

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