

God Hand Killer

Rose Funeral

"God" you bullshit liar
Man set to kill for the martyr
Beings turn to blood
Consume the angel of death

The blood will spill out, upon the face
The blood will spill out, everywhere

They will haunt you, no one to save you,
Your body on the floor
The stench of pure death, their rotting breath
Creation, no more
He is their savior, a god made killer
Pure design of hate
Does he kill for, the creator?
Hides his lies with fate

Kill

Lies upon your tomb
The rising of it's doom

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To kill once more