

Streets are laughing at my essence
Fingers are pointed at my existence
Pointing at me, though I can not see
Anything in there

I can see the blood
I love the harshness of its flood
I laugh at the knife
A blazing razor in your liquid of life

Nobody laughs at me now
As I save you all
Burning skin must be removed
Blood beneath it feeds my needs

I live for the blood
I give to the eternity of its flood
I grin behind the life
A sparkling blade in your liquid of life

A sparkling blade in your liquid of life...

Hearts stop by the power of my knife,
I am the owner of thousand souls
Skinsaw's growing inside of me
As I die in the darkness alone

I live for the blood
I give to the eternity of its flood
I grin behind the life
A sparkling blade in your liquid of life

A sparkling blade in your liquid of life...