

## **Hatebreed**

# **"Hands Of A Dyingman"**

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This goes on...

Before me lies a wounded soul  
A sprit at the end of a lonely road  
Such a cruel fate looms yet he has no fear  
As the sands of existence fall like tears

All joy had perished  
All contempt was mine  
Once I held the hands  
Hands of a dying man

Another crow lingers overhead  
Now that I know the cold touch  
From the hands of a dying man

Death devours never resting  
Never fed, never repenting  
Robbed of justice, stripped faith  
Accepting this all it what it must take

So pass your judgement  
An cast your stones  
But only once you've held the hands of a dying man

Ill grant your forgiveness  
For the wrong you've done  
Once you've felt the coldest touch  
From the hands of a dying man

And for those who still speak names in vain  
My only justice lies in knowing  
They'll eat every fucking word!

So now ill use this to...  
Strengthen, the fight inside of me  
Strengthen, beyond what you can see  
Strengthen, my resolve  
In honour of those who choose to carry on  
I strengthen, the fight inside of me  
Strengthen, beyond what you can see  
Strengthen, my resolve

Always in the names of those who carry on

One day you'll know a touch so cold  
And you'll embrace it all alone  
And what's inside is what you own  
This is where it all strikes home

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