

## Demand

## Blood Red Throne

Manipulate the beast, serving, control  
Swallow the praise of dirt  
Salvation for me

There is no such thing as salvation

Chaos supreme...  
Cut out my tongue, and I will tell you the truth  
It grabs me, it makes me remember the devil...  
The curse stands as a monument In time, forever...  
These are the skulls of tomorrow

Kill... fade away  
And once again  
I use my knife,  
This time I cut your bone.  
Your flesh falls to the ground.  
Your blood hits my eyes.  
I crawl inside your head, bringing out your dead.

Watch them cry  
22 days of struggle.  
Praise, fight, desire, demand

And we bring you the glory  
The throne will never fall...  
No longer dead.

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