Rawhead

Pro-Pain

beyond the realms of deathlies beneth the earth a beastand all is well
as he rots in hellin myth made by man
but he's soon to be releasedhe's dismissed but not deceased
and to the church he cameand pissed upon the priest
he saw, he maimedrawhead, you screamed as you blednow your loss is his gain
as he inhales your final breath
you're dead, and with no regretshe'll gather up your remainshe thrives upon demise
and drag you down the trail of deathwith hatred in his eyeshe came to killand kill he will
he'll cut you down to sizethere's nowhere left to run
the game is lost, he's wonhe rips your eyesand drinks your criessurprise, your dead, your done

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