

Orenda Fink, Bloodline

Trace your bloodline,
They'll take care of you
They're still your family
No matter what they've done to you
And the cold air stings my eyes
As I take his hands, he says,
"Just let your body do this";

Slave plantation
Got a lot of grass
It was my own temptation
But hey you made a lot of cash

And the cold air stings my eyes
As I take his hands, he says,
"Just let your body do this";

And the churchbells ring
One million miles away from here
Where there were a body and a miss (?)

It's all over now
It's in my soul
There's no way out

If I catch you breathing

And the cold air stings my eyes
As I take his hands, he says,
"Just let your body do this";
Just let your body do this
Just let your body do this
Just let your body do this