

# Speedealer, Days Of Red

air is hot with revolution, brilliant as a fire-ball  
october is cold, our passion enflamed  
days of red, days of blood

nowhere to run, no where to hide  
no way, no how, to try and stay alive

silent scope, my target nears  
my bead is drawn, my aim is true  
broke the line, cracked their spines  
a reign to last one-thousand years

running for your life, getting nowhere, they got you on your knees  
no light at the end of the tunnel, no escape, no reprieve

nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, no way, no how, to try and stay alive

the revolution is a means to and end  
the sickle swings reaping crops of dead  
hammers are falling, they're smashing the bones  
necks will be strung, heads will roll

ready, aim

nowhere to hide