

Soulseller

Blood Red Throne

All in fair warned
Bodies on display, empty shells of flesh
Dismembered to exhale smoking ice and keeping fresh

Fuck, i sold my soul to the death

Better left undead, screams call out to get attention
Sign is made blood red, fuels the damned imagination

Born again, i detest my last remains

Fresh to me is worth the bleed, greed process
Wipe the blood, temptation rises, chronic mess
Better left undead, feast on death to get attention
Sign is made blood red, fuels the damned imagination

Fuck i sold my soul to the Devil!

Breathe slowly and demolish your mind
Death builds slowly and consumes your time
Hatred re-arranged and reset for more
Annihilations of the quest you once hesitated killing for
As all is self-manipulation and lust for gore
Fresh to me is worth the bleed, greed process
Wipe the blood, temptation rises, chronic mess
Bets are on the man in black
Replace the head on severed neck
I am a dollar. 99, a fucking bargain

Bleed for determination, the will to rise to win at all cost
Re-possess my soul the Devil's eyes are left alone
Leave the rest to rot, bodies lack of self-control
Pray to God, pray for nothing
Nothing's all for everyone but me

Fuck, i sold my soul to the Devil