

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!