

Under the Gun

Dezperadoz

A ride into the setting sun.
Hide your fears you are under my gun.

(I feel no regrets.
Now my travel (?) is set.)

Cold chills, running down your spine.
Hot sweat, dripping in your eyes.
High noon, someone's gonna die.
No one will hear your cries.
Blinded for A moment.
By the midday sun moving.
Too slowly falling you're under the Gun.

You're done, You're under the gun

Warm blood, filling up your lungs.
High noon, your time has come.
Blinded for A moment.
By the midday sun moving.
Too slowly falling you're under the Gun.