

Internal Pollution

Crisix

When the night comes I feel high
Demons in a liquid form arrive
Witches in black star to say
Welcome to the ministry of pain!

But I like this pain!
I'm prepared to rise
With my Holy Grail
Do you wanna taste?

Yeah!
Fight! Till your last breath!
Go!
Burn! Burn inside you!

This is the army of barrel and vice..
Alcoholic supporters from hell!
Sending the world to its demise..
Alcoholic supporters from hell!

Enjoy the misery..

The real meaning of the night
Starts with the violence in our minds
Walking, blinded, out of control
Internal pollution, new reborn!

Possessed by a trace of internal grace
Feeling without sense
Is this shit so real?

Enjoy the misery..
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha

Join our army!
The beer army!
Feed our army!
Raining beer!

Internal..
Pollution!