

Thirty will not buy reprieve.
Your words are daggers that break like plastic swords.
So pick up your torches it s conviction that eludes you.
I defend what s mine with a murderous rage, herein the
start of your nightmare.

No matter how many holes you pierce, you will never be
half of me.
The act has run its course, pray at the alter of heresy.
I'll take your fucking heart, leave you ripped and
bleeding.
Now get up off your knees. When I take your life, you
better look me in the eyes,
Or die just how you lived yours. Spineless. Viral.
You'd crawl to your coffin.

Corroded, scaled and grotesque.
Filled with an undying hate, malignant.
Sentenced to death for all the lies. Betrayed.

No matter how many holes you pierce, you will never be
half of me.
The act has run its course, a cesspool of a bloodline.
You'd crawl to your coffin.