

Substance D, Dark Gift

Behold life this ill-gotten state

All fear the dark gift

This night will end your mortal pain

You'll worship no man God

Known as the prince of lies

So let the news be heard

I'll steal your soul boy

And work the dark trick

God kills indiscriminately

And so shall we

While bearing the dark gift

The empires of the world

They are not safe from me

I'll breathe of your last breath

Bleed your soul to me

I see with vampire vision

I feel murderous

I survived the grave

Let no man forsake me

You'll feel me come to you

A perfect mask of hate

Let no man forsake me

Dark Gift