

# Bloodpath

## Grave

As I take my final breath of dying air  
My fear of pain so surreal  
Shivers down my spine as I rip my own flesh  
Quickening through blood and broken hopes

Slow departure, dark my mind  
Put my trust in stories from the ancient times

A life along the holy path  
Fire, death, bloodrain, pain arouses me

Holy father, I will sin again

Shivers down my spine as I rip my own flesh  
Quickening through blood and broken souls

A life along the holy path  
Holy father I will sin again  
Fire, death, bloodrain, pain arouses me  
I taste the pain

Holy father, I must sin again