

Born From Pain, Death And The City

All around
The stench of death
The smell of wasted years
Fallen beauty
The sickness grows
Rain on concrete
Like the tears
The greyness looms
The henchmen wait
Be quick to master fear
A place called home
In a bitter world
Rain on concrete
Like the tears

White king reigns
Bring the pain
Blood on the sidewalk
Death in the streets

In this city
Fallen from grace
Beyond every sin
Feel the sickness grow...

Blood on the sidewalk
Death in the streets