

Warhead, A Piece Of Your Flesh

...in his thoughts the murderer blames the ones who pass the laws, sentence to death and file the cases away. In his eyes they commit a murder, planned and legalized by the government. He asks himself: Could they ever kill a man with their own hands?...

This is my life, a piece of paper in your hands
You play the big guy
You're behind the scenes of the crime
You don't push the button
You pronounce the death sentence
Then you put me on hold, your henchmen to kill me
Could you ever kill a man with your own hands
Tell me how strong you would be
If you were forced to execute me!?
YOU LET ME ROT, LIKE A PIECE OF YOUR FLESH
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You really believe.
You're going to church on Sunday.
You could do no harm
You represent the public opinion
I guess you don't know
What's going to happen that morning
Or you simply suppress that you're a murderer
Could you ever sleep well at night, if I'd face you
Tell me how grateful you'd be
If your own hands had to kill me!?
YOU LET ME ROT, LIKE A PIECE OF YOUR FLESH
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