

Kenziner, The Razor's Edge

The voices started one Sunday morn
As the priest was praising her god's first born
They told her what to do, the time and the place
The words from beyond urged forth with haste

She said, tell me once, tell me again
How I can serve, to pay for my sins
With the razor's edge, with the razor's edge
With the razor's edge, with the razor's edge

The voices grew strong, louder every day
She could not believe, what they did say
To kill her own two sons, and take her own life
It was the holy words, for the holy night

"GIVE THEM THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

She did as she was told then cried herself to sleep
And when she awoke she saw her own deed
The voices promised, god said it so
Her turn was due, this she did know

She said, tell me once, tell me again
How I can serve, to pay for my sins
With the razor's edge, with the razor's edge
With the razor's edge, with the razor's edge

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The voices promised
With the razor's edge
God said it so