

Taste Of God

Blood Red Throne

As I crawl through the mud I felt this aim of blood, the old taste of blood screaming inside me.

Longing to awake me, telling me to take it, to make them bleed, to rape their souls I take your flesh, I take your soul, I show you your god.

My hatred grows, I feel what you feel, He is inside you, playing with you, eating - from the inside.

... and I used my knife to cut my own flesh, I wanted to feel what they were about to feel.

Eating, from the inside, the more you fight the more you deny.

The rope is still there, Carry me all the way.

Possessed by word, We have been slayed.

Create in me... Belief...

Do you want to taste god?