

Blood Red Shoes

"Portrait Of A Killer"

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[testimony of the dying]

I, who walk disguised among,
I, who have watched death a thousand times
I, who perform the murderous art,
King of kings, lord of pain
The tempter of eternal life,
The beholder of the evil eye
Prince of death,
The true servant of the dying kind

I, an angel of death
From the dark abyss
Rejected from heaven
Condemned to a realm
More evil than ever imagined

A realm of pain and suffering
Never known to living man
You will bleed forever again

I, who lurk in the darkest shadows
I leave no life behind

I, who dwell in your deepest fear
Write this in human blood
My last words to mankind

Follow my way
Crush the living hypocrite
And those who speak of death
With pleasure and no desire

Let us gather to create what once were
What could have been

For this is the task and quest
To those who succeed
The gates will open to the realm of death
And we will welcome you as a brother
Together we will rule the throne of death

To those who fail
We will reach out from the darkest of hell
And with viscious intent rip your soul apart...

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