

In Hell I Roam

Blood Red Throne

Flesh ripped from my bones
Survival of the weakest force
Bullets form the tongue of damnation
Brainwashed minds cut out the eyes
Of reason in a desperate stare
Hatred comes from nothing more
Where's your God now?
Mercy does not exist
God's children slaying their brothers
Signing his name on their grave
No stones are left unturned

Bodies cover the floor
Grass turns red as the blood descends
God is not here anymore
Reflection in the knife as your life ends
Mercy does not exist
God's children slaying their brothers
Signing his name on their grave
No stones are left unturned

This is hell this is my home, my home is hell
In this fucking hell i roam

Need repent, decapitation forced on life
Feed torment, mother's raped with rusty knife
Hills of bodies, black smoke rises
Burning limbs and stench of death
Evil machine stands tall holding ground
Pure and clean
Lies dead and hellbound

This is hell this is home
Home is hell in this hell i roam
Flesh ripped from your bones
Where's your God now?