

Day of Mourning

Grave

Sadistic, killing of your mind
Pathetic, mutants in your brain
Damage, is already done
Failure, of the sacrifice

Confronting with your maker,
Paranoid vision a dream
Flesh is dripping cold
Day of mourning

Death, is on your back
Watching, the angels die.
Altar, the virgin's blood.
Drips, on the floor.

Praise your holy maker
Awaiting the hour of your death,
Create your own vision,
What will come after life.

You feel no pain no more
Burn with me till your flesh drips away
Tortured bodies left all around
Eternal hate inside your mind

Blood

Reborn to eternity, blessing your disease.
Epidemic world outside, the change has begun.

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