

Debeli Precjednik, Burdened

You can't wash blood off your hands. No prayer can do that. You can't redeem for all of your sins.
What's done is done my friend. I change. You change. New day rising. You can't sell prayers and r

You call it God's love but you can't fool me, I'm no fool. I change. You change. New day rising.
Living on prayers for sick children and the sons in the army. They search for hope but you give them

Breastfeed the criminals and shelter all the murders. I could have sworn I heard the bells rining for
You never meant well so stop searching for the enemy. Hasn't the past taught you anything. Blood

I throw the Bible in your face, searching for the better sense. I'll never trust you. I'll never trust you
Blood is still red, and you are the one who is burdened...