

Blister

RED SUN RISING

Eyesores and catacombs
Injustice is a place on the globe
So point your finger
And give it a spin now 'Cause there's no end to this wicked world
As long as there's blood on our hands Faith is where profits lay
Symbols brand and segregate
A silver consequence drapes from our necks now
Lonely souls rely on holy goals
With no relevance and no evidence
Nothing to preach about And there's no end to this wicked world
As long as there's blood on my hands
And there's no end to this wicked world
As long as there's blood on my hands And there's blood on my hands
And there's blood on my hands
And there's blood on my
Hmm, blood on my
Hmm, blood on my hands And there's no end to this wicked world
As long as there's blood on my hands
And there's no end to this wicked world
As long as there's blood on my hands And there's blood on my hands
And there's blood on my hands
And there's blood on my
Hmm, blood on my
Hmm, blood on my hands

Songwriters

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