

# Holy Death

Mr.Kitty

Beauty of a frozen night  
Will come to take you by the hand  
With torment, she will do what's right  
Erase the wounds by hands of man  
But every soul is not the same  
Destroy my kingdom I have built  
To fill your heart with lustful shame  
Consume your mind with endless guilt

Inner demons hold me closely  
Desecration, they're not holy  
Hidden hands will sever their heads  
Lay them to rest on their death bed

Hanging head on sacred ground  
Paradise to lands of waste  
Cloudy eyes, they make no sounds  
Vengeful hearts make no mistakes  
Now is the time, summon the saint  
The ties that bind are now enslaved  
Her scythe will heal, their blood as paint  
Our holy death is not afraid

Inner demons hold me closely  
Desecration, they're not holy  
Hidden hands will sever their heads  
Lay them to rest on their death bed