Painted Red

Test Your Reflex

I wanna scream, scream, scream
Oh for this to end
I wanna let love flow, through my fingers and out of my hands
And I wanna let that love fill up the hearts of men
Stop making victims please, stop making victims of this land
Stop making victims please, stop making victims of this landBecause I wonder what will come of all we've made
Will time sit still, or will it change
Oh and if all that happens now is to remain
I think we best start
Counting down the daysI wanna scream, scream, scream
Oh so you can hear
The truth it covers you, don't shake it off
The picture's clear
It's painted red, red, all red and lined with tears boy
I know it's hard to see
When you're so consumed with fear
I know it's hard to see
When you're so consumed with fear ohBecause I wonder what will come of all we've made
Will time sit still, or will it change
Oh and if all that happens is to remain
I think we best start counting down the days
Cause everybody wants to turn their backs and pray
It all falls into placeBecause I wonder what will come of all we've made
Will time sit still, or will it change
Oh and if all that happens now is to remain
I think we best start counting down the days
Cause everybody wants to turn their backs and pray
It all falls into place
But if all that happens now is to remain
I think we best start counting down the daysCounting down the days
Counting down the days

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