

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