

An open wound for disease  
The poison junk that you bleed  
A parasite to your broken skin  
Heretic urge in your brain  
To pump the hate through your veins  
And feed the lust of your necro sins

It's a sign for the demons in the hollow  
Blood red is the path we have to follow  
The armies of the dead march unforgiving  
Red web is the haven for the living

Violent drug holocaust  
A mutant vision of war  
A soul dismembered by paranoia  
An evil mind full of rage  
A world so battered and slain  
The charred remains of the perfect horror

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Open your eyes to a world that belies all the faces of death and destruction  
Deep in your head, there's a little red web that was weaved by the corpse  
of corruption

Disciples of the red web  
Will come to bury the dead  
And burn the flesh of the weak and broken  
Macabre age of the damned  
Will close the skeletal hand  
And heed the ancient command that's spoken

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