

# Blood on My Hands Again

Cypress Hill

All you killers, Devil's stoppin' I'm the guardian on this throne

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From the darkest corners of the world (where demon's suffer)

They tried to walk amongst the livin', corrupted kings their dreams (are muffled)

They see the man in the shadows, fire, lookin' for the one

Ridin' on the pale horse, head (death is come)

Fear the reaper when you see his face, in this case, you're lost

Wicked dreams of glory, tell me what your soul has cost

I'm the vengeance of the hand that people

I'm the tip of the spear thrown by god (at the evil)

As I move up on the wicked through the mist with one objective

Send 'em back into the fire then you gon' be resurrected

Sickened soul taken quickly from the shell ([?])

Angels cryin' up in Heaven for the path that I have chosen

As the wind blows swifty, in the night

My blade takin' flight, reachin for the light

Your [?], tell 'em I'm the one who sent you

If the one who brings the rain and pose as evil men do

Heard the sounds of the trumpets blown, a king rises to the throne

God saved the king unless God wants me to bring him home

Stick the razor's edge in the light, my blade is clean

Until it's pressed against your neck, and now your eternal dream

And only God could judge me for those things I had to clean away

The tidal wave, it came and washed every single thing away

And as I stray, lookin' for the day the maker makes a plan

I'll be lurkin' in the shadow with your blood upon my hands

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