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