

Orange Goblin, Red Web

An open wound for disease
The poison junk that you bleed
A parasite to your broken skin
Heretic urge in your brain
To pump the hate through your veins
And feed the lust of your necro sins

It's a sign for the demons in the hollow
Blood red is the path we have to follow
The armies of the dead march unforgiving
Red web is the haven for the living

Violent drug holocaust
A mutant vision of war
A soul dismembered by paranoia
An evil mind full of rage
A world so battered and slain
The charred remains of the perfect horror

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Open your eyes to a world that belies all the faces of death and destruction
Deep in your head, there's a little red web that was weaved by the corpse
of corruption

Disciples of the red web
Will come to bury the dead
And burn the flesh of the weak and broken
Macabre age of the damned
Will close the skeletal hand
And heed the ancient command that's spoken

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