

# Raining Blood

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Trapped in purgatory  
A lifeless object, alive  
Awaiting reprisal  
Death will be their acquisition  
The sky is turning red  
Return to power draws near  
Fall into me, the sky's crimson tears  
Abolish the rules made of stone  
Pierced from below, souls of my treacherous past  
Betrayed by many, now ornaments dripping above  
Awaiting the hour of reprisal  
Your time slips away  
Raining blood  
From a lacerated sky  
Bleeding its horror  
Creating my structure  
Now I shall reign in blood