

Dead Poetic, Taste The Red Hands

Let it burn in your eyes. Your cover is blown this time.
And you knew this was gonna happen, you could taste the red hands.
And like the flies, you'll eat the worst of everything.
And you knew this was gonna happen, you could taste the red hands.

But 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.

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 all fingers are pointing right at you.

But I burned this down for you.