

Bloodpath

Grave

As I take my final breath of dying air
My fear of pain so surreal
Shivers down my spine as I rip my own flesh
Quickening through blood and broken hopes

Slow departure, dark my mind
Put my trust in stories from the ancient times

A life along the holy path
Fire, death, bloodrain, pain arouses me

Holy father, I will sin again

Shivers down my spine as I rip my own flesh
Quickening through blood and broken souls

A life along the holy path
Holy father I will sin again
Fire, death, bloodrain, pain arouses me
I taste the pain

Holy father, I must sin again