

Bloodshed

Hackneyed

Inhale.
Want to lick it
We're passing
Face to face on streets.
Blood drenched thoughts of wars and battles past
White eyes stare out of faces red and I need,
Want to lick it,
Out of your face, and to smell the sweat
One for the others... and the others for the blood
This is the day of reckoning.
Days of greed, don't you hit me.
You fucking hasty cunt
and it always goes like breath, breath
Like I'm gonna suffocate
Breath, breath
Like I am the reckoning.
Like the others of the bloodshed generation once.
Like the others of the bloodshed years ago
Hit me and I'll rise to
Fight again and will shed the blood of you
All against all
All against one
Till life ends
Till life's gone
Till life's gone. Want to lick it,
We're passing
Face to face at war.
At war.
Blood drenched thoughts, fighting for a bloody cause
White eyes stare out of faces red and I will,
Want to lick it
Out of your face, and to smell your fear.
One for the others and the others for the blood
This is the day of reckoning
Days of greed
Gonna lick it
It's fucking tasty
Blood
Like the days before
The days until you rot
And it always goes like breath, breath

Like I'm gonna suffocate
Breath, breath
Like I am the reckoning Like the others of a bloodshed generation
Like the others of the bloodshed
Are against all, are against one
Till life ends
Till life is gone
Is gone Hear me, I am the lord of suffering and death to you
Hear me, I am the lord of
Hear me, I am the lord of suffering and death to you
Hear me, I am the lord of suffering and death
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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