

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