

# Joerg Vogeltanz, Bullet

i catwalked the boulevards  
a god without adorers  
dead passengers turned around  
and sighed like a strange chorus

but then i passed you and it was cruel  
you instantly caught me with your reticule

faster than sonic speed you impacted  
i tried hard to stay upright and correct it  
you stopped inside my hurted brain  
my boiling blood fell like hard rain

you're a missile  
you're a bullet with my name

when you're a victim you lose all disciples  
no ambulance there for first-aid supply  
life won't floating out of my distant body  
for there is you to help not to die

you're a not removable projectile  
i'll have to bear you for a while  
your position's right behind my face  
removing you would be the death

you're a bullet with my name

words: j. vogeltanz 1997