

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

Bathe in blood

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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