

## Hobbs' Angel Of Death "Bloodshed"

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Innocently they got there  
On that night of rage  
Through their pores we saw the source  
Of what makes us rave  
Then the wrath would come along  
With a violent frame  
And an arrow would cross their hearts  
Nothing stopped our massive assail  
The fists, the screams, the struggle  
The wrath, the rage, the bleeding  
They were lightening the flames  
Of our fire, we just made them pay  
Bloodshed  
None of them could flee  
We listened to their plea  
Bloodshed  
They wanted to bleed  
As wrath shots came to us  
We felt glorified  
We let our fists be our voice  
And they covered the night  
We dressed our hearts in black  
To continue the fight  
And a ray guided our hate  
Where night shows it's evil side  
Blood is what they wished  
Someone had to pay

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