

Your Cold Flesh

Blood Red Throne

Your cold flesh covers my eyes.
From the burning of chapels we rise.
My nails under your skin,
Makes your blood touch the air.
Keeping you down, wearing your crown,
The crown of salvation, the divine erection, fading your light.

You will wake up, just to see a piece,
Of the hammer inside your eye,
You will be eaten alive.
You will fall to the ground, you shall feel the wrath.
You shall no longer live.
You will never die.
You shall make me smile.
You shall feel the cursed.
You will be left alone.
You will be unknown.
You will never again be strong.
You shall never be saved.
You shall be killed
You shall be killed by me.
... Turns cold.
Never see the stars again.
Trapped like inside a womb, death prevails.
Killing the monster, killing the master.
The psychic terrified god licks my hands
The killer... feast on your flesh.
Could we go even darker?

Blood red...