

Sanguinarian Context

Vampiria

Watch! The skeleton dance!
With blood in the walls, why you look me like that?
Are you trembling your hands?
Are you, part of art bloody flesh on their hands a flesh on the floor
the assassin deserve!

Sanguinarian context!!!
Who?
Sanguinarian context!!!
Who?

Convulsion of the heart the eyes are turning black the taste of blood
so deep and dark the work of knife!
The mirror in the wall contemplating the scene like a paint in the wall
mystery of death!
You can kill them...
You can kill them!

The skin will be a curtain in the windows of the house and thousand virgins women are cutting themselves!
Maybe their blood are painting the walls words have different meanings this is a kind of art!
You can kill them!
You can kill them!
You can kill them all!

Feel! My pain it's so pure
My heart like a stone with the devil inside when the tempest is drawn
Oh! The black ornaments representing the death in a multiple forms like a corpse in the dark!!!

Sanguinarian context!!!
Who?
Sanguinarian context!!!
Who?

Mutilated corpses are burning in a fire the light of fire in torches around in the house!
The mighty silent spirits are gathering tonight over the lake and valley the moon starts to shine!
You can kill them!
You can kill them!

A woman with a crown of iron are buried alive!
Near the forgotten lake and the wolves start to cry!
Between the life or death we have nothing to say...
We contemplating art of a twisted artist mind!
You can kill them!
You can kill them!
You can kill them all!

The moon, on you... in the river of the deads...

Dead, in this intentional pain!

You... The moon in a river... scape and run, scape and wait I can see their arms...

Can I speak, reflecting pain... then, see my eyes...

The moon on you in a river of the deads in an intentional pain of you
I'm floating in the deads with you the moon on you in my river.