Kirisute Gomen

Trivium

He who walks the fire breathes
Unlike the rest
Living by the bloody creed
Kirisute gomen
Air of battle tasting stale
Reeks of deceit
Send the bitter straight to hell
Kirisute gomen
In their wretched guts all they want is to feed
Unending, covetous hunger known as greed
As the last legion makes it's way to the skies
I can see in their eyes
They've already died
Inside, but as for the outside
I'll take their fucking heads
Quake has bred with the storm
Conceiving war
Wicked stampeding hordes
Kirisute gomen
I will never be what they
Want me to
I live by my own path in life
No turning
Back now, I won't be held down
Forced into a shallow grave built upon their empty ways
There's no turning back
There's hell to pay, such disarray
A bloodied mess, flesh masquerade
With all the blood making a flood
You made your path by crossing us
He who spits the fire seethes
All he detests
Decapitating, bloody creed
Kirisute gomen

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