Meat Loaf, Execution Day

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, 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

Voices like locusts keep smothering me Twistin' and turnin' 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 sentence on me

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

Whose blood on whose hand Where's the promsised they preached for this land Standin' with their bibles clutched in their hand Whose blood on whose hand Whose blood on whose hand

[Instrumental bridge]

Father my hand's are shakin'
I see a light that's breakin'
Show me a way to set my soul free
I hope it rains on me
Let it rain on me

Execution Day Execution Day Execution Day Execution Day