

# Execution Day

## The New Pornographers

I stare in the mirror, my eyes refuse to blink  
Sympathy for me, hell I can't even think  
Send for the iceman, my temperature is startin' to rise  
I've heard it before an' I know the truth from the lies  
Is it any wonder Heaven's racked with thunder  
And all of my dreams go under like the fallin' rain  
Execution day, execution day  
(Execution day, execution day)  
Execution day, execution day  
Voices like locusts keep smothering me  
Twisting and turning my senses like a cyclone at sea  
Don't touch me now, won't let you crucify me  
You ain't no damn jury, you can't pass no sentence on me  
Is it any wonder Heaven's racked with thunder  
An' all of my dreams go under like the pourin' rain  
Execution day, execution day, execution day  
(Execution day, execution day, execution day)  
Whose blood on whose hands?  
Where's the promises they preached for this land?  
Standin' there with bibles clutched in their hand  
Whose blood on whose hands?  
Whose blood on whose hands?  
Whose blood, whose hands?  
Execution day, execution day  
Father my hands are shakin'  
I see the light, it's breakin'  
Show me the way to set my soul free  
I hope it rains on me, let it rain on me  
Execution day, execution day  
(Execution day, execution day)

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