Pro-Pain, Blood Red

Oh, face the fact
that precious time you can't turn back
all hope is lost
when all possessions turn to dust
Can we go on
with so much promise dead and gone?
Now it's time to try
and give our best before we die
Days are gone, the nights are long
Live a lie, pain the sky'
blood red

Pray for our sins
we'll hunt you down and sell your skins
kill without the need
Rip your heart out let it bleed
Occupy the land
mass produce, and milk the sand
God will crush the earth
and recognize you all from birth
Days are gone the Nights are long
Live a lie, Paint the Sky
blood red.