

Bite the Pain (1996 Demos) (Instrumental)

Death

Look down at the body
You may see no trace of wounds
In the eye, the eye of the beholder
One cannot, assume Not a drop of blood is drawn
But you know how it bleeds
Beware of the sharp edged weapon
Called human being It is a shield of passion
And strong will
From this I am the victor
Instead of the kill I will not feed your hunger instead
I bite the pain
Looking not back but forward
I bite down Try to cover up the trail of deceit
And daggers spawned from your soul Acid the tears of remorse flow in vain
Too late for regrets
Save it for the next ill fated game It is a shield of passion
And strong will
From this I am the victor
Instead of the kill I will not feed your hunger instead
I bite the pain
Looking not back but forward
I bite down

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