

Your Days Are Numbered

Children of Bodom

Gonna do it my way,
promise that one day
all of you are going down.
Really just can't wait
to free this pure hate.
And that sure as hell is gonna hurt.

Do you remember, thinking I'd surrender
as if I would bow to you.
I'm always gonna scream 'n' spit,
have a fucking shitfit just wait
and you will see.

The shining blade of mine,
has spilt blood before.
Dismal, dark feeling,
is knocking at my door.
Your name on my blade, I won't erase
until I get to cut my name on your face.

This violent rage, I just can't control it anymore
You better pray to god, as I drink your blood
and spit it in your fucking ugly face.

On the edge of madness
riled up, obsessed to see you suffer as you die.

Watch the sun going down, like the whore that you are
Wait for the moon raising up like my insanity, it's on.

Content to set you free,
you're shackled, I hold the key.
Your days are numbered at thirty three
come here just follow me.
It will be quick, you will see.
'cause your days are numbered at thirty fucking three.