

## Follow the Reaper

Children of Bodom

Loosing the war I'm feining to win  
though I never tried to to strive deep  
from within. Life could be beautiful  
for anybody it's for, but I'd swear this  
mothafuckin' shit is rotten to the core.

The portal has been past and it's time to make a turn,  
to follow the reaper until the point of no return.

When your blindly death-ricing blade  
sweeps the griefs and fears away.  
I cross my heart and hope  
to die thy freedom will be mine.

Sinking down in the ocean of severe emotions.  
Grab a bottle to drink up the pain-reliefing potion.  
But after all, that got boring too, so no matter  
what happens, I couldn't give a damn or too.

The portal has been past 'til the point of no return.  
No more lines to cross, no bridges to burn.

Now when your blindly death-ricing blade  
swept my griefs and tears away.  
I'd never go back to cross that line.  
I cross my heart and hope to die.