

Day of Mourning

Grave

Sadistic, killing of your mind
Pathetic, mutants in your brain
Damage, is already done
Failure, of the sacrifice
Confronting with your maker,
paranoid vision a dream
Flesh is dripping cold
Day of mourning
Death is on your back
Watching, the angels die.
Altaer, the virgin's blood.
Drips, on the floor.
Praise your holy maker
Awaiting the hour of your death,
Create your own vision,
What will come after life.
You feel no pain no more
Burn with me till your flesh drips away
Tortured bodies all around
Eternal hate inside your mind
Reborn to eternity, blessing your desire
Epidemic world outside, the change has begun.
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