

# Made Of Hate, My Last Breath

The flame of candles  
is lighting up your face  
I've been waiting for this moment  
You look so pure like in my dream  
This feel is like touching heaven  
I'm here for you  
So take my life  
Let my soul fly away  
My blood stops running  
I'm getting cold  
I'm taking my last breah  
The flash of scythe will end my life  
And take me to the other side  
I have no fear, I feel you're near  
You are my angel of death  
Angel of death!