

# Crimson Snow

Godgory

Wintermorning  
The scream remain from last night  
when he skilful took her life  
It's not heroic  
When he slices them with a knife  
but his desire dies

He is killing for pleasure  
To decrease his desire  
How many bodies can we count now  
You have made the crimson snow

Another victim  
Was found couldn't be recognized  
he must have felt joy  
Hear my warning  
Don't walk under the dark sky  
cause he roams when it falls

He is killing for pleasure  
To decrease his desire  
How many bodies can we count now  
You have made the crimson snow

It must have burnt like a fire  
to get caught and facing a trial  
He must pay for his crimes  
sentenced to death for all those lives

Executed  
He will be on our TV screens  
they are going to fry his brain  
In the electric chair  
We see his eyes turning red  
when he slowly joins the dead

He was killing for pleasure  
to decrease his desire  
Now his body is melted  
entertainment we created