

The Blood Is The Almighty Sin

Illnath

The sun is setting
And night comes crawling back
Out of the shadows deep
Comes a creature of the night
And now the stars are shining bright

Hunting the innocent
He draws their burning blood
Taking images of lives
Being ended
The mask he wears
Concealing his remorse
These memories of life
Is getting distant

But every time he takes
A life as sweet as this
His memory is back
Of life's unjustfulness

But wanting more of life
He searches far and wide
Arising from the east
A ball of searing pain
Burning every vein
And sleep must come again

His fears of waking to a world of unknowns
Is becoming a nightmare of truths
Every death he has brought to this world
Will be known at the end of his time

Hunted the innocent
He drew their burning blood
But now his life
Is being ended
The mask he used to wear
Concealing his remorse
Has been forever torn
From his burning palm

His soul is darkening
The future endless black
Still hoping for redemption
But being pushed into the void

His fears of waking to a world of unknowns
Is becoming a nightmare of truths
Every death he has brought to this world
Will be known at the end of his time
And now the feeling is leaving his veins
The blood is the almighty sin
Becoming one with the creature of night
Is sure to be ending your life

But now the innocent
Wanting a sweet revenge

Comes crashing down the stair
Into the grave
And even though remorse
Was often in his mind
Striking hard and swift
The stick is driven through his heart