

Power in the Blood

Alabama 3

No time for spindoctors medicine
Cooked up by the government, selling me some cover-up
Sponsored information, crack pipes in the shopping malls
Nothing but another drug, a license they can buy and sell I don't mind dying
I don't mind dying
I don't mind dying
When that call it comes, I will be ready for war No time for backhanded compliments
From bourgeois apologists desperate for an incident
Real-estate assassins, assessing my predicament
My dollar bills dependant upon it being in their interest I don't mind dying
I don't mind dying
I don't mind dying
When that call it comes, I will be ready for war CHORUS There is power in the blood, justice in the sword
When that call it comes, I will be ready for war
Power in the blood, justice in the sword
When that call it comes, I will be ready I will raise mah sword up right
To the bright and shining light,
Stained crimson red with the blood of the unredeemed
And as I cut them limb from limb, and I dash all their kith and kin,
You know, their bodies I will bury in the deep
Because there's power in the blood.
There's power in the blood.

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