

# 4 PM

## AC:NL

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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