Primal Fear, Blood On Your Hands

What in heaven's name has made you
Spit on human life
Your promised razor blade
Has turned into a blunt bread knife

You miss the terrorists
While you start killing innocent
You leave a trace of blood
And shame across the land

(Chorus:)
You're on your way,
And you burn the crossed bridges
From what you have started
There is no return

Once been protector
Now you've turned to a slaughterer
How can you sleep
With the blood on your hands

In this ironic story
Are things that I can't see
What do I have to fear
The friend of the enemy

I will always condemn this
Even with my final breath
God save us from the stupid leaders
Who lead a million souls to death

(Chorus:)
You're on your way,
And you burn the crossed bridges
From what you have started
There is no return