

The Bullet That Takes Us

Anubis Spire

You wanted a mystic
something to believe
You needed a healer
and I could stop the bleed
And they hated me
from the moment I met youLoneliness is a battle
some can never win
The cold Russian winter
not half as cold as him
And they hated you
from the moment you met meAnd the bullet that takes us
is already on its way
it was fired in Serbia todayFor this fatal attraction
they will make us pay
And bloody revolution
will sweep us both away

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