

# P.O.D., Bullet The Blue Sky

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

Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue  
Bullet the blue

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

Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue  
Bullet the blue

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