

Welcome to violence, the world and the act.
An invitation to ruin, flowers of youth under attack.
What doesn't destroy can create as well.
Thriving gangs, the smell of female, faster, faster, kill! Kill
!

Dying with the living, living like the dead
You've got all my sick devotion, we'll find heaven in worn out
beds
And we're dying with the living, living like the dead
You've got all my sick devotion, we'll find heaven in worn out
beds.

Like all the mystics that came before, you see the windows in t
he prison
House.
Fireworks of despair, echoes all around you.
Daughter of the sun, behind the veil colour abstract.
Slaves to each other our will undone.

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Cult of Mary, crucified Christ. Pagan blood for the religious r
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She shed. she'd her skin in waves of nothingness.
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