

Godgory, Crimson Snow

Wintermorning

The scream remain from last night
when he skilful took her life
It's not heroic
When he slices them with a knife
but his desire dies

He is killing for pleasure
To decrease his desire
How many bodies can we count now
You have made the crimson snow

Another victim
Was found couldn't be recognized
he must have felt joy
Hear my warning
Don't walk under the dark sky
cause he roams when it falls

He is killing for pleasure
To decrease his desire
How many bodies can we count now
You have made the crimson snow

It must have burnt like a fire
to get caught and facing a trial
He must pay for his crimes
sentenced to death for all those lives

Executed
He will be on our TV screens
they are going to fry his brain
In the electric chair
We see his eyes turning red
when he slowly joins the dead

He was killing for pleasure
to decrease his desire
Now his body is melted
entertainment we created