

Plunged In Blood

Sarcófago

Everything Started With A Bullet
Bursting Out My Head.
The Wind Blowing With Anger,
Sunshine Can't Warm Me,
An Intense Cold Runs Through My Spine.
Only Loneliness In My Wondering Soul.

The Despair Is Increasing,
I Can't Control My Feelings.

My Body Is Contorning In Pain,
Screams Cut Me Like Razors.
The Silence Is Just A Illusion,
I Can't Scream For Help.
I Found The Way To My Ancient Home,
In A Lapse Of Time I Could Saw My Parents.
They Can't Hear My Voice,
They Can't Feel My Touch,
Sorrow Is All That I Can Feel.

That Face Was So Close To Me,
Plunged In Blood!!!

I Can See My Friends Crying In Dispair,
Under My Bed Lies A Young Body,
Plunged In Blood Pieces Of A Head,
In All Places The Gore Is Spreaded.

When I Looked To That Deformed Face,
I Could Feel The Hand, Of Satan...
...Taking My Soul Back To Hell!!!