

Pro-Pain, Rawhead

beyond the realms of death
lies beneath the earth a beast
and all is well
as he rots in hell
but he's soon to be released
in myth made by man
he's dismissed but not deceased
and to the church he came
he saw, he maimed
and pissed upon the priest

rawhead, you screamed as you bled
now your loss is his gain
as he inhales your final breath
you're dead, and with no regrets
he'll gather up your remains
and drag you down the trail of death

he thrives upon demise
with hatred in his eyes
he came to kill
and kill he will
he'll cut you down to size
there's nowhere left to run
the game is lost, he's won
he rips your eyes
and drinks your cries
surprise, your dead, your done