

Crionics

"Black Terra"

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I'm creating your fears
Deciding your fate
Hide and flee impossible
All I feel is hate
Trying one stab more
Your body collapse
All over the planet
I'm spinning my web

Ref)
Tragedy ending
Killing for the thrill
Uncontrolled violence
Black Terra

2)
Putting you under pressure
That's giving me strength
Business as usual
Never had any friends
Blood runs out of
Wounds wide open
Nothing but food for the rats

You sucker

Ref)

3)
Inhaling scorn
Exhaling action
So won't you come along
And join this satisfaction
Getting closer
Don't turn away
Teach you a lesson
This will make my day
... make my day

Ref
Brdg)

Hits you like a punch in the teeth
Strikes you down fulfilled by disease
Smashing your legs
Sucking you out
Tastes so good when cutting your throat

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