

Johnny Truant

"The Bloodening"

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Angels with phallic smiles release toxins within the isles
Born again from a deformed ritual
Lock up your daughters, hurry now

Do you still have your limbs?
Then you can run and catch up with the rest...
They're feeding!

What now? Your bloods infected
It's all sinister and masturbated
Let go of his neck
You'll find no glory among the dead.

Do you still have your limbs?
Then you can run and catch up with the rest...
They're feeding!

They're gonna get you, they're gonna catch you
Take stakes and hatchets from in the ballroom

You shouldn't play with dead things
You shouldn't blame the dead things

Wipe the blood from your face
The bloods on your face
We are the hunters
Heres for the hunters

Here they come, sleep well tonight
The snakes with rifles unleash in flight
They're coming for you, so head for the storeroom
And get your positions

Bury, Bury the corpses, Lucifers crypt

Finding, finding out something, inside my heart
Bury, bury the corpses, the witches turn to stone

The price you pay for dignity

