

Rasmus Rova

"Mors Ultima Ratio"

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Blood running down through your neck
The gun slips from your hand
Blood running down from your mouth
I squeeze your neck with a band

Unscrupulous, so wrathful
I don't choke you too much
You live but you can not scream
I watch you die

I can feel your strength
Trying to get some air
I could squeeze more so you die
But still I hunger for more

Soon you are lifeless, I gain you death
You feel pain and suffer, what you deserve
I tell you you're a fucking disease
I can feel your illness crawling out from your skin

Unscrupulous, so wrathful
I don't choke you too much
You live but you can not scream
I watch you die

I can feel your strength
Trying to get some air
I could squeeze more so you die
But still I hunger for more

I decide when you're done
I judge what you deserve
Though you shall realize
Mors ultima ratio

Unscrupulous, so wrathful
I don't choke you too much
You live but you can not scream
I watch you die

I can feel your strength

Trying to get some air
I could squeeze more so you die
But still I hunger for more

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