

# 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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