Blood On Your Hands

Primal Fear

You were born, your brother's keeper
Why can I see blood on your hands?
You became your brother's slayer
Embrace again in deathAt the end of all this hatred lies even deeper hate
Their darkness has defeated you
Your lifeline running backwardsRemember sins of our fathers
A requiem for the countless dead
Blood is on your hands, the wages of sinFuture's eyes closing now
Soul eclipse taking place
Laments rise, tears of the dead
From the other side of the graveYou were born your brothers keeper
Why can I see blood on your hands?
Their darkness has defeated you
Your lifeline running backwardsRemember sins of our fathers
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Soul eclipse taking place
Laments rise, tears of the dead
From the other side of the grave
From the other side of the graveBlood is on your hands
The wages of sin

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