

## **Flames In "Bullet Ride"**

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Do you feel anything at all?  
Do you hear steps at the door?  
Do you reckon the smell of....?  
It's life-the the dark that binds you  
Frightened by your own smell  
Bitternes will run you through  
Silent screaming  
Turning, twisting the alphabet  
Frantic eyes  
Awaiting the answer  
Splinters of a poem  
Fragments of what you used to be  
Habitual and gullible  
Run-down memoirs is all that's left  
Do you wish to sleep?  
Do you aim for the shadow?  
Do you feel infected?  
It's life-the the dark that binds you  
It's the cowardice that puls you under  
And takes you to the end, where it begins  
Release, the world is waiting on your arrival

Close your eyes, as we witness another bullet ride

Do you know about atrocity?

Do you that everybody's gone?

Do you know that you're on your own?

It's life-the the dark that binds you

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