

Murder Death Kill

"The Guilty"

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The line has been crossed in the form of a blade
across your throat.
Blood for blood, bucket by bucket
We'll paint this place fucking red.
Everyone's a fucking victim.
There's no way out from this place.
Where do you go when death forgets you.
You have no place to call home
Experience desertion and solidarity.
For every action there's a consequence.
You thought it was bad before
There's no more progress.
Redemption ceases to exist.
Disease has covered the weak
The guilty walk the fuck alone
No matter how hard you try
You cannot wash this
Blood from your hands.

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