

## U.S.D.A. "Blood On My Hands"

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You felt the coldness in my eyes  
And something I'm not revealing  
Though you got used to my disguise,  
You can't shake this awful feeling  
It's the me that I let you know,  
And I'll never show, I have my reasons  
Hate to say that I told you so, but I told you so...

There's blood on my hands, like the blood in you  
Some things can't be treated  
So don't make me don't make me be myself around  
you

Straight from your eyes it's barely me,  
Beautifully so disfigured  
This other side that you can't see  
Just praying you won't remember

Feel the pain that I never show  
And I hope you know, it's never healing  
Hate to say that I told you so, but I told you so...

YEAH...!!!

There's blood on my hands, like the blood in you  
Some things can't be treated  
So don't make me don't make  
me be myself around you

Straight from your eyes it's barely me,  
Beautifully so disfigured  
This other side that you can't see  
Just praying you won't remember

[INTERLUDE]

There's blood on my hands, like the blood in you  
Some things can't be treated  
So don't make me...

There's blood on my hands, like the blood in you

Some things can't be treated  
So don't make me don't make me be myself around  
you...

THERE'S BLOOD!

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