

Innocent Blood

Mind Assault

Begging for forgiveness and I don't know what I've done. As you lay your hands upon me out of anger and resent. Let's feed on corporate lies, deciding who lives and dies. Do we really know what's at stake? Burn my eyes; we claim their flesh. How we execute to exist.

Your time will come

Listen to us

you reap what you sow

Last look at life through burning eyes. Stamp the last breath out of me. Trading torture for your pleasure, you capitalize on the weak. The soul of the victim will never sleep. They rape our mother, and kill one another. Feed him his flesh murder another.

Your time will come

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Innocent blood spilt, by the hands of the guilty.