

Bullet The Blue Sky

Sepultura

In the howlin' wind
Comes a stingin' rain
See it drivin' nails
Into the souls on the tree of pain
From the firefly
A red orange glow
See the face of fear
Runnin' scared in the valley below
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue
In the locust wind
Comes a rattle and hum
Jacob wrestled the angel
And the angel was overcome
You plant a demon seed
You raise a flower of fire
We see them burnin' crosses
See the flames, higher and higher
Woh, woh, bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue sky
Bullet the blue
Bullet the blue
Suit and tie comes up to me
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush
Like all the colors of a royal flush
And he's peelin' off those dollar bills
(Slappin' 'em down)
One hundred, two hundred
And I can see those fighter planes
And I can see those fighter planes
Across the tin huts as children sleep
Through the alleys of a quiet city street
Up the staircase to the first floor
We turn the key and slowly unlock the door
As a man breathes into his saxophone
And through the walls you hear the city groan
Outside is America

Outside is America

America

See across the field, see the sky ripped open
See the rain comin' through the gapin' wound
Howlin' the women and children
Who run into the arms of America

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