

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

Picking up the pieces
Fighting for another day
Decimate the Cristians
Celebrate their holiday
Taking all the pleasure
Taking all the pain away
Kiling 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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