

## The Human Shield

Converge

Were it all had meaning, were we fell in love for the first time  
It erupts in nights like this, tangled in the simplicity of...  
Some far off distant evening with hearts filled to the brim  
With good intentions and the sweetest of tragedy  
I hope you hear me coming, I hope you turn your head  
Arms spread wide like Jesus, without the heart  
Or cowardice, or mouthful of easy answers  
Headlong we pace into the killing fields  
Born of fevers and the brooding night sweats  
And the war about to be waged  
Stop crying, just give me the keys  
I hope you hear me coming, I hope you turn your head  
Stop crying, just give me the fucking keys  
Headlong into the killing fields  
These days I am becoming bulletproof  
The bells are ringing, it's the end of the line  
I'm becoming your fears  
I'm becoming every broken heart  
I hope you hear me coming, I hope you turn your head