

# Bastards Of Bodom

## Children Of Bodom

    Slayings at Bodom from long ago  
    Still carry a secret which no one knows  
    Seed that was planted as night turned dawn  
    Will now bring me to life as reaper's spawn  
    I'm a bastard of Bodom and I walk alone  
    As I follow the reaper to lead me home  
    My victims shall perish on the shores of lake  
    As they look upon me to stare death in face  
    Don't need a reason and I will tell you why

Just say, ?Go to Hell?, by the edge of my scythe  
    I was born to end life, I can take any form  
    A shape shifting demon, killing for sport  
    Like father, like son, this is my fate  
    Taking your lives and breeding hate  
    Don't need a reason and I will tell you why  
Just say, ?Go to Hell?, by the edge of my scythe

    Lyrics provided by  
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