

Cold Bloody Killer

Nightfall

Hey old man, can you read my lips
I shout to you, here I am, among the sheeps
For that stone of happyness I am looking for
I'm young, yet no innocent and ready to fight for...

This place that mortals call paradise
And for a whole life they suffer
This place that no worms from ground rise
They've all been shattered

In this so called "heaven" I want
To build my own black mansion
Leather for walls, flesh and bones
Bleeding throats to feed my passion.

Blast my will would be
As I reach the mortals' dream
End of hope, that's growing dim...

Here where I cried but no one could see
My tears have frozen, I'm no longer bleed
Red scripts I make, none's blood is waste
Me pen dives in red, quarry lies dead.

I'm now the holder of your soul
The one to whom your life's being sold
I'm now your sun, your flesh and blood
Your own God, Lay down and suffer.