

Beyond The Flesh "Bitter Defeat"

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Deep from under my skin
Something comes alive
A perverse affection with the jugular vein
Fresh blood i must find
I love the site of lacerated flesh
The hunt the thrill the smell
No need to pray motherfucka
'cause we're both going straight to hell
I grab my knife, slice deep into his neck, severing the
trackia
Crimson trails run down his back collecting in a pool of
blood
Homicidal, It's All worth while
For The Scent Of Fresh Blood
It's smells so sweet
New Found Glory
Bitter Defeat
I cover their mouths with my blood stained hands
To stifle a morbid groan
Applying pressure to the sides of the neck

Clears a passage for the blood to flow
Crazed as my eyes roll back into my head, now slipping
into dementia
A hunger runs right through my veins and it craves for
more fresh blood
Homicidal, It's All worth while
For The Scent Of Fresh Blood
It's smells so sweet
New Found Glory
Bitter Defeat
Dying to bleed, so violently
Visions of my knife, as it pierced your throat
Dying to bleed, so violently
Visions of my knife, as it pierced your throat
Mutilate, Annihilate, My evil deeds are spawned from
hate
Lacerate, obliterate, My sick obsession is your fate
The Scent Of Fresh Blood

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