

## Widow Sunday "Blood Money"

Visit "[Blood Money](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Disgust, contempt for the air you breathe  
Soulless, coward you're a fucking disease  
With every ounce of strength that I've got left  
I won't stop until you feel what I feel

No one will save you now  
Who would save you?

Focus now if only for a moment to collect the thoughts  
I've become the instrument of death  
Your face stares back now, blank and lifeless

Your eyes betray that glimmer of fear  
The hope, the plead that I might relent  
No longer man, now the bullet made flesh  
And the gun in your mouth's only fueling my bloodlust

No one will save you now  
Who would save you?

Focus now if only for a moment to collect the thoughts  
I've become the instrument of death  
Your face stares back now, blank and lifeless  
How the fuck could it have come to this  
I don't know what happened to self control  
Fate consumes and your debt will be paid  
With every pint you spill for me

Everybody dance

Retribution comes in many forms  
But I've saved the best for you  
There's nothing left to tie me to this world  
Except to be the one to avenge the fallen  
It's so easy to prey on the weak  
When the weak don't have a choice  
Just imagine if the bled fought back to reclaim what's  
been taken from them

Blood money

