

Guns A Blazing

Bobaflex

Now I know now I know
That you're coming with your guns a blazing
There's nowhere to go
In the end its gonna be hell your facing
Oh No
1944, surrounded by Franks somewhere in France
Locked and loaded with the devil in my hands
I think of my wife and unborn child
It starts inside, it's something wild

Now now you're you're thinking thinking like a dying man
Who would question this world
Now now you're you're thinking thinking like a dying man

Just before the storm
I asked God what is life
And why are we born?
He didn't say a thing
To hell with peace I'm coming out blasting

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That you're coming with your guns a blazing
There's nowhere to go
In the end it will be hell your facing

I can hear German voices
Coming from the fog
This is it
This is it, this is my last stand
One clip left and a sharp bayonet
I think of my wife and unborn child
It starts inside it's something wild

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