

# Grave, Day Of Mourning

Sadistic, killing of your mind  
Pathetic, mutants in your brain

Damage, is already done  
Failure, of the sacrifice  
Confronting with your maker,  
paranoid vision a dream  
Flesh is dripping cold  
Day of mourning

Death is on your back  
Watching, the angels die.  
Altaer, the virgin's blood.  
Drips, on the floor.

Praise your holy maker  
Awaiting the hour of your death,  
Create your own vision,  
What will come after life.  
You feel no pain no more  
Burn with me till your flesh drips away  
Tortured bodies all around  
Eternal hate inside your mind  
Reborn to eternity, blessing your desire  
Epidemic world outside, the change has begun.

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