

Reverend Horton Heat "Choice & Consequence"

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Every choice demands, a certain flexibility.
Some compromise, a genuflection
Just yield to the muzzle.
(Seven breaths left inside)
A silver moth is captured in my head.
One more fall to take before I'm dead again
I'm punctured, I'm bleeding.
What to do if this bullet flies today?

So consequence has plans.
The rights and wrongs, the ups and downs.
A siren / A cursor
Just yield to the muzzle.
Seven breaths left inside.

Stand your meters aside.
The ballistics must be calculated.
Somewhere for you to hide.
Some things you can't anticipate.
The darker irony works.
Call it whatever you may,
But for testing it was you, who swallowed,
The flexible bullet today.

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