

## Bullet the Blue Sky

Queensrÿche

In the howling wind comes a stinging rain  
See it driving nails into 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  
Plant a demon seed, you raise a flower of fire  
See them burning crosses, 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 hes 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  
Take the staircase to the first floor  
Turn the key and slowly unlock the door  
As a man breathes into a saxophone  
Through the walls we hear the city groan  
Outside its america  
Outside its america

Across the field you see the sky ripped open  
See the rain come through the gaping wound  
Pounding on the women and children  
Who run into the arms of america