

Castrum (Ukraine) "The Art Of Homicide"

Visit "[The Art Of Homicide](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Can't you see that I am not a part
Of your foul fucking love?
Can't you realize that I do not live in dream
And misanthropy is my spiritual infinity

I play on the strings of mankind
But my symphony is requiem
And the great number of concentration camps
Cover the blood-coloured earth

War funeral march
Is the play on my stage
Holocaust of the races
Is the act number one
I am the artist who creating
The art of homicide

I draw the future of mankind -
Pits full of corpses, crematoriums
Creating the abhorrent masterpiece -
The world of the steelhearted ones

In my play you can't find the scenes of love
They are buried in blood neath concentration camps
On my drawings you can't find the bright colours
Your future coloured in black and red

But I am the artist, the creator
My drawings made of blood of mankind
And in your eyes I'm the God who creating
The art of homicide..

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