

Plan B, In The Name Of Man

Hay man what's the deal
Everything you touch you kill
All the soap in the world won't wash away
All the blood that's on your hands
Is there to stay
Hay man, what's the use
There's no talking to you
When you think it's God word's that you preach
From a book someone wrote that you read

Hay man
What are you up to there
What's your game
What's going on something's wrong
Hay man, what are you up to
You keep on killing in God's name
Hay man
You're the only one to blame
There's blood on your hands
Something's wrong
Hay man
What are you up to
Have you even got a plan
Or have you lost your way
And are too afraid to say
Everything you killed was in the name of man?

Hay man
What's on your mind
Now that all your crimes have been erased by time
And all the land you say you own is what you stole
And all the people that you've there are bones

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