I'm in Pain

Obituary

The killing is a mean rots in the pain
Fight for the fear of rights
The time is set scream for the help
Fly thru the darkest nightsThe peeling is the skin rotting the soul
Hailing for the chosen son
Mortality the pain fear for the living
Ravage the chosen oneThe darkness falls beyond the grave
Blessed ground in which they save
Even though the time has passed
Your soul is fucked in the gutterRotting souls in fear of desperately
Serpent souls in bowels on which to feed
Reach out for joy reach out for blood and parts
Reach out for craves the blood we're feasting on blood
Help me I'm in pain
Help me I'm in pain

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