

Bullet The Blue Sky

P.o.d.

And from these fireflies
And from these fireflies
In the howlin' wind comes the stingin' rain
You see it drivin' the nails into the souls of the tree of pain
And from these fireflies, a red orange glow
You see the face of fear runnin' scared
In the valley below, right
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue
In the locust wind, comes a rattle and hum
Where Jacob wrestled the angel and the angel was overcome
You plant a demon seed, you raise a flower of fire
You see them burnin' crosses
You see the flames higher and higher
Bullet the blue sky
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Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue
This guy comes up to me
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush
With all the colors of a royal flush
And he's peelin' off those dollar bills
Slappin' them down
One hundred, two hundred
And I can see those fighter planes
And I can see those fighter planes
Across the mud huts where children sleep
And through the alleys of a quiet city street
You take the staircase to the first floor
You turn the key and slowly unlock the door
A man breathes into a saxophone
And through the walls you hear the city groan
And outside it's America and outside it's America
Bullet the blue sky
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Bullet the blue
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Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
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Bullet the blue sky
See the sky ripped open, rain coming down with vision of love
People of the world as they run into the arms of America
Of America, of America, of America

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