

## 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