

8 Foot Sativa, Breed The Pain

You bleed from your eyes, want to end your life
The things that make you try, make it stronger
You scream in pain, hate intensifies
The sickness you hear comes from the inside

The birth of chaos
Revenge through slaughter

The emptiness will haunt you,
I'll fill the void inside
In darkness and hatred, imprisoned
Your soul is mine

Spitting acid from its mouth
Corrodes your heart
Inside you burn alive
There is nothing you can try
No salvation, mutilation
Breath of the beast scorches skin, eating flesh
Harvesting the dead
The anti-Christ will rise
One thousand years to breed this pain

Cast down to earth, the adversary
Beast of hell, bleed this faith
A plastic idol made by man
Desperate for vision we search in vain

The death of Christ is mine, machination
The mark of the beast etched in scars
Persecute god's child