

# Sepultura, Bullet The Blue Sky

In the howlin' wind  
Comes a stingin' rain  
See it drivin' nails  
Into the souls on the tree of pain.

From the firefly  
A red orange glow  
See the face of fear  
Runnin' scared in the valley below.

Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue  
Bullet the blue.

In the locust wind  
Comes a rattle and hum.  
Jacob wrestled the angel  
And the angel was overcome.

You plant a demon seed  
You raise a flower of fire.  
We see them burnin' crosses  
See the flames, higher and higher.

Woh, woh, bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue sky  
Bullet the blue  
Bullet the blue.

Suit and tie comes up to me  
His face red like a rose on a thorn bush  
Like all the colours of a royal flush  
And he's peelin' off those dollar bills  
(Slappin' 'em down)  
One hundred, two hundred.

And I can see those fighter planes  
And I can see those fighter planes  
Across the tin huts as children sleep  
Through the alleys of a quiet city street.  
Up the staircase to the first floor  
We turn the key and slowly unlock the door  
As a man breathes into his saxophone  
And through the walls you hear the city groan.  
Outside, is America  
Outside, is America  
America.

See across the field  
See the sky ripped open  
See the rain comin' through the gapin' wound  
Howlin' the women and children  
Who run into the arms  
Of America.