

# 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

&quot;GIVE THEM THE RAZOR'S EDGE&quot;;

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

With the razor's edge  
With the razor's edge  
With the razor's edge

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