

Asphyx, The Blood I Spilled

coming home after the war
all that's left is a prisoner of two worlds
the past is red of all the blood I spilled
the future's black because there is no hope

nothing is sacred to me
i want you, father, to fall on your knees

in the desert far away
my slaughtered innocence left to decay
recollections of battles without end
and the lives I took with my bare hands

nothing is sacred to me
i want you, father, to fall on your knees

so I walked into that church
and that's when I killed him
the blood I spilled just yesterday
as if that pleasure had never been away
stabbing the fucking life out of him
i learned the trade, I always win

nothing is sacred to me
i want you, father, to fall on your knees

the blood I spilled just yesterday
as if that pleasure had never been away