

Avulsed, Pale Red Blood

Liquid of life of great value
Highly curative, bringer of strength
Heals my wounds and keeps me alive
Divine elixir but addictive

Pale red blood

Unlike a vampire, i hate warm blood
Im not a sucker, im not a leech
I dig fresh blood on a cold chalice
Slowly tasting its subtle flavour

Pale red blood

It purifies my soul
And makes me feel strong
I believe i am above
Of the average human
I dont need to kill
Not even soil my hands
I find it vulgar and crude
Others will do it for me

Addicted to blood i am, with no remorse
You can call me a modern vampire, i dont care
But i am not a stupid bat or a count
I just want to satisfy my bloody thirst

[Guitar solo: Cabra]

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