4 PM

Nintendo

I'm a bitter, twisted soul
With my hand behind my back
I feel my shiny silver blade
Love on my right hand
Hate on my left hand
God at my command
But they don't understand

I got blood on my hands
So much blood on my hands
I got your blood on my hands

All the work I tried to do
Is in essence what the Good Book says
It's true I say to you
Let the judgment begin
Punish them for their sin
Let the sun shine in
Good over evil we will win

I got blood on my hands
So much blood on my hands
I got your blood on my hands

It's four in the afternoon
And you're looking like a whore made up in blue
You're gonna learn
See the look in my eye
Better not start to cry
You know the reason why
You're gonna have to die

I got blood on my hands
So much blood on my hands
I got your blood on my hands
I got your blood on my hands
I need your blood on my hands

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