

Velocity creeps from my womb
Monotony, sweetest poison
Voices guide me, through awful memories, horrible plans
Scare my heart beat, the monster awakes and hope is abandoned

Thieves, pillage and thrive
While Good men, softly suicide
The queen don't want a king, she wants a nemesis who she can fuck
el Presidente, gets the assassins to keep his hands clean

From blood and lust, comes perfection
Makes you want to, kill your children
Congratulations, it's a healthy anti-Christ
But you are not the mother, just a hole she crawled out for her dear life

This is what I will do

Turning into the monster you despise
I am the Red King. I can burn anything
Sorry is easy, I say it all the time.