

Blodsrit "Horns"

Visit "[Horns](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the I lies the martyr, the willing sacrifice
Stand before the self destructive sadist
Hand him the knife
Because he owns the illusion

In pain revel the fear, the value of blood
Sharpen all edges to blind the chimera
Sigh; the masters of the earth will no longer kneel
Rip a wound that will never heal

Then mend the loss of Christ

Unfolding the rivalry of white dreams wishes
And the sign of the horns shall appear to many

In birth the wicked dwell
In a human shell
Ashes of the original sin lies therein
And each one born
Will be a regent in an age of the horn

In pain revel the fear, the value of blood
Sharpen all edges to blind the chimera

Visit [Blodsrit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.