

## Land of Blood

Death Angel

You live in your private hell  
Don't know if you're sick or well  
Something out there calls your name  
Too insecure to enter the game

Life to you is a magazine  
All dreams are on a silver screen  
You never want to grow  
Seeds of hate are all that you sow

Land of blood fields of greed  
So many choices broken dreams  
Anything can happen and always does  
Can you adapt when the going gets rough

Gold rays of sun sea of blue  
Hide the pain that you're going through  
You can never aspire  
When inside lives the heart of a liar