

Bride, Head Looking' For A Bullet

I was born into this world no identity of my own
So, I believed every word that my sweet mother told
When I was a child, I learned the devil ways
I could fight with the best of them
I could resist the pain
As I became a man, I learned life's mysteries
But there was always something hidden away from me

Head looking' for a bullet, loose your head!
Looking for a bullet.

This deceptive place lies and politics
I've been on the edge agitation has set in
I see the trouble is coming again
Minds of wrath are rising within
When the worlds were framed
I was standing there
The things that are seen were not made
Of things which do appear

In the desert of my mind in the in-part realm of time
At the Place of the Skull count all my bones

In the valley of decision on the island of despair
Cut off my way of thinking I will see you there