

Bullet the Blue Sky

Queensrÿche

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain
See it driving nails into souls on the tree of pain
from the firefly, a red orange glow
See the face of fear running scared in the valley below

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In the locust wind comes a rattle and hum
Jacob wrestled the angel and the angel was overcome
Plant a demon seed, you raise a flower of fire
See them burning crosses, see the flames, higher and higher

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This guy comes up to me
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush
Like all the colors of a royal flush
And hes peeling off those dollar bills
Slapping them down
One hundred, two hundred
And I can see those fighter planes
And I can see those fighter planes
Across the mud huts where the children sleep
Through the alleys of a quiet city street
Take the staircase to the first floor
Turn the key and slowly unlock the door
As a man breathes into a saxophone
Through the walls we hear the city groan
Outside its america
Outside its america

Across the field you see the sky ripped open
See the rain come through the gaping wound
Pounding on the women and children
Who run into the arms of america