

# Execution Day

Meat Loaf

I stare in the mirror  
My eyes refuse to blink  
Sympathy for me  
Hell I can't even think  
Send for the iceman  
My temperature is startin' to rise  
I've heard it before  
I know the truth from the lies

Is it any wonder  
Heaven's racked with thunder  
and all of my dreams go under  
like the fallin' rain

Execution Day

Voices like locusts keep smothering me  
Twistin' and turnin' my senses like a cyclone at sea  
Don't touch me now  
Won't let you crucify me  
You ain't no damn jury  
You can't pass sentence on me

Is it any wonder, heaven's racked with thunder  
and all of my dreams go under  
like the fallin' rain

Execution Day  
Execution Day  
Execution Day  
Execution Day

Whose blood on whose hand  
Where's the promised they preached for this land  
Standin' with their bibles clutched in their hand  
Whose blood on whose hand  
Whose blood on whose hand

Father my hand's are shakin'  
I see a light that's breakin'  
Show me a way to set my soul free  
I hope it rains on me  
Let it rain on me

Execution Day  
Execution Day  
Execution Day  
Execution Day