

Upper Class Trash "Sunsets Of Bullets"

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We stand in line like ducks in rows, we're crushing one another's toes,
And if you asked me I'd say that this situation doesn't,
Matter to us. We were the first to kill the fuss,
If silent screaming were so easy then we'd all be guilty.

And you said to me, that this tragedy has gotten out of hand.
And I said that we've, been a witness to this tragedy again.
(You waited for this, and now it's too late)

Chasing after you, they ran into sunset of bullets,
Let the shots shine more, from the sun to their doors...

Are painted white and locked up tight, they never leave their homes at night.
Window shades still stay dusty, closed up waiting for December.
It came and went, you lost the chance and now you're spent.
When did bleeding become so trency that it's all we hear now?

And you said to me, that this tragedy has gotten out of hand.
And I said that we've, been a witness to this tragedy again.
(You waited for this, and now it's too late)

Chasing after you, they ran into sunset of bullets,
Let the shots shine more, from the sun to their doors...

(Their Doors,
Their Doors,
Their Doors,
Their Doors,
I'll see you all at the front door.)

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