

Blister (Peel Version)

Red Sun Rising

Eyesores and catacombs
Injustices
A place on the globe
Point your finger
And give it a spin, nowCuz there's no
End
To this wicked world
As long as there's blood
On my handsFaith is where prophets lie
Sigals ran and segregate (?)
Still the consequence
Drips my next note (?)
Lonely souls
Rely on holy ghosts
With no relevance
And no evidence
Nothing to preach nowAnd there's no
End
To this wicked world
As long as there's blood
On my handsAnd there's no
End
To this wicked world
As long as there's blood
On my hands
There's blood on my hands
There's blood on my hands
There's blood on my hands
There's blood on my
There's blood on my
There's blood on my handsAnd there's no
End
To this wicked world
As long as there's blood
On my handsAnd there's no
End
To this wicked world
As long as there's blood
On my hands

