

## Bullet the blue sky - 1/1

Interprété par P.O.D..

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain  
See it driving nails  
Into the 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  
You plant a demon seed; You raise a flower of fire  
You see them burning crosses  
You 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 he's 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  
You take the staircase to the first floor  
Turn the key and slowly unlock the door  
As a man breathes into a saxophone  
And through the walls you hear the city groan  
Outside is America  
Outside is America

Across the field you see the sky ripped open  
See the rain through a gaping wound  
Pounding on the women and children  
Who run  
Into the arms  
Of America