

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
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Whose blood on whose hand
Where's the promised 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
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