

Bringer of Truth

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Bringer Of Truth

For all those that taunt me and stomp on my dreams I hope you choke on blood if I could display you in a burning field impaled on your mothers arms I would without hesitation one day I'll stand on the world with my foot pressed to it's throat for all those with their knives deep in my back I hope you choke on blood I wish you could feel your flesh decay so that you could experience every bit of dying your nothing more than preachers of poisoned dreams and death is what is owed to all those that contempt me I hope you choke on blood

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