

He makes his sign, and he leaves his smell
At the scene of his crime
Its his day in hell
And there's smoke in the sky, and there's fire in his eyes
At the scene of the crime
How many have died

And he waves his flags, and he sells his cause
And we count the cost, of the lives we've lost
And he shows his hand ,and he shows his soul
At the scene of the crime.....my blood runs cold

It's an endless war, and he infects his child
At the scene of the crime
He walks a murder mile
He shows no sense, and he shows no remorse
At the scene of the crime
We all play his cost.....aw yeah!

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At the scene of the crime
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