

# Bullet

## American Hi-fi

Face to face but the feeling's gone  
Blinking, the battle lines are drawn  
This is the shape of things to come  
Stand in the shadow of the sun  
Are you happy now?  
Nothing is simple anymore  
Fighting a war, don't know what for  
This is the sound of the damage done  
Stand in the shadow of the sun  
Are you happy now?  
We carry the weight of a million stars.  
With every revolution a little something dies  
I lost my faith when you let it go  
I'm calling you out this is a low  
How far we fall.  
Bury the past inside my head  
Now that the rest of me is dead  
This is the shape of things to come  
Stand in the shadow of the sun  
  
Are you happy now?  
We carry the weight of a million stars.  
With every revolution a little something dies  
I lost my faith when you let it go  
I'm calling you out this is a low  
How far we fall.  
I'll put on your pretty noose  
This is a low tell me where do we fall  
I'll put on your pretty noose  
This is a low tell me where do we fall  
I'll put on your pretty noose  
This is a low tell me where do we fall  
We carry the weight of a million stars.  
With every revolution a little something dies  
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I'm calling you out this is a low  
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