The tenth he made the kill As I paid the bill He was a demon I 'hired' He brought me blood so red Brought me the dead My enemy sacrificed Fools dies - I manipulate your tragic fate Some cries - I celebrate the darkness Eve Look out number two what will be done to you We don't want you to die We take you piece by piece Create you enemies Your small empire has fallen Feel pain scream out in vain, forge your own chair I've gained -I love your pain, I love your pain He'll teach you not to play around with hell He'll show you what it's like I bet you understand things better now But it's too late to hide He enslaved your life With your own knife And ridiculed your pride Fade 'til you are gone Into oblivion Beyond the solid walls Suffer - degrated pride and locked inside Weak mind - nowhere to hide, try suicide GORARA, I hail you Your work is so beautiful You are a true artist I hail you once more!