

# Converge, The Human Shield

Were it all had meaning,  
Were we fell in love for the first time,  
It erupts in nights like this,  
Tangled in the simplicity of...

Some far off distant evening with hearts filled to the brim,  
With good intentions and the sweetest of tragedy,  
I hope you hear me coming,  
I hope you turn your head.

Arms spread wide like Jesus,  
Without the heart or cowardice,  
Or mouthful of easy answers,  
Headlong we pace into the killing fields...

Born of fevers and the brooding night sweats,  
And the war about to be waged,  
Stop crying, just give me the keys.

I hope you hear me coming,  
I hope you turn your head,  
Stop crying, just give me the fucking keys.

Headlong into the killing fields,  
These days I am becoming bulletproof,  
The bells are ringing,  
It's the end of the line.

I'm becoming your fears,  
I'm becoming every broken heart,  
I hope you hear me coming,  
I hope you turn your head.