## **Blood on Your Hands**

**Primal Fear** 

What in heaven's name has made you Spit on human life Your promised razor blade Has turned into a blunt bread knife

You miss the terrorists
While you start killing innocent
You leave a trace of blood
And shame across the land

You're on your way,
And you burn the crossed bridges
From what you have started
There is no return

Once been protector

Now you've turned to a slaughterer

How can you sleep

With the blood on your hands

In this ironic story
Are things that I can't see
What do I have to fear
The friend of the enemy

I will always condemn this Even with my final breath God save us from the stupid leaders Who lead a million souls to death

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And you burn the crossed bridges
From what you have started
There is no return