

## **Corpus Christii**

### **"My Blood In Your Hands"**

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Death it did not take me, death it did not want me  
My time to come is never, but to kill again, maybe I will  
be free  
Your fatal wounds can not put me down or stop my  
destiny  
I will arise in an hour with the gift of suffering

In my own blood, drowning in my own agony  
Death left me alone, to heal, to fulfill my prophecy  
I am left with nothing but this "life"  
In my mind a stranger, in my gut a knife  
And death it could not take me, even though I begged  
On my knees with blood in my eyes, I could not be  
saved  
And I have nothing but this unwanted devoire  
This inability to die, this deadened fervor  
All was stolen by my murderer  
And that of actual value was stolen so long before  
My wounds are now healed and clean  
I will kill another until I find what should have been  
... My death, my peace, my long awaited demise  
My departure from this horrid place, the end of my  
cries

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