

## Smell Of Death

Hatesphere

Love the smell of death in the morning  
With the flavors of terror fed to me  
Designed to watch things die  
Praying for life  
Their sufferings for my pleasure  
Their bloody tears for petty laughs  
Designed to let things die  
Praying for life  
The smell of death reeks from the living

Another's man anguish is my success  
Prosper from the failures of the misfortunate  
Amused to death inside the walls  
All in all I'm just another  
Another prick with no balls  
Designed to kill things right  
Praying for life  
The smell of death reeks from the living

As the tables turn  
And the master becomes the slave  
As the wretched on the earth  
Revolt from the graves  
Love the smell of death in the morning  
With the flavors of terror fed to me  
Smell of death reeks from the living  
The smell of death reeks from the living