Breed Through Me, Bleed for Me

Skyfire

Lifeless symphonies playing on the last refrain
So malignant and cold
This is the music for the dead
And the primitive chords,
Embraces me like a cold winter storm
A symphony of destruction, a hymn of hate
Realizing that feelings comes from within,
Oh you hatred spirit!
Run through my veins
Come to me
Breed through me
Live through me
Bleed for me
Die for me
The music is about to end, and so is my pain
The hate is running faster inside my skin.
The veins are broken. The hatred is released
Chaos and frustration inside of me
Come to me
Breed through me
Live through me
Bleed for me
Die for me

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