

# 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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