

Execution Day

The New Pornographers

I stare in the mirror, my eyes refuse to blink
Sympathy for me, hell I can't even think
Send for the iceman, my temperature is startin' to rise
I've heard it before an' I know the truth from the lies
Is it any wonder Heaven's racked with thunder
And all of my dreams go under like the fallin' rain
Execution day, execution day
(Execution day, execution day)
Execution day, execution day
Voices like locusts keep smothering me
Twisting and turning my senses like a cyclone at sea
Don't touch me now, won't let you crucify me
You ain't no damn jury, you can't pass no sentence on me
Is it any wonder Heaven's racked with thunder
An' all of my dreams go under like the pourin' rain
Execution day, execution day, execution day
(Execution day, execution day, execution day)
Whose blood on whose hands?
Where's the promises they preached for this land?
Standin' there with bibles clutched in their hand
Whose blood on whose hands?
Whose blood on whose hands?
Whose blood, whose hands?
Execution day, execution day
Father my hands are shakin'
I see the light, it's breakin'
Show me the way to set my soul free
I hope it rains on me, let it rain on me
Execution day, execution day
(Execution day, execution day)

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