Ammunition

I:Scintilla

I know these roads
Each ridge and narrow bridge
Each Chevron enticing me on
Each warning sign, I take in my strideI 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 foundI know these roads
An old hand understands
Above all, I know what's
Expected of me now, veering cliff wardsI 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 foundI'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

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