

Real Blood, Real Scars

Kataklysm

From the day I was born nothing was given
I used to bleed just to feel alive
All I wanted was to reach the sky
They tried to kill my soul and bury my mind

There is no God here
These fists are made of blood

It feels like walking through broken glass
Every time I take a step, inside your temple of lies
Rise, rise, rise from all your sickness

This blood is real, these scars run deep, it's death before dis
honor
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It's a sign inside us, that shelters emotions, defies oppressio
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Real blood, real scars, real life