Old Scratch

The Agony Scene

On broken knees I'll crawl to taste the blood spilled from your veins.
Like suicide, bloodshed and blasphemy we die.Let the angels above me pour their wrath down upon me.Face down.
I'm drowning.The bitter taste of blood and sweat.
You have become my salvation.
Take me as your sacrifice.
Bloodshed and blasphemy, we die.

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