

Gentleman Death

Wrathchild America

If killing brings guilt, does guilt bring shame
Am I blessed or possessed
Should I lay to rest or live my death
In power, fortune, and fame
Hypnotize, mesmerize

Every night pray to god
Doesn't mean a thing

Face of stone, jewel-like eyes
Immortal power surge
Visualize, terror rise
Give in to the urge
Hypnotize, mesmerize

Every night pray to god
Doesn't mean a thing
At dawn he sleeps, no faith he keeps
Afraid to close your eyes

Immune to mercy (gentleman death)
Out go the candles of life
Intoxicated on lifeblood (gentleman death)
In comes the darkness

Trapped in flesh that won't decay
No warmth, no sun, no day
Everlasting life, downhill slide
Paid vacation, free ride
Mirror lies, reflection hides

Every night follow me
Offer up a prayer
I'm as real as god can be
Now it's your turn