

Is this what you asked for?
Streets painted in ash,
Immersed in rubble,
I'll paint a picture for you now.
Immersed in rubble,
I'll paint a picture now.

In the pain and destruction I've caused,
There's beauty.
An artistry born in the blood,
I'll ruin this town.

There is no one who can deny my gift,
My one talent to take something, turn it in;
Destruction in oblivion, oblivion.
Your world is gone, oblivion.

In the pain and destruction I've caused,
There's beauty.
An artistry born in the blood,
I'll ruin this town.
I'll ruin this town.

I won't say that I'm sorry,
I'm not sorry.

Don't put it out.
I'm not sorry.
I am moving on now on to the next one,
a town.
You talk about devils;
I am the one,
I am the one.