

# Bathe In Blood

Evile

Murder takes me by the hand  
We play this wicked game  
I am the evil on these lands  
Since the day darkness came  
Bodies lay in shallow ground  
Held tight in death's embrace  
Consumed by the blood  
As I dig my victims grave

I lay hypnotized by the flood  
Corruption of the dead

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Screaming for no one to hear  
The first cut I take  
Hearing your weakened cries  
The reaper awakes  
Longing to consume your power  
To renew my youth  
Blood is my belief  
Vanity is my truth

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Kill, bathe in blood of the pure  
Fresh youthful meat  
No hope of feeling from me  
Your death will be sweet  
Drained of your freedom and life  
Stripped of your will  
I'll keep you bleeding for me  
You are my thrill

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Terror on your deathly face  
Blood spills from your wounds  
Fate has sentenced you to death  
Your gift I consume  
Victim of violent torture  
What was yours is now mine  
I tear the beauty from your flesh  
I feed on the divine

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Corruption of the dead

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