

## In Hell I Roam

### Blood Red Throne

Flesh ripped from my bones  
Survival of the weakest force  
Bullets form the tongue of damnation  
Brainwashed minds cut out the eyes  
Of reason in a desperate stare  
Hatred comes from nothing more  
Where's your God now?  
Mercy does not exist  
God's children slaying their brothers  
Signing his name on their grave  
No stones are left unturned

Bodies cover the floor  
Grass turns red as the blood descends  
God is not here anymore  
Reflection in the knife as your life ends  
Mercy does not exist  
God's children slaying their brothers  
Signing his name on their grave  
No stones are left unturned

This is hell this is my home, my home is hell  
In this fucking hell i roam

Need repent, decapitation forced on life  
Feed torment, mother's raped with rusty knife  
Hills of bodies, black smoke rises  
Burning limbs and stench of death  
Evil machine stands tall holding ground  
Pure and clean  
Lies dead and hellbound

This is hell this is home  
Home is hell in this hell i roam  
Flesh ripped from your bones  
Where's your God now?