

# Tetsuya Shibata & Shawn McPherson, Battle-2 (E

Now you've really crossed the line,  
Your hate for me is divine,  
My love yearns for your suffer,  
On your grave lurks my prosper.

Taunts more as a lure, but it's no use,  
Knots tight my excite,  
I prepare the noose,  
Say no more it's time,  
For you to make your move,  
My blackened soul lit by your fuel.

Implode your moral,  
And drain your pride,  
Too late for debate or run and hide,  
Time to take your life and tolls the bell,  
To your hell where i shall welcome you.

Hail to a father divine,  
To the son the light will shine.  
From the angst of lost memories,  
A just revenge to cure misery.

(Repeat)