

The Beheading

Skiltron

I wonder why you can't live
Your miserable life without trying to ruin
Who falls in your crafty built trap.
And it's then when your poisoned blood
Starts running along through your veins
And your sting stalks your victim,
To satisfy your thirst of evilness
Even knowing you've got a mistaken target.

With your skin-made mask you look like an angel
But in your hand you hide a knife,
Which you like to sink slowly
Before your final stab right on the back.

Like the wolf from the tale, like a disguised devil.
If you are a christian my question is:
What part of "don't lie" you misunderstood?
Take all your banners and burn with them,
Like takes its course and you go to hell.
I'm feel like a Rezsó's disciple,
He had success in his intentions.
That's why I'm here,
Because i will follow his steps.

With your skin-made mask you look like an angel
But in your hand you hide a knife,
Which you like to sink slowly
Before your final stab right on the back.