

# 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 pittyful 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