

Graveworld

Blood Red Throne

Terror in your eyes
Murder in disguise
Trying to show your self-composed pride
The answer is kill your bride
Failed to be a part of the world
The smell of blood
The smell of dirt
The sound of tears

Trying to free yourself from pain
But her head will still remain
Crushing her body with massive force
Telling her to give up her source
Trapped in this graveworld
Surrounded by fire and ice
You are losing her... to me...
Fighting an endless war to be free

Graveworld...
Be afraid...
Smell the grave...
The graveworld...
Destiny is no more...