The Human Shield

Converge

Where it all had meaning
Where we fell in love for the first time
It erupts in nights like this, tangled in the simplicity of...
Some far off distant evening with hearts filled to the brim
With good intentions and the sweetest of tragedy
I hope you hear me coming, I hope you turn your head
Arms spread wide like Jesus, without the heart or purpose
Or mouthful of easy answers, headlong we pace into the killing fields
Born of fevers and the brooding night sweats and the war about to be waged
Stop crying, just give me the keys
I hope you hear me coming, I hope you turn your head
Stop crying, just give me the fucking keys...
Headlong into the killing fields...
These days I am becoming bulletproof
The bells are ringing, it's the end of the line
I'm becoming your fears,
I'm becoming every broken heart
I hope you hear me coming, I hope you turn your head

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