

## **Secure The Skies "Dead Man's Hands"**

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Bring your gun to the show we'll have ourselves a  
massacre  
Put a bullet in the heart of hatred, let's set differences  
aside  
Betrayal smells a lot like you and it's a horrible stench  
At the hands of a traitor I find myself once again  
Well bury your hate  
Deceit is the card you play and you fooled me all along  
With a poker face you and try and hide yourself but I  
can see through you now  
Now I've got the upper hand and my aces on the table  
Read 'em and weep  
I tried my hand at diplomacy but even that you turned  
down  
And in my eyes you've sunk so low you might as well  
have drowned  
You set the stakes too high  
You placed the wrong bets this time  
You set the stakes too high this time  
And in the end I will Triumph  
Believe me I will Triumph

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