

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

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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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