

The Blood I Spilled

Asphyx

coming home after the war
all that's left is a prisoner of two worlds
the past is red of all the blood I spilled
the future's black because there is no hopenothing is sacred to me
i want you, father, to fall on your kneesin the desert far away
my slaughtered innocence left to decay
recollections of battles without end
and the lifes I took with my bare handsnothing is sacred to me
i want you, father, to fall on your kneesso I walked into that church
and that's when I killed him
the blood I spilled just yesterday
as if that pleasure had never been away
stabbing the fucking life out of him
i learned the trade, I always winnothing is sacred to me
i want you, father, to fall on your kneesthe blood I spilled just yesterday
as if that pleasure had never been away

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