

My Blood In Your Hands

Corpus Christi

Death it did not take me, death it did not want me
My time to come is never, but to kill again, maybe I will be free
Your fatal wounds can not put me down or stop my destiny
I will arise in an hour with the gift of suffering

In my own blood, drowning in my own agony
Death left me alone, to heal, to fulfill my prophecy
I am left with nothing but this "life"
In my mind a stranger, in my gut a knife
And death it could not take me, even though I begged
On my knees with blood in my eyes, I could not be saved
And I have nothing but this unwanted devoir
This inability to die, this deadened fervor
All was stolen by my murderer
And that of actual value was stolen so long before
My wounds are now healed and clean
I will kill another until I find what should have been
... My death, my peace, my long awaited demise
My departure from this horrid place, the end of my cries