

Taste The Red Hands

Dead Poetic

Let it burn in your eyes, your cover is blown this time and you know
But you know this was gonna happen and you could taste the red hands
And like the flies, you'll eat the worst of everything
But you know this was gonna happen, you could taste the red hands But you needed this
You needed this
You needed this
You needed this There's a glossary of dirty words for people just like you
And only for people like you, I reserve the words
Backstabbers and money whores and dirty rotten millionaires
That always wanted more Pull the wool on my eyes, like a crooked, burnt out saint
I believed and soaked in every word you said
Always tasting red hands but the fight never ended and we're all here
Singing loud for revolution and sitting battles out But you needed this
You needed this
You needed this
You needed this There's a glossary of dirty words for people just like you
And only for people like you I reserve the words
Backstabbers and money whores and dirty rotten millionaires
That always wanted more And it's sick outside but I'm trying to keep you alive
And it's sick outside but I'm trying to keep you alive
And it's sick outside but I'm trying to keep you alive There's a glossary of dirty words for people just like you
And only for people like you I reserve the words
Backstabbers and money whores and dirty rotten millionaires
That always wanted more And all fingers are pointing right at you
And all fingers are pointing right at you
And all fingers are pointing right at you But I burned this down for you

Songwriters

Zachary Aaron Miles; Joshua Alan Shellabarger; Brandon Travis Rike; Todd Franklin Osborn; Chad John
Shellabarger Published by

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