

Gather The Dead

Blood Red Throne

He who holds a passion
For all that is extreme
A live burning passion
Like nothing you've seen
Raped as a teen, molested as child
He doesn't care for a fucking human life

Kill, kill - all the little voices tells him to
Kill, kill - all that is alive can be
Killed, killed - all the little voices tells him to
Kill, kill - all that is alive can be killed

He who holds a passion
For all that is extreme
A live burning passion
Like nothing you've seen
He deceives humans into his evil plot
From killing humans and letting them rot

Gather the dead
Victims of human disease
Gather the dead
Onto a growing pile of human waste
Kill, kill, kill
Can't you see?
You have to kill someone to feel free
Kill, kill, kill
Can't beat the rush
From killing humans and letting them rot

Capture of souls
He kills to feel free

Unafraid punishment
He will claim temporary insanity

All he wants is to see you bleed

Gather the dead

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Can't you see?
You have to kill someone to feel free
Kill, kill, kill
Can't beat the rush
From killing humans and letting them rot