

Knife For The Butcher

Pop Evil

Keep me sitting in the dark
In a violent room with a beating heart
I think that you took too much
And your number's up 'cause you went too far

You been racking up debt
I think it's time to collect
You're gonna play with the dead
Why would I settle for less?
They say an eye for an eye
I say a tooth for a tooth
We can make 'em come loose

Hand another knife to the butcher
Standing in line, waiting for the end
Blood on your hands from the slaughter
Cut you down, we've been misled
Here's another knife for the butcher
Running out of time, it's a lonely death
I can spare your life, but I wouldn't
Cut you down, leave you for dead

You spill from a bloody throne
And you're crawling back, but it's time to go
Repent for the things you did
Or just bleed from the sins on your skin

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Starfleet
Set sail on a trip, a journey to the throne
Postponed
All the lives we waste when weapons turn to gold

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