

## Seventh Star "Blood Money"

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My open hand offered to you.  
Yours returned, around a blade  
And thrust in between my ribs.  
My bloody hands weren't enough for you.  
A spit in the face – Such a disgrace (2x).  
A sin that cannot be ignored.  
Can thirty pieces fill the void?  
I gave everything I had.  
To find out that I'd been had.  
You took some more – Trying to settle the score.  
Greedyly snatching what I gave.  
Adding humiliation to my pain.  
Love unconditional  
So unfathomable; forgiveness, no trace of sin  
So hard to imagine.  
A spit in the face – Such a disgrace (2x).  
Yet, this is the only thing so real  
A sacrifice that made my life complete.  
Yes, this is the only thing so real  
Blood was she'd and now my life's complete.

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