

# Plan B, In The Name Of Man

Hay man what's the deal  
Everything you touch you kill  
All the soap in the world won't wash away  
All the blood that's on your hands  
Is there to stay  
Hay man, what's the use  
There's no talking to you  
When you think it's God word's that you preach  
From a book someone wrote that you read

Hay man  
What are you up to there  
What's your game  
What's going on something's wrong  
Hay man, what are you up to  
You keep on killing in God's name  
Hay man  
You're the only one to blame  
There's blood on your hands  
Something's wrong  
Hay man  
What are you up to  
Have you even got a plan  
Or have you lost your way  
And are too afraid to say  
Everything you killed was in the name of man?

Hay man  
What's on your mind  
Now that all your crimes have been erased by time  
And all the land you say you own is what you stole  
And all the people that you've there are bones

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