

# Congress, In Bad Blood

They tried to bury us but the earth refused our bodies.  
Roaming 'till the end of time, with lust for revenge, the law of crime.  
We're hungry for those who were once the nails of our coffin.  
Revenge in it's purest form, degrading ourself to a criminal norm.  
And when the moon is full, the blood starts to boil.  
All hell breaks loose,  
once the beast is released to prove your guilty of my withdrawal,  
I'll tear the heart right out of your chest and place it before your eyes.  
So you can witness how black it is.  
You won't kill me untill I get a stake through the heart.  
Maybe the odds were different but time has healed these wounds.  
The salt is washed away again and time is standing on my side.  
Night after night, the hatred grew inside and now revenge is mine.  
Two graven split open, empty as the black and I'm released,  
grinning madly, facing the bloodred skies.  
Claiming my throne, enslaving you all,  
forever I will flee, fed by your blood