Architects of Hate

Flotsam and Jetsam

I see red and feeling low
Nervous, jumpy, ready to go
Paranoid and on the edge
Out of comfort zone, walking the ledge

Every turn becomes the wrong path
Every decision goes array
Wound up tigher than a beating drum
I need a metal show today

I drink the blood of every man
I slink the catacombs of hell
I want to end the life of everything
Don't ask me why 'cause I can't tell

Teeth are grinding, blood will boil
Vision blurred from all the hate
Dream of killing, dream of fear
Dream of way to get the hell out of here

Every turn becomes the wrong path
Every decision goes array
Wound up tigher than a beating drum
I need a metal show today

I drink the blood of every man
I slink the catacombs of hell
I want to end the life of everything
Don't ask me why 'cause I can't tell