

Bulletproof

New Years Day

You sit up on your throne
As the walls are burning down in your castle made of bones
The flames are getting close
And there's no one to save you while you are choking on the smoke

The armor's melting off your skin
It's time to answer for your sins
For your day of reckoning is closing in

Did you think that you could fuck with fire
And never ever feel it burn
Did you think that you could walk away
From the mess you made with my finger on the trigger
Did you think that you could walk on water
'Cause now you're drowning in the truth
From the lives you take as you suffocate
And now you know the devil isn't bulletproof

Slow dancing in the storm
Your wicked hands are full of blood
And it's dripping on the floor

The armor falling off your skin
It's time to answer for your sins
For your day reckoning is closing in

Did you think that you could fuck with fire
And never ever feel it burn
Did you think that you could walk away
From the mess you made with my finger on the trigger
Did you think that you could walk on water
'Cause now you're drowning in the truth
From the lives you take as you suffocate
And now you know the devil isn't bulletproof

'Cause you bleed the same
Such an ironic twist of fate
And your mask is getting heavier
'Cause hell is on the way

Did you think that you could fuck with fire
And never ever feel it burn
Did you think that you could walk away
From the mess you made with my finger on the trigger
Did you think that you could walk on water
'Cause now you're drowning in the truth
From the lives you take as you suffocate
And now you know the devil isn't bulletproof

'Cause you bleed the same
(The devil isn't bulletproof)
Such an twist of fate
The devil isn't bulletproof