

Share Your Blood With Daemon

Hate

Devine sermons - the immortal tissues of lies
Empty threats - no purgetory no demise
the holy scripture is burning in his hand
Turn of the century will be religions end

Burning by the gate i can hear
Reflection of his voice
Dripping blood i share with my lord
Confirms my every choice

Crowded is hell the heaps of boiling flesh
Opened veiins, gore is pouring from the gash
All his power i can feel under my skin
His wounds like razors bringing everyone to grief

With opened veins i stand consumed by flames
I hear the sounds of those who were raised to the ground
I see the herd of those who laugh but bleed
I see the crowd of poor orphin of god

Crowded is hell the heaps of boiling flesh
Opened veiins, gore is pouring from the gash

Gash... gash...