

Hail Of Bullets

To/Die/For

Fly butterfly of freedom fly
Fly much higher to the other side
And take my within

There's blood on your flowers and blood on our hands
And we should kill for the fatherland
Carry me away from here

Here comes a new dawn with the hail of bullets
Run wild child - run child run
Nightfall awaits us beyond the napalm flames
Run wild child - run child run

They need our blood to make their history
More dead bodies means more authority
That's sick, sick, sick, sick, sick!
They want us to drink their poisoned wine
Money is god and deterrent is called Jesus Christ
But freedom in unknown