

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