

Sworn Enemy, Last Rites

Cycles of my life are taking a turn
turn for the worse my eyes are starting to burn
burning with sweat as it drips from my brow
the taste of blood begins to fill in my mouth
restrained from my actions
your corpse will bring me satisfaction
i could feel it in my veins
your heart racing like a train
see the fear in your eyes
your life i despise
the agony so bitter sweet
your dead body at my feet
only god can save me now
till i'm put in the ground
burn me at the cross
now all hope is lost
you can not save me
i'm as dead as can be
one step from the grave
i can not be saved
last rights, last rights last rights
your last fucking rights