

Blood

Candiria

All is wasted. Sacrifice.
Spill your blood. Within all is precious.
I am violence having sex with guns.
My bullets are my children piercing through your lungs.
Lace your boots up. Defend your brother.

I will rise up and take this oath in blood.
Marching on to increase the casualties.
Your world will fall apart like martyrs on their knees.
Spoon-fed. Overflow your cup.
They will hunt you down-spread you out to dry you up.

Blood - thicker than water
Blood - brethren of arms in slaughter
Blood - your wrath, your fate, your vision
Blood - cough it up to escape your body prison

Who do you will to be?
Parasite you consist inside of me
Inside of you, tumors will infest, devouring
Your genocide; parading in your flesh
So you're riddled with perversion and your tears [are]
for my water.
A never ending scream, foreseeing glimpses of
slaughter.

Blood runs through my veins. This is war for dying man.
All or nothing is to gain. Fearless!
Strike you down where I stand so I can spit on your
face
Lay in your coffin so I can spit on your grave.
So give it up. All hope is lost.
Raise it up. My gain is your loss.
So open wide. Inhale your downfall.
I am judgement day.