

Talk of the Guns

Axel Rudi Pell

Hearts of stone with faces of
Angels,
Terrorize you with no soul.
You can't hide from the course of
The trigger,
Shots in the night leaves your blood
Runnin' cold.
Bullets fly over and over,
Remorseless desires,
They don't care if you see
Tomorrow,
If you live or you die.
You can't hide if you're chosen the
Victim,
You won't be sacrificed
Can't escape from the screams and
The anger,
You can tell by the look in their
Eyes.
Shoot your mouth again,
Can't get away from it, it's the talk
Of the guns.
Get me outta here,
'Cause you can't turn your back
From the talk of the guns.
Lost in the race, you're caught in
The war zone,
Standing in the line of fire,
One foot in the grave, the other is
Runnin'.
The last words you hear "Hang 'em
Higher".
[Repeat bridge]
[Repeat chorus]

Songwriters

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