Wednesday 13, Bullet Named Christ

Lost in a familiar place This channel will not change This feeling's all too strange It's like home in many ways

Got nothing left inside Onto the darker side Into the darkness we ride On a bullet named Christ

They swarm us all like flies Don't know the wrong from right There comes a time to decide I'll choose the darker side

Got nothing left inside Onto the darker side Into the darkness we ride On a bullet named Christ

Into the darkness we ride On a bullet named Christ Into the darkness we ride Into the darkness we ride On a bullet named Christ Into the darkness we ride On a bullet named Christ Into the darkness we ride On a bullet named Christ Into the darkness we ride

Got nothing left inside Onto the darker side Into the darkness we ride On a bullet named Christ On a bullet named Christ