

Crimson Snow

Godgory

Winter morning
The scream remains from last night
When he skilfully took her life
It's not heroic
When he slices them with a knife
But his desire diesHe is killing for pleasure
To decrease his desire
How many bodies can we count now?
You have made the crimson snowAnother victim
Was found couldn't be recognized
He must have felt joy
Hear my warning
Don't walk under the dark sky
'Cause he roams when it falls
He is killing for pleasure
To decrease his desire
How many bodies can we count now?
You have made the crimson snowIt must have burnt like a fire
To get caught and facing a trial
He must pay for his crimes
Sentenced to death for all those livesExecuted
He will be on our TV screens
They are going to fry his brain
In the electric chair
We see his eyes turning red
When he slowly joins the dead
He was killing for pleasure
To decrease his desire
Now his body is melted
Entertainment we created

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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