

Death Reality "Splattered Bones"

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Come by the altar

We die as we die to be the other creature
Walk to incarnate those lives for exhumation
We both are resurrected
The guts get round and spiral
What kills and bleeds, to charge the creature

Your head is down
Your brain is dead
By existential murderer

We both are resurrected
My body is blaming whom
The guts get round and spiral
What kills and bleeds, to charge the creature
Slave and master pieces
Lying on the ground beyond
A victim of it's own perfection
None prayer for the halls of god
Your brain is dead
Your eyes are red
Your body opened
And splattered head

Die for dying
Kill for bloodlust
Take my pieces

Those slave and master pieces
My guts and your caress
Embodied all and ripped
The truth you won't confess

Till I know you are dead or burn in hell
When I hate, your splattered bones crush well
When I die you die for me in hell.

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