

Awakened By Blood

Visceral Bleeding

My previous deeds are considered vile

My wicked self triumph, the weaker one will perish
The smell of blood gives me the ultimate high

This realization only makes me yearn for more
Lost this high, I once had and greatly crave
I have to claim the right to feed my deepest urge
To silence my weak self, that no more slumbers

Fighting within my self
to keep each other down
have to make it stop

Need blood
Crave blood
Sweet blood
Fresh blood
Silence the voices, bring my relief
Need blood
Crave blood
Sweet blood
Fresh blood
Force back the feeble that dwells in my head

Sinful are my thoughts of blood,
gushing through open wounds
Tremble by the thought of blood,
flowing like rivers wide

Without it I am just a shadow of myself
Transparent, meaningless, powerless
With it I will rise and rule over you all
This is it, the need for blood, is in control

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