

Come touch me like
Im an ordinary man,
have a look in my eyes,
Underneath my skin
there is violence,
got a gun in its hand,

Ready to make
sense of anyone anything.
Black holes living
in the side of your face,
Razor wire spinning around
your blistering sky,
blistering sky,

Bullets are the beauty
of the blistering sky,
Bullets are the beauty
and I dont know why,
Bullets are the beauty
of the blistering sky,
Bullets are the beauty
and I dont know why.

Personal responsibility,
Personal response insanity.
Confine me let me be
the lesser of a beautiful man,
Without the blood on his hands,
Come and make me
a martyr come and break my feeling,

With your violence
with the gun to my head,
Ready to take out anyone anywhere.
Black holes living
in the side of your face,
Razor wire spinning
around your heart,

Blistering sky blistering sky,
Bullets are the beauty
of the blistering sky,
Bullets are the beauty
and I dont know why,
Bullets are the beauty
of the blistering sky,
Bullets are the beauty
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