

# Ammunition

## I:Scintilla

I know these roads  
Each ridge and narrow bridge  
Each Chevron enticing me on  
Each warning sign, I take in my stride I don't need more ammunition  
I've got more than I can spend  
I don't dwell on things I'm missing  
I'm just pleased with the things I've found I know these roads  
An old hand understands  
Above all, I know what's  
Expected of me now, veering cliff wards I don't need more ammunition  
I've got more than I can spend  
I don't dwell on things I'm missing  
I'm just pleased with the things I've found  
With the things I've found, with the things I've found, I've found I've been crying  
It comes back on these salient days  
And it stays and it says  
"We've never really been away" I don't need more ammunition  
I've got more than I can spend  
I don't think of who I'm missing  
I've got no space and no time in my life anymore  
No space or time in my life anymore for revenge

Lyrics provided by

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