

# The Killers, Flesh And Bone

I've gone through life,  
White-knuckled in the moments that left me behind  
Refusing to heed the yield,  
I penetrate the force fields in the blind  
They say I'll adjust  
God knows I must  
But I'm not sure how  
This natural selection picked me out to be  
A dark horse running in a fantasy

Flesh and bone  
Am I running out of time?  
Flesh and bone

Somewhere outside that finish line  
I square up and break through the chains  
And I head like a raging bull  
Anointed by the blood, I take the reins  
Cut from the cloth, the flag that  
Bears the name of "Battleborn"  
They call me the contender  
Listen for the bell  
My face flashing crimson from the fires of hell

What are you afraid of?  
And what are you made of?  
Flesh and bone  
Am I running out of time?  
Flesh and bone  
And what are you made of?  
Flesh and bone  
Man I'm turning on a dime  
Flesh and bone

This could decay  
Like the valley below  
Defenses are down  
The stakes are high...