

Dead Man's Hand

Wolf

I walk across the aisle to sacrifice my flesh
To leave behind my wicked life
And touch the face of God
The holy man is standing there
I reach out for his touch
But it's a dead man's hand
A dead man's hand
It's a dead man's hand
The dead man's hand

A theater of dreams to wash away the pain
Fill the void with fantasies
Hands held to the sky
Screams of joy and ecstasy
Reaching out in desperation for a dead man's hand
A dead man's hand
For a dead man's hand
The dead man's hand

To see or not to see
Believe or to deceive
This role I cannot play
I turn my back and leave
A gentle tapping on my shoulder begging me to stay
But it's a dead man's hand
A dead man's hand
It's a dead man's hand
The dead man's hand

Leave me alone
Leave me alone
It's a dead man's hand