

Desperate Hell

Christian Death

I hear the rattlers of tatters of home
Kick over the buckets of the wells run dry
I can't see but I don't care
Nothing is the best gift you can find

Peru Resh

On my past suffering
The voices at last smothering
To hell with your excuses
What do you know of desperation?
You people never feel the pain
Of dark eyed angels in a desperate hell

I hear the rattlers of tatters of home
Thrown over the edge, my eyes are dry
I sit in the darkness of my own device
And search my soul for a paradise

Peru Resh

Eat my flesh and drink my blood
Tomorrow I'll be crucified
Eat my flesh and drink my blood
Tomorrow I'll cry, tomorrow I'll die