

# If I Had to Do the Killing

Tourniquet

In windowless sheds  
They live in misery  
Victims of systematic cruelty

Never know a gentle touch  
Never know a kind word  
Nameless, faceless, voiceless  
Soon to be in pieces

If I had to do the killing  
Would it change what's on my plate  
Could I look at you face to face  
And take your life away

Dont show me, don't tell me  
I don't want to see this  
Dont show me, don't tell me  
I don't want to hear this  
Dont show me, don't tell me  
I don't want to see this  
Dont show me, don't tell me  
I don't want to hear this

Let your heart feel their state  
Yours is the power to change their fate  
Let your heart feel their state