

## 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