

E-Town Concrete "Blood"

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A bid farewell in pools of crimson
A rose colored lullaby
There can be no justice
It can't be taken back

All the evil deeds you've done
Have left your hands all covered in the blood
You can never make amends for the blood
One day you'll suffer for your sins

Massacres on top of slaughters
To feed the drive that keeps a man
That has still wanting more
Like the great white in the water

The downtrodden have always paid the price
Through their tears and blood
You can never make amends for the blood
One day you'll suffer for your sins

Try to erase, but you won't ever atone
For all the horrors that will never wash away

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