

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

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