

Devildriver

"Expression Of Horror"

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Pain traversing body, silent squeal
Is coming from a cracked ground
Vultures with bloody wings
Are waiting for their victim
No forgives, no revival
Corpse without ideas, without dreams
Worm desert's wind
Burns up dries lungs
Where is his help - lying carcasses
Food of dead, dirty soul
Revival, lie of book of fools
No existing world of illusion
Worms, rolling live body
Fake god, will never die
Dirt of my thoughts will be glue
Connecting bloody pieces of being
- I'm who I'm -
Fucking lie, empty words
Where is your army, your servants
Sing of the demons, lurking
On the edge of the dream's perception
They want to take a breath, look inside
Enter in the middle of the madness
To find a peace? Simply-minding of existing!
Spit off the lies from your rotten mouth
Take a breath of heat, feel the final pain
Lay down in front of your only Master
Hate will be your revival

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