

If I Had to Do the Killing

Tourniquet

In windowless sheds
They live in misery
Victims of systematic cruelty

Never know a gentle touch
Never know a kind word
Nameless, faceless, voiceless
Soon to be in pieces

If I had to do the killing
Would it change what's on my plate
Could I look at you face to face
And take your life away

Dont show me, don't tell me
I don't want to see this
Dont show me, don't tell me
I don't want to hear this
Dont show me, don't tell me
I don't want to see this
Dont show me, don't tell me
I don't want to hear this

Let your heart feel their state
Yours is the power to change their fate
Let your heart feel their state