

Blood

Bad Omens

There's no rest for the wicked
There's not a home underneath the mud
And we're all dead, so what's the difference
Between a God and a loaded gun?

I am the sun, the rain, the ocean
I am the flood, the flames, the chosen

It's in our blood - it's on our breath
It's in the taste between life and death
It's in our blood

I hung myself up on a cross to bleed
Nobody cared, nobody listened to me
So I'm not carrying the weight of a conscience
Bring the floods, bring the flames, bring the violence

It's in our blood - it's on our breath
It's in the taste between life and death
It's in our hearts - it's in our heads
It's for the lives we never got to live
It's in our blood

There's no rest for the wicked
There's not a home underneath the mud
And we're all dead, so what's the difference
Between a God and fucking gun?

Blood

There's no rest for the wicked
There's not a home underneath the mud
And we're all dead, so what's the difference
Between a God and his only son?

It's blood