

# 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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