

# Bullet Ride

## In Flames

Do you feel anything at all?  
Do you hear steps at the door?  
Do you reckon the smell of?  
It's life, the dark death binds you Frightened by your own smell  
Bitterness will run you through Silent, screaming  
Turning, twisting the alphabet  
Frenetic 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 all infected?  
It's life, the dark death binds you Frightened by your own smell  
Bitterness will run you through Silent screaming  
Turning, twisting the alphabet  
Frenetic 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 It's the cowardice that pulls 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 know that everybody's gone?  
Do you know that you're on your own?  
It's life, the dark death binds you Frightened by your own smell  
Bitterness will run you 'round Silent, screaming  
Turning, twisting the alphabet  
Frenetic 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

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