

Incrave "Prisons Of Gore"

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Bloodred industries
Blue sky
Moving towards my suicide
This is my deathwish
Convicted to you
Deformity of blood
Melting psychopaths
In pieces of plastic
Emotions

Anger and love
For a life without sense
The mirror is moving
My eyes standing still
Children - Crying loud
And love disappears

Dictators and heroes fly
Away with the wind
My earth keeps on burning
Destruction means love
Sending my god in a prison
Of gore

Prisons of gore
My spiritual power means
Horror and war

Bloodred industries
Blue sky
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