

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
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Blood on my hands is the path
To our destruction
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