

A Bullet Named Christ

Wednesday 13

Lost in a familiar place
This channel will not change
This feeling's all too strange
It's like home in many ways

Got nothing left inside
Onto the darker side
Into the darkness we ride
On a bullet named Christ

They swarm us all like flies
Don't know the wrong from right
There comes a time to decide
I'll choose the darker side

Got nothing left inside
Onto the darker side
Into the darkness we ride
On a bullet named Christ

Into the darkness we ride
On a bullet named Christ
Into the darkness we ride
Into the darkness we ride
On a bullet named Christ
Into the darkness we ride
Into the darkness we ride
On a bullet named Christ
Into the darkness we ride

Got nothing left inside
Onto the darker side
Into the darkness we ride
On a bullet named Christ
On a bullet named Christ
On a bullet named Christ
On a bullet named Christ
On a bullet named Christ