

Bullets for Blood

Behind Crimson Eyes

Falling to our deaths,
but how were we to know
that this was the end?
How were we to know?

Red tears run down my face,
seeing through the eyes that blindly hate.
And all my dreams are filled with back lit skies,
projecting all our fate tonight, tonight.

Dark angels fall from the sky,
tattooed with the mark of stars and stripes.
And all their pain we'll take to our own graves,
returning us to where we came from.

Bullets for blood this is our own life,
take it away these words I'm screaming.
Stand proud and tall my heart is bleeding.
Stand proud and tall my heart is bleeding.