

Blood Red Throne, Gather the Dead

He who holds a passion
For all that is extreme
A live burning passion
like nothing you've ever seen

Kill, kill all the little voices tells him to
Kill, kill all that is alive can be
Killed, killed all the little voices tells him to
Kill, kill all that is alive can be killed

He who holds a passion
For all that is extreme
A live burning passion
Like nothing you've ever seen
Cant beat the rush
From deceiving humans into his evil plot
Raped as a teen, molested as child
He doesn't care for a single fucking human life

Gather the dead
Victims of human disease
Gather the dead
Onto a growing pile of human flesh
Kill, kill, kill
Cant you see?
You have to kill someone to feel free
Kill, kill, kill
Cant beat the rush
From killing humans and letting them rot

Unafraid Punishment
He will claim temporary insanity

All he wants is to see you bleed

Gather the dead

Gather the dead

Kill, kill, kill
Cant you see?
You have to kill someone to feel free
Kill, kill, kill
Cant beat the rush
From killing humans and letting them rot

Capture of souls
He kills to feel free