Three Fingers

Rival Sons

I'm in the air gliding over the water
Feet tucked under my tail
Wings pulled back
Body like a spear
This time I'm coming back whith a whaleI'd better take a deep breathIt's never easy
We are the bullets
Breast to graveI'm on my feet and I'm running the plaza
Matador is holding the red
I've got the horns
I've got the speed
This motherfucker's going home deadThree fingers on the rocksIt's never easy
But you'd better be brave
We are the bullets
Breast to grave

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