

# The blood of my enemies

**Mortal Sin**

An island of death in the madness of life  
Where the bodies are left to decay  
Smelling the stench of the rotting of flesh  
All the victims are left with their prey  
Weeping wounds lunatics  
Bodies burn like candlesticks  
Screaming tongues wounded pride  
Deadman walk among all those  
Among all those who died

The blood of my enemies  
No need for sympathy  
The blood of my enemies  
Call in the infantry  
The blood of my enemies  
No need for sympathy  
The blood of my enemies  
Call in the infantry

A licence to kill in a temple of doom  
Where the preachers all beg  
for their lives  
A symptom of hate & a merciful fate  
Where the preacher of evil survives  
Weeping wounds lunatics  
Bodies burn like candlesticks  
Screaming tongues wounded pride  
Deadman walk among all those  
Among all those who died

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The blood of my enemies  
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No need for sympathy  
The blood of my enemies  
Call in the infantry

Picking up the pieces  
Fighting for another day  
Decimate the Christians  
Celebrate their holiday  
Taking all the pleasure  
Taking all the pain away  
Killing all the enemy  
This will be the price you pay

The taste of revenge  
& the smell of success  
As you bury the lives of the dead  
The island of death  
In the madness of life  
Are the dreams that you live in your head  
Bodies burn like candlesticks  
Screaming tongues wounded pride  
Deadman walk among all those

Among all those who died

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