

Velocity creeps from my womb  
Monotony, sweetest poison  
Voices guide me, through awful memories, horrible plans  
Scare my heart beat, the monster awakes and hope is abandoned

Thieves, pillage and thrive  
While Good men, softly suicide  
The queen don't want a king, she wants a nemesis who she can fuck  
el Presidente, gets the assassins to keep his hands clean

From blood and lust, comes perfection  
Makes you want to, kill your children  
Congratulations, it's a healthy anti-Christ  
But you are not the mother, just a hole she crawled out for her dear life

This is what I will do

Turning into the monster you despise  
I am the Red King. I can burn anything  
Sorry is easy, I say it all the time.