

Scenes From Hell

Sigh

Live on the hunted lives,
Hunted lives forgotten and untold,
No reason why, no need to cry,
(It's) in my blood and (it's) in your blood,
Poison in my vein, I'm striving in vain,
Torture, killing, fear and pain,
(It's) in my blood and (It's) in your blood.
A life to be sold becomes a death to be sold,
For the ones to hold the bloody holy grail,
When the supreme fear prevails,
Our false messiah fails,
We all will face the fate that is force-fed,
We dine on death,
Then we feast on famine,
We live on lies,
In the blood to which we bow,
Death we devour,
Corpses we consume,
We wait on our blood,
To our blood we all bow.
The beast within never dies,
(The) scenes from hell we sell;
Sins we sell, the scenes from hell,
Our tears to be shed,
And the punishment we all are fed,
Sins we sell, the scenes from hell,
It'll never go away,
(The) scenes from hell we sell;
Sins we sell, the scenes from hell,
Our fears we're fed,
To the trap we all are led,
Sins we sell, the scenes from hell;
(Even) your death is their bait,
Facing the fate, facing their hate,
You can't refuse it, you can't choose it,
When our God is there to abuse it,
Burning is my tongue,
Burning is my tomb,
Burning are my eyes,
Burning are my dreams,
The hunted humanity, a savage in sanity,
It's written in my story, the blood-covered glory;
I am proud of, I'll never let them rest in peace,
It's a peace in my pain, It's the greed in my vein,
To feed my pain, My pain is my stain,
See the scenes from hell we sell