

Blood On Your Parade

Illdisposed

Baby.

Come on let it rain, shower me with blood, blood from your parade.

You know, that I will never fall.

I can see the truth.

I'm not seared.

Just like a child, when you make me feel.

Lost of innocence, all between the sheets.

And now you cry, that's why I don't.

I'll provide the blood.

Blood for your parade.

Massive temptation.

Calling.

Waiting.

Power.

Beholder.

Shifting.

Blood.