

# Blood

E.Town Concrete

A bid farewell in pools of crimson.  
A rose colored lullaby.  
There can be no justice, it can't be taken back.  
All the evil deeds you've done,  
Have left your hands all covered in the - Blood.  
You can never make amends for the blood.  
One day you'll suffer for your sins  
Massacres on top of slaughters,  
To feed the drive that keeps a man that has still wanting more.

Like the Great White in the water.  
The downtrodden have always paid the price through their tears and - Blood.  
You can never make amends for the blood.  
One day you'll suffer for your sins  
Try to erase, but you won't ever atone for all the horrors that  
will never wash away.