

# Detritus, Taste The Blood

Twisted bodies, pain, inflicted by the sane  
The guilty kill an innocent for their crimes  
A living sacrifice, made at his own choice  
A victory, a life for the dead

Taste the blood, it bled for you  
Take the body it was broken for you too  
You're damned and so was I  
Taste the blood and you won't die

Will you make Him sick  
Not hot just hypocrite  
Give all or nothing at all  
As often as you feed  
That battered body bleeds  
That death should never be forgot

Darkness sweeps the land  
Bandits at His hands  
At the place of the skull  
With a loud cry He dies  
An earthquake shakes, the skies  
The temple curtain's torn

There will be no more  
Sacrifice  
The One who came before  
Paid the price