

Consequence

"Red Rum"

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Smell the stench
It's something that won't wash off
Look at me, touch me
I need you to feel the guilt

And did it bring you wealth
For all the money I got
Doesn't relate to any extend
The sacrifice, my lost

Now you spent it on some delirious drugs
Which brings you lower again
You're useless, a pesticide
A sickness that won't heal
If I still had the choice
On deciding upon your life
A thousand needles in a one way out

Look at me, touch me
I need you to feel the guilt
Smell the stench
It's something that won't wash off

For me the victim an open casket funeral
For the accused, he's innocent
Not to blame

Raised upon this wicked world
His mother was a whore
Earning crack, cracked she was
Killed when he was four

Father dear, dear he was
An angel brought up in hell

Sister cried: Daddy hurts
Hurt indeed she was

Now I call the witness, me
To the stand
And try to tell the truth

For the truth is now revealed
The jury loudly chants
The crowd they enter to

For all they want
Is blood on their hands
Blood in, blood out

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