

Brocas Helm

"Blood Machine"

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I was lost in another land
Didn't get of there alive
So near to death as I lay dying
They ripped my balls and left me lying
Legends say they go for the throat
Hello, I am a blood machine
I will kill you and you won't scream
You will offer me the knife
You will beg me to take your life
Fly on the wings of a Lamborghini
A cool one
Ninety miles an hour
But still the blood will call me yet
The flesh is soft, the teeth are wet
The mirrors still shows no reflection
Music is hell, metal is perfection
Hello, I am a blood machine
I will kill you and you won't scream
You will offer me the knife
You will beg me to take your life
Still the blood will call me yet,
The flesh is soft
The teeth are wet
The mirror still shows no reflection
Music is hell
Metal is perfection
I am a blood machine
Blood machine
I am a blood machine

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