

## Share Your Blood With Daemon

Hate

Devine sermons - the immortal tissues of lies  
Empty threats - no purgetory no demise  
the holy scripture is burning in his hand  
Turn of the century will be religions end

Burning by the gate i can hear  
Reflection of his voice  
Dripping blood i share with my lord  
Confirms my every choice

Crowded is hell the heaps of boiling flesh  
Opened veiins, gore is pouring from the gash  
All his power i can feel under my skin  
His wounds like razors bringing everyone to grief

With opened veins i stand consumed by flames  
I hear the sounds of those who were raised to the ground  
I see the herd of those who laugh but bleed  
I see the crowd of poor orphin of god

Crowded is hell the heaps of boiling flesh  
Opened veiins, gore is pouring from the gash

Gash... gash...