Shots

Ringing all along the borders can be heard Striking out like a venom in the sky Cutting through the air faster than a bird In the night.

Children

Are lost in the sand, building roads with little hands Trying to join their father's castles together again Will they make it? Who knows where or when Old wounds will mend?

Machines

Are winding their way along, looking strong Building roads and bringing back loads and loads Of building materials
In the night

Men

Are trying to move the borders on the ground Lines between the different spots that each has found But back home another scene was going down In the night.

Lust

Comes creepin' through the night to feed on hearts Of suburban wives who learned to pretend When they met their dream's end In the night.

Shots

I hear shots, I keep hearing shots I keep hearing shots

I hear shots.

Shots

I hear shots, I keep hearing shots I keep hearing shots

I hear shots.

But I'll never use your love, You know I'm not that kind And so if you give your heart away I promise to you Whatever we do That I will always be true.