

Shadow Of The Vengeance

Maroon

The knife cuts the warm flesh.
A cry, bloody cry.
An already long time routine.
Machines bring the daily noise.

A sound of thousand victims.
A sound of death.
There's no one in the dark.
There's no one in the dark.

Thousand litres of blood.
Running every day.
Thousand souls.
Sent away...

I WON'T CLOSE, CLOSE MY EYES.
I CAN SEE, I CAN SEE.