

Blood on Your Hands

Primal Fear

What in heaven's name has made you
Spit on human life
Your promised razor blade
Has turned into a blunt bread knife

You miss the terrorists
While you start killing innocent
You leave a trace of blood
And shame across the land

You're on your way,
And you burn the crossed bridges
From what you have started
There is no return

Once been protector
Now you've turned to a slaughterer
How can you sleep
With the blood on your hands

In this ironic story
Are things that I can't see
What do I have to fear
The friend of the enemy

I will always condemn this
Even with my final breath
God save us from the stupid leaders
Who lead a million souls to death

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