

# Ominous

John Mark McMillan

Six round in the hands of a killer  
I am dangerous in your arms  
We are the midnight city siren  
On the back of wisdom  
Crying against the wasteland boulevard

I am  
I mean  
You are with me  
Well  
We are  
Ominous tonight

Six strings in the hands of a poet  
I am poetry in your eyes  
So light me up with a song  
Stain the sky with my burning  
And I will not apologize  
Who's gonna cry if I won't?  
Who's gonna shine if I don't?  
Who's gonna bring it down?  
Where is the hope in this  
Crowd of indifferent  
Where is the truth  
If it's not in my mouth

I am  
I mean  
You are with me  
Well  
We are  
Ominous tonight

Six a.m. in the hands of the morning  
I am a skyline  
You are the sun  
Deep between our meeting  
The heavens are receding  
and the stars fade one by one

I am  
I mean  
You are with me  
Well  
We are  
Ominous tonight