

Bullets And Octane, Going Blind

Hey, take you away
I choose my weapons wisely
So much for faith
It goes to show with both eyes closed
You fall to blood in thorn stem roses
On and on on and on
It's such a bad bad sign

Jesus cries
Now I'm going blind, burning out your eyes
Jesus Christ
Am I going blind now that you are mine

What you want you can't say
Black to white to pavement grey
I say yeah, yeah, yeah
Put me on, make me one
Cotton candy canvas tongue yeah, yeah
Come down and join this lie

Jesus cries
Now I'm going blind, burning out your eyes
Jesus Christ
Am I going blind now that you are mine

For this we will burn, burn a live

My river of blood, stay afloat
Heart said yeah, head said no
Tell me is this really what you want

I said on and on
Your faith will come alive

For this we will burn, burn alive
Yeah burn, we will burn, burn alive

Without me what's left to sin for