Bullets

Masacre

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

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