

# Blood

Candiria

All is wasted. Sacrifice.  
Spill your blood. Within all is precious.  
I am violence having sex with guns.  
My bullets are my children piercing through your lungs.  
Lace your boots up. Defend your brother.

I will rise up and take this oath in blood.  
Marching on to increase the casualties.  
Your world will fall apart like martyrs on their knees.  
Spoon-fed. Overflow your cup.  
They will hunt you down-spread you out to dry you up.

Blood - thicker than water  
Blood - brethren of arms in slaughter  
Blood - your wrath, your fate, your vision  
Blood - cough it up to escape your body prison

Who do you will to be?  
Parasite you consist inside of me  
Inside of you, tumors will infest, devouring  
Your genocide; parading in your flesh  
So you're riddled with perversion and your tears [are]  
for my water.  
A never ending scream, foreseeing glimpses of  
slaughter.

Blood runs through my veins. This is war for dying man.  
All or nothing is to gain. Fearless!  
Strike you down where I stand so I can spit on your  
face  
Lay in your coffin so I can spit on your grave.  
So give it up. All hope is lost.  
Raise it up. My gain is your loss.  
So open wide. Inhale your downfall.  
I am judgement day.