it's America and outside it's America

Bullet the blue sky
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Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
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See the sky ripped open, rain coming down with vision
of love
People of the world as they run into the arms of
America
Of America, of America, of America

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