

The Movement In Codes "Bullets"

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Shots that ring out in the air
bullets fall but i don't care
if i'm the first to hit the ground
or i'm the last to hang around
who cares?

You'll find we're lost in here
(i run)
we're dead and we don't care
(from no one)

We fight the feeling
but not the meaning
of what it means to close your eyes hold your
breath and say goodbye, one last time

I fall down and hit the floor
I get up and i want more
I wipe the blood from off my face
It isn't more than i can take

We call on blues skies to chase this rain away
been running for this long
with bows and arrows for their guns... and they run.

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