

# Bullets

## The Game, Young Buck

Alone on stage without song  
so where is jesus now and where do I belong  
What is faith if there is no proof?  
The answer is the same but not for anyone, the question lingers on  
So out of desperation  
Humans do their worst the find out what that is  
A mystery known to many as the divine... it's their dime

If What they wrote is what he said, to equally forgive,  
We read the whole thing wrong  
And guidance should be used like a tool  
When it gets handed down  
It tends to get so damn confusing for a fool  
And every word they preach is only opinion  
That's why our love divides itself into a thousand pieces  
Like bullets shot in vain, without sight

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>