

Land of Blood

Death Angel

You live in your private hell
Don't know if you're sick or well
Something out there calls your name
Too insecure to enter the game

Life to you is a magazine
All dreams are on a silver screen
You never want to grow
Seeds of hate are all that you sow

Land of blood fields of greed
So many choices broken dreams
Anything can happen and always does
Can you adapt when the going gets rough

Gold rays of sun sea of blue
Hide the pain that you're going through
You can never aspire
When inside lives the heart of a liar