

When the Blade Drops

Hatebreed

Chains forged and worn like a willful captive
Link by link as all life is passing
Self-imposed rusted iron dread
No consolation overhead

Sharpened steel gleams – choice is made
The edge cuts clean – drop the blade
The sand is down to its final grain
With every crown comes the guillotine

This one sin you can't undo
When the blade drops your world is split in two

Hearts get flatlined when the grip is released
Beneath the harshest light where all is seen
Dishonor, disgrace and I'll tell you what else
The blade will drop no matter how much you beg for help

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There's nothing you can do to stop it
Drop the blade
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