

Bullets

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Come touch me like I'm an ordinary man have a look in my eyes, underneath my skin there is violence got a
gun in its hand, ready to make sense of anyone, anything.

Black holes living in the side of your face, razor wire spinning around your blistering sky blistering sky, bullets
are the beauty of the blistering sky, bullets are the beauty and I don't know why, bullets are the beauty of the
blistering sky, bullets are the beauty and I don't know why.

Personal responsibility, personal response insanity.

Confine me let me be the lesser of a beautiful man, without the blood on his hands, come and make me a martyr
come and break my feeling, with your violence with the gun to my head, ready to take out anyone anywhere.

Black holes living in the side of your face, razor wire spinning around your heart, blistering sky blistering sky,
bullets are the beauty of the blistering sky, bullets are the beauty and I don't know why, bullets are the beauty of
the blistering sky, bullets are the beauty and I don't know why.

Personal responsibility, personal response insanity.

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