

# Blood Red Throne, Come Death

Under the sea there's clarity, blood streaming out of the underground (as we pass).  
Corpse of the weak, floating in pieces throughout the coast, invincible hunters of death.  
Refill my vain ! Smell the air - rotten and grim.  
Salvation sees no end.  
Pulverization of the underdogs.  
Frozen, fried, bury their minds.  
Liquid hits your face. From the grave of the heritage.  
A stench of death spreads. Knife cuts deep, bloody organs. Alienated.  
Future is on hold. Dark is upon you when you leave this world.  
Chambers of death you shall feel  
I bring my plague upon thee  
Feed your head with electricity.  
You bleed, you're strangled, and you  
scream under my knife, your eye's  
turn dark. Face the pain.  
Decomposition. The sculpture was  
unseen. The glorification of explicit life.  
Infinity lies beyond consideration.  
Submission has no end.  
Superiority. Demonic.  
The burning holy.  
(Filthy)  
... What you call hell, is here !