

Blood Red Throne, Mary Wispers Of Death

Dreams of the murdering art
Mary see through the eyes of the dying
Hear their screams, horror seed
wrapped in human skin, entangled in pain
She wishes she will never dream again

opening the chest, heart beats cease
blade so sharp, head and shoulders cut apart

Dreams from the underworld
Dreams of a murders art
Tempted by blood, Bleed for me,
close your eyes and let my knife set your soul free

A new victim lay by the killers feet,
See the dying vision
a pityful pray for existance
Death bringer enrich her horror world

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Murder - the beginning of her end
blood - of the deceased
soul - cleansed by victims weep
Dying - Before her feet

tears forced by pain
cut them up and drink from their veins