

Shed the Blood

Nightrage

Never turned like the slime that I always knew you were
Can't stand this life my soul lay in a pool of blood
Egocentric high ideals and rotten ways

Hatred, heartache
A few of my modes
Hatred, heartache
More than you will ever believe

Dominate, recriminate
Your slave infected role
Time after time I stare into vacancy

Deteriorate, investigate
What drives you to goal?
Lie after lie is my only reality

A solitary spot
A soul lost
Shed the blood of my inner fears

Searching into the silent beauty of a nightmare
Near empty cold lines and tribulations

SHED THE BLOOD

As passion slips by your side, once again I SHED THE BLOOD!

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