

# Bloodbath

Outta Pocket

A hundred thousand tons of hate  
To rain upon your soul  
An argument to cave your face  
Vía mind control  
A guillotine of my design to render you asunder  
Pool of blood in which you drown  
My hands they hold you under

And so begins your suffering  
The torment of your mind  
Powered by my fury  
Which is real and undefined  
Nothing now can stop this  
From feeding on your life  
The last thing that you see in your time  
Is my fucking eyes

As you drown in your blood

This is the dawn on your day of wrecking  
I reckon you'll suffer the most  
This is the dawn on your day of wrecking  
I reckon you'll suffer the most

Bloodbath

Darkness surrounds you  
When your life flashes before you  
I hope everything you see is shit

Taste the blood