

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.