

Gather the Dead

Blood Red Throne

He who holds a passion
For all that is extreme
A live burning passion
Like nothing you`ve seen
Raped as a teen, molested as child
He doesn't care for a fucking human life
Kill, kill - all the little voices tells him to
Kill, kill - all that is alive can be
Killed, killed - all the little voices tells him to
Kill, kill - all that is alive can be killed
He who holds a passion
For all that is extreme
A live burning passion
Like nothing you`ve seen
He deceives humans into his evil plot
From killing humans and letting them rot
Gather the dead
Victims of human disease
Gather the dead
Onto a growing pile of human waste
Kill, kill, kill
Can't you see?
You have to kill someone to feel free
Kill, kill, kill
Can't beat the rush
From killing humans and letting them rot
Capture of souls
He kills to feel free
Unafraid punishment
He will claim temporary insanity
All he wants is to see you bleed
Gather the dead
Gather the dead
Kill, kill, kill
Can't you see?
You have to kill someone to feel free
Kill, kill, kill
Can't beat the rush
From killing humans and letting them rot

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