Bullets made of silver and
Bullets made of porcelain
There's no way to know what's in your hands
Until the bang

Take a breath and take a look around Nowhere left to run and no time left now Stand your ground
Took a lifetime just to get right here
In a moment everything comes down to you Choose truth or fear

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Bullets made of porcelain
There's no way to know what's in your hands
Until the bang

Maybe I'll be powerful
Maybe I'm delusional
Maybe there's no way know for sure
So take a stand
Ready aim fire and...

Does she love you?

Does she love you not?

Can a risk be worth

What might be lost in the best intentions?

Do or die sneaks up on all of us

Time to fly or time to face the cost now

Once and for all

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