

86 Bullets (Instrumental)

Tourniquet

On a hot Hawaiian afternoon in 1994
9000 pounds of frustrated fury left the circus floor
Years of strong-arm slavery performing silly tricks
To give the callous crowd their share of foolish misplaced kicks
We were not put here just to entertain you
Just like humans - we've got our own lives too
We were not put here just to entertain you
Tyke left the ring and made it out onto the street
Half hour of gunfire finally knocked her off her feet
Her short-lived freedom finally ended in a hail of bullets
Her blood spilled in the streets - undeserving end to a noble creature
We were not put here just to entertain you
Just like humans - we've got our own lives too
You take away all the things God created us to do
Profit from our misery as we dance on cue
Step right up, step right up - the cruelest show on earth is ready to
entertain you.
86 bullets to finally bring you down

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