

Children Of Bodom, Taste Of My Scythe

Rip and cut and mutilate the innocent,
his friends, and again and again and on and on.

You make me own my life in Hell; my kingdom back to the bound
You say you don't make it alone; kingdom back to the Lord

Falling, I say; you too, falling; you too, born to die

Come with hate
Come and die

One day I'll face you all alone,
enduring out with wind and ice
It's payback time; it's your demise sought to feel:
they'll taste of my scythe

You say my ear, my God who help me, God take yours in shame
Back too low, I want your head on a plate to feel my eyes

Come with me, I want your blood to save it on my eyes
I want you and in the plate to be coming in the sky (sky!)

Come with hate
Come and try

One day I'll face you all alone,
enduring out with wind and ice
It's payback time; it's your demise until they feel:
taste of my scythe