

Rushing

Rotersand

the shiny guns were loaded
with bullets made of words
they hit and they exploded,
we're bleeding and it hurts
we're in this fight together
there's none of us to blame
whatever was the matter
this is a crying shamebut you bark and you bite
and your reasons are true
still you force and you fight
and your blood keeps rushingyou're a fool if you choose to believe in sight
and your rules save your world from a different light
don't walk from me
talk to meand your soul's getting lost in the dead of night
bring it home, take a walk on the other side
don't walk from me
talk to me

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