

6 Centuries

Brett Fuentes

4 centuries not long ago
I lived a life breathing, a life I know
I'm a soul that's been turned away
Too many times to count
Now I reek of extinction
I seek what would be to you
The Holy Grail
For times I've lost, for memory to fade away
So I gotta go hunt
Find retribution
I always know what I'm after
Warm blood under neckties
6 centuries gone now
500 more and I'll take myself out
5 Centuries past now
I live a life loathing
The days I go
I'm a soul that's been turned away
Now I'm the only one
A cannibal but I feel like prey

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