

Profugus Mortis, Last Pain

I feel the blood running down my face again
With a look in his eyes that screams my demise
My life seems all but mine

Here I lie,
Awaiting
My death is looming

The blade that he draws must spill more blood that's mine
For all that has passed I cannot help but ask why am I the one to die
I face this end alone

I face this end alone!
I face this end alone!

The touch of his blade against my flesh
Fills him with pleasure so dark it passes not his lips
With a swift move my end is signed
I can feel my very essence being drained
I can hear the whispers of the demons poisoning his mind
more blood they say,
More lives!

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