

# Blood On My Knuckles

Phinehas

Face your wrath  
I followed your shadow  
to the devil's lair  
Upon a pale horse,  
pierced, gaunt and red  
Trampling the chests of demons  
and not looking back  
The weight of redemption on my shoulders  
when you said;

"I would give you more gold than you could fit in your fists,  
the entire world is at your fingertips."

Face your rage  
and your hounds will turn on their own  
With each nail  
I will break your every bone

Black and blue color my skin;  
that smirk leaves your face  
Reciprocated tenfold  
when I break your curse  
Hoisted up and bound by a traitor  
I left him in a field;  
his insides feed the birds

"I would give you more gold than you could fit in your fists,  
the entire world is at your fingertips."

Face your rage  
'Wrath' is too weak a word

When I rise your fate is sealed  
There will be nothing left but the blood on my knuckles

'Wrath' is too weak a word  
Face your rage  
and your hounds will turn on their own  
With these nails  
I will break your every bone