

# Suicide, Spiritual Mess

Digging the grave of subhuman race  
Suffocate them in unholy blood  
Revenge of hundred years  
Possessing my soul

Blades're ready, hearts're cold  
Hungry to smell and taste your blood  
The hunt's begun, choose your creature  
Stab, rape them more and more  
Feelings're lost till the last bastard drops  
Bury'em alive cut their throats

Running, fighting but no where to go  
My place is small, walls are soft  
Already counted all pink elephants  
Drugs're fine but docs're mad

Mad, mad I'm not mad  
Insane, insane help me  
Mad, mad I'm not mad  
Insane, insane help me

Blades're ready hearts're cold.