

Hands of a Dying Man

Hatebreed

This goes on...

Before me lies a wounded soul
A spirit at the end of a lonely road
Such a cruel fate looms yet he has no fear
As the sands of existence fall like tears

All joy had perished
All contempt was mine
Once I held the hands
Hands of a dying man

Another crow lingers overhead
Now that I know the cold touch
From the hands of a dying man

Death devours never resting
Never fed, never repenting
Robbed of justice, stripped faith
Accepting this all it what it must take

So pass your judgement
An cast your stones
But only once you've held the hands, hands of a dying man

I will grant your forgiveness
For the wrong you've done
Once you've felt the coldest touch
From the hands of a dying man

And for those who still speak names in vain
My only justice lies in knowing
They'll eat every fucking word!

So now i use this to...
Strengthen, the fight inside of me
Strengthen, beyond what you can see
Strengthen, my resolve
In honour of those who choose to carry on
I strengthen, the fight inside of me
Strengthen, beyond what you can see
Strengthen, my resolve
Always in the names of those who carry on

One day you'll know a touch so cold
And you'll embrace it all alone
And what inside it what you would
This is where it all strikes cold