

Blood Red Throne, Rebirth In Blood

Weeping, those who strive. Mortal, you will die. We march, no more.

Waiting for the dead to show.

I will see them burn in their own flames.

I will hunt them down with their own sword.

I will spill their blood in their own house.

Desultory, will of the world. Killed by their own god.

Killed by their brothers. New world rising.

An unseen dimension. Rebirth, through this new experience religion of nothing

And still I search for a meaning for my strings to sound like the horn that kept me in this trance.

The creator, they slay. They've taken his had.

We've taken their eyes. Drinking their own blood to survive. I saw him and I'm still alive.

Where's your holy ?

Consider yourself dead as you walk through the city. Designed just for people like you.

No one cares if you're bleeding. Bait for others. Machines of the unknown.

Starts ripping your eyes, your head. Showing of weakness in your life.

In the dark hours you will see nothing but light. Pain will be reality itself.