

Three Fingers

Rival Sons

I'm in the air gliding over the water
Feet tucked under my tail
Wings pulled back
Body like a spear
This time I'm coming back whith a whale

I'd better take a deep breath

It's never easy
We are the bullets
Breast to grave

I'm on my feet and I'm running the plaza
Matador is holding the red
I've got the horns
I've got the speed
This motherfucker's going home dead

Three fingers on the rocks

It's never easy
But you'd better be brave
We are the bullets
Breast to grave