

# Smell of Death

## Hatesphere

Love the smell of death in the morning  
With the flavors of terror fed to me  
Designed to watch things die  
Praying for life  
Their sufferings for my pleasure  
Their bloody tears for petty laughs  
Designed to let things die  
Praying for life

The smell of death reeks from the living  
Another mans anguish is my success  
Prosper from the failures of the misfortunate  
Amused to death inside the walls  
All in all Im just another  
Another prick with no balls  
Designed to kill things right  
Praying for life

The smell of death reeks from the living  
As the tables turn  
and the master becomes the slave  
As the wretched of the earth  
revolt from the graves

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