

Sometimes They Hear the Bullet

Atomizer

War is much more than a disagreement of thought and a battle born of strife
Where many will stand and many will fall while bystanders will question the point
And the players are many the sacrifice great, for a victory heralded by few
And some march to the beat of a vindictive drum with their own agendas to right
Well I'm one of those who'll step up for battle, the smell of cordite in the air
Knowing the ordeal is not about me, but treating it as such just the same
With irreverence I tread through the blood and the soil the wounded, dying and dead
I want them to taste the steel of my blade and feel the sting of my lead
And sometimes they'll hear the bullet, yes sometimes they'll feel it's sting, and sometimes they'll know as their
life slips
away, and sometimes they won't feel a thing
'Cause I wanna be and I wanna see, and I'm here to exact my revenge
When I summon Mars for victory sweet, when I conjure the will for success
And I wanna taste the blood of the fallen to know the scent of death
And that every round that I get off, yields another's final breath

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