

The Bronx

"The Unholy Hand"

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They got you working on the weekdays
They got you working on the weekends too
And now you're swallowing your paycheck
Like it's what you always dreamed you'd do
When you look into the mirror
Is your faking any clearer?
Are you hanging on your last hope?
When you look into the microscope

Are you the anti-Christ or the Holy Ghost?
Do you wanna die or just come real close?

They got you riding in the spotlight
Thinking everyone knows who you are
And now you're talking like a prophet
Selling money from a shooting star
Well you're shaking to the sunset
Will you run from your judgement?
Will you trip across a tight wind?
Will you fall into your own shrine?

Is it heaven or hell inside your mind?

Are you the anti-Christ or the Holy Ghost?
Do you wanna die or just come real close?
Are you the anti-Christ or the Holy Ghost?
Do you wanna die or just come real close?

Ohhhhhhhhhh!

Are you the anti-Christ or the Holy Ghost?
Do you wanna die or just come real close?
Are you the anti-Christ or the Holy Ghost?
Do you wanna die or just come real close?
Come real close, come real close
Come real close, come real close

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