

Dead Poetic "Taste the Red Hands"

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Let it burn in your eyes, your cover is blown this time
and you know
But you know this was gonna happen and you could
taste the red hands
And like the flies, you'll eat the worst of everything
But you know this was gonna happen, you could taste
the red hands

But you needed this
You needed this
You needed this
You needed this

There's a glossary of dirty words for people just like
you
And only for people like you, I reserve the words
Backstabbers and money whores and dirty rotten
millionaires
That always wanted more

Pull the wool on my eyes, like a crooked, burnt out saint
I believed and soaked in every word you said
Always tasting red hands but the fight never ended
and we're all here
Singing loud for revolution and sitting battles out

But you needed this
You needed this
You needed this
You needed this

There's a glossary of dirty words for people just like
you
And only for people like you I reserve the words
Backstabbers and money whores and dirty rotten
millionaires
That always wanted more

And it's sick outside but I'm trying to keep you alive
And it's sick outside but I'm trying to keep you alive
And it's sick outside but I'm trying to keep you alive

There's a glossary of dirty words for people just like
you
And only for people like you I reserve the words
Backstabbers and money whores and dirty rotten
millionaires
That always wanted more

And all fingers are pointing right at you
And all fingers are pointing right at you
And all fingers are pointing right at you

But I burned this down for you

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