

Talk of the Guns

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Hearts of stone with faces of angels
Terrorize you with no soul
You can't hide from the course of the trigger
Shots in the night leaves your blood
Runnin' cold

Bullets fly over and over
All remorseless desires
They don't care if you see tomorrow
If you live or you die

You can't hide if you're chosen the victim
You won't be sacrificed
Can't escape from the screams and the anger
You can tell by the look in their eyes

Shoot your mouth again
Can't get away from it
It's the talk of the guns
Get me outta here
'cause you can't turn your back
From the talk of the guns

Lost in the race, you're caught in the war zone
Standing in the line of fire
One foot in the grave, the other is runnin'
The last words you hear "Hang 'em Higher"