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 livingAnother mans anguish is my success
Prosper from the failures of the misfortunateAmused 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 livingAs the tables turn
and the master becomes the slave
As the wretched of the earth
revolt from the graves

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