

Blood on Your Hands

Peter Lloyd

You were born, your brother's keeper
Why can I see blood on your hands?
You became your brother's slayer
Embrace again in death At the end of all this hatred lies even deeper hate
Their darkness has defeated you
Your lifeline running backwards Remember sins of our fathers
A requiem for the countless dead
Blood is on your hands, the wages of sin Future's eyes closing now
Soul eclipse taking place
Laments rise, tears of the dead
From the other side of the grave You were born your brothers keeper
Why can I see blood on your hands?
Their darkness has defeated you
Your lifeline running backwards Remember sins of our fathers
A requiem for the countless dead
Blood is on your hands, the wages of sin Future's eyes closing now
Soul eclipse taking place
Laments rise, tears of the dead
From the other side of the grave
From the other side of the grave Blood is on your hands
The wages of sin

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