

## **Loaf Meat**

### **"Execution Day"**

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I stare in the mirror, my eyes refuse to blink

Sympathy for me, hell I can't even think

Send for the iceman, my temperature is startin' to rise

I've heard it before 'n I know the truth from the lies

Is it any wonder heaven's racked with thunder

And all of my dreams go under like the fallin' rain

Execution day, execution day (execution day, execution day) - execution day

Execution day

Voices like locusts keep smothering me

Twisting and turning my senses like a cyclone at sea

Don't touch me now, won't let you crucify me

You ain't no damn jury, you can't pass no sentence on me

Is it any wonder heaven's racked with thunder

'N all of my dreams go under like the pourin' rain

Execution day, execution day, execution day

Whose blood on whose hands, where's the promises they preached for this land

Standin' there with bibles clutched in their hand

Whose blood on whose hands, whose blood on whose hands

(Whose blood, whose hands)

(Solo)

Execution day, execution day

Father my hands are shakin', I see the light, it's  
breakin'

Show me the way to set my soul free, I hope it rains on  
me

Let it rain on me

Execution day, execution day

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