

Damnation, Bloodjunkies

Four hundred years ago
Of something she was born
She looks all of nine
And in the violence her dress was torn
Little girl, what's your name?
She'll whisper to you pain
That's pain with an "i" not a "y";
And now you'll see

Chorus:

We're bloodjunkies
Bloodjunkies
We never wanted to be
Last pain that you'll ever feel (x2)
And as the story goes
The tragedy unfolds
The legacy of hate
In the body of a ten year old
Melancholy
Undead eternally
In the blink of an eye
She'll tear your throat away

Chorus

We never wanted to be
Bloodjunkies (x3)