

Satan's Children

Ancient

A constant itch will remain on your face
You must eat your own head and spit into space
It crawls in your skin and into your spin
You must dig in your guts and rip out the lines

One with no head he sits by your side
Twitching his fingers and rubbing his tights
A pool of blood you're full of blood
The taste of blood the waste of blood

Always talking just speaking the lines
Ignoring emotions confusing the signs
Satan's children rise from your knees
Believing the lies are hard to conceive

Making the ways and issuing souls
Spit in the face of those who have tolls
What do you see and where do you go
What do you know and what can you show

Vengeance comes and violence goes
Give them a piece of iron man woes
Hail to the fury hail to below
Hail to the horned one the goat that knows

Satan's children looks like a goat
Satan's child fly like a dove
Satan's children run thru the woods
Satan's child all around me
Satan's children looks like a wolf
Satan's child swim in the sea
Satan's children crawl in their web
Satan's child is like me

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