

## Blood Trophies

### Shaman's Harvest

One more trip up to the lake  
Fish are rotting in the sun  
I slip the knife into its depths  
There's nowhere left for me to run  
Federales on my trail  
Someone out there knows my face  
I can't fight the urge no more  
I might as well get me a taste

And you know that idle hands are made for devil's work  
And I ain't done nothing well, to keep them from around your throat

With red hands and black deeds  
Ain't no flowers left, only weeds  
There's an RSVP with the law  
Mayhem and me

Now my work is almost done  
They'll take my breath but not my deeds  
Before they come and dig this grave  
They'll see my face in every dream

And you know that idle hands are made for devil's work  
I ain't done nothing all day, to keep 'em from around your throat

With red hands and black deeds  
Ain't no flowers left, only weeds  
There's an RSVP with the law  
Mayhem and me

Red hands feed my rage  
By the sound of a thousand horns I come and  
Black deeds steal my resolve  
For I know that it must be done  
The trophies sink like a stone, sink like a stone  
Driving in the halls of Davy Jones

(And you know)  
That idle hands are made for devil's work  
And I ain't done nothing all day, to keep 'em from around your throat

With the red hands and black deeds  
Ain't no flowers left, only weeds  
There's an RSVP with the law, mayhem  
RSVP with the law, mayhem and me