

Blood Red Throne, Smite

Incessant desire for flesh
I chew on your face and mark it with stabs
Make you drown in its pity
As blood covers my face
Indulging my passion
In the devils embrace
Sadistic it may seem
And so it is!
Peremptory assassin
I've got some time to play
I thrive to kill
Can't talk me out of this
Was born with ill-will
Mutilated into art As your suspended ribs comes apart
Your skin is torn from tool grips
I crush your fingertips
Together with my conscience
The insatiable urge to smother
Confirms that I'm a killer
Deformed to the extreme
Now you know it's real
Violence and no remorse
No mercy on my quest
Impaled with demonic force
Severe bleeding chest
Saturated with blood
To smite
Mutilated into art As your suspended ribs comes apart
Your skin is torn from tool grips
I crush your fingertips
Together with my conscience