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
I lost my faith when you let it go
I'm calling you out this is a low
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