

Another Kill

Blood Red Throne

The master above all masters they claimed and then others claimed for their master... Death will come.

The parade which describes the unearth, forever it has been here.

Some of us do understand. Longing for the invisible, tearing them apart,

I reach out my hand, grab for the light, but it's an illusion, just like all the times before.

He is truly nothing, made out of disturbed brains, the human phenomenon.

"Show me, lead me, use me, kill me"

Make them suffer, empty their veins. This worthless fluid.

You are Satan. Killing for him. Killing yourself for him.

I lay your flesh to rot... Your empty skull shows it.

No one shall ever correct me on this, show me the way.

Another day, another kill...