

Stains Of Blood

Arise

In your hands there's a newpolished "45
it boosts your ego and the trigger
makes you king, innocence can't cut
the troaths of your victims, in your
head there's a plague released by your, evil "I".

Just take a look in the mirror,
you'll see yourself with horns,
a man not too unfamiliar,
but you have not seen him before.
Oh... your hand are dirty,
the stains of blood will never leave.

In your past there's a little boy
who wets the bed, picked on for life.
But the time has come for a bloody revenge,
your parents went first to taste
a bit of your newfound pride,
the world will pay and you'll walk the streets
with your head held high.

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What a plan, you never meant for this to happen,
you never understood why
you got the gift to make them die,
nothing from the past can make the future
live again, hospitalized!
The troopers didn't care for your life.

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