

# Doro Pesch, Under The Gun

Tell me no secrets and I'll tell you no lies  
The future has been twisted and rehearsed for its demise  
The warning lights are flashin' and they're circlin' in the sky  
But no one feels the sinner's blow it's right before their eyes

The wicked watch their heroes with evil on their minds  
While reaching out for heaven's gate, their shots ring through the night  
Hellbent for thunder we are racin' with the time  
But no one knows which way to go and no one knows to try

5 million reasons with 10 million pieces to go  
Wheelers and dealers with nothin' but dreams of control  
I believe, we're under the gun  
I believe, we're under the gun  
Sold out to madness  
Prisoners of sadness  
I believe we're under the gun  
We're under the gun

In the land of milk and money the devil has his spies  
While workin' undercover they all keep a watchful eye  
They're building up the underworld, they're rotten to the bone  
And crossin' out the others, while they're sellin' out their own

5 million reasons and 10 million pieces to go  
Wheelers and dealers with nothin' but dreams of control  
I believe we're under the gun  
I believe we're under the gun  
Sold out to madness  
Prisoners of sadness  
Oh I believe we're under the gun  
We're under the gun

5 million reasons with 10 million pieces to go  
Wheelers and dealers with nothin' but dreams of control  
I believe we're under the gun  
I believe we're under the gun  
Sold out to madness  
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Prisoners of sadness  
I believe we're under the gun