

# Nuno Bettencourt, Heavy

You start to feel the static  
You feel the pressure pumping  
With courage in your pocket  
No time for indecision  
We're on a heavy mission

With confidence you fire  
Take out specific targets  
With technical precision  
You're on a heavy mission

Ready or not, get set go

It's oh so beautiful  
The poetry of rage  
And the violence in the air  
Smells so wonderful  
Sweet malaise

You carry all the burden  
The pain is penetrating  
Block out the devastation  
Forget the grief and sorrow  
You know there's no tomorrow

A man in this condition  
A man in this position  
Must now become a killer  
You know it's now or never  
A desperation effort  
Forget to stop and listen  
We're on a heavy mission

And as the lights begin to dim  
I find myself at home  
I sit here on my throne  
I think I'll light myself a bone

And as I sit here in the dark  
I know I'm not alone  
I found myself a girl  
I found her halfway round the world

As heavy as she is  
She's beautiful to hold  
I squeeze her tightly in my hand  
She'll send me back where I belong