

# Blood on My Hands

Six Feet Under

Blood on my hands I feel free to kill you  
Blood on my hands is the path  
To your destruction  
Blood on my hands I feel free to kill you  
Blood on my hands is the path to Satan  
Blood on my hands, deep inside you  
My knife is stuck, I twist the blade  
Blood on my hands, the only way  
To sever this, to sever this  
Breaking point, the final straw  
A lonely death, the one without  
The final breath  
My callous mind is numb to pain  
Blood on my hands that won't wash off  
We have to die and suffer slow  
Blood on my hands this homicide  
Blood on my hands my suicide  
Breaking point, the final straw  
A lonely death, one without  
The final breath  
My callous mind is numb to pain

My soul is a bottomless pit of darkness  
And hallow bones  
Breaking point, the final straw  
A lonely death, the one without  
The final breath  
My callous mind is numb to pain  
Blood on my hands I feel free to kill you  
Blood on my hands is the path  
To our destruction  
Blood on my hands I feel free to kill you  
Blood on my hands is the path to Satan