

Devil Chaser

Exumer

Shock the world like a beggar king lines are crossed
when ruled by greed.

Pull you down in this hellish fire do not grant another
tomorrow shedding tears only make me hollow take my
hand let it go.

Mock your faith with machete and gun nothin's sacred
the end has come.

Pull you down in this hellish fire, days and nights are
filled with sorrow lest goodbyes on the killing floor
shedding tears only we want more.

BURN YOU WILL DIE
BURN - DIMINISHED CRIES
BURN - WORLD TURNS BLACK
BURN - WE WON'T COME BACK

Your last breath is what we live for nothing stands
when we're through.
Lost souls command me, I hate resent thee, my promise
you die free THE DEVIL CHASER.

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