

Good Ol' Fashion Bloodbath

Winds of Plague

Keep my name out of your mouth
Learn to bite your tongue before I cut it out

Backstabber

What makes you think you can question my intentions?
Stuck starrin in the mirror, how you crave the attention
Know-it-all's try to walk a day in my shoes
You have nothing to say when you have everything to lose

You can't stop my wrath
See you run for cover when I set out on this warpath

(Don't) Don't put my patience to the test
Just fucking give it a rest
(You) You're making time freeze
There's a blizzard facing east
We're racing west for the sea

Scavenger

Sift through the remnants for scraps of substance
The poison deep within their bones
Spewed out by the mouths of the cursed
The terror born in the rot of the soul
The terror born in the rot of the soul

Man, I gotta get my head right
I gotta get these leeches out my life
These bastards gonna make a motherfucker ride
I won't be happy till everybody dies

Name-droppers breathing down my neck
So concerned with my actions
Face the facts: Your existence is a train wreck
You can't stop my wrath
See you run for cover when I set out on this warpath
It's gonna be a bloodbath

Bloodbath