

# 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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