

Children 18:3

"Bastards Of Bodom"

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The slaying at Bodom from so long ago
Still carry a secret, of which no one knows
A seed that was planted as the night turned to dawn
Will now bring me to life as the reaper's spawn

I'm a bastard of Bodom and I walk alone
As I follow the reaper, to lead me back home
My victims shall perish on the shores of this lake
As they look upon me, to stare death in the face

Chorus:
Don't need a reason, and I wont tell you why
Just take you to hell by the edge of my scythe!

I was born to end life, I can take any form
A shapeshifting demon, killing for sport
Like father, like son, this is my fate
Taking your lives and breeding hate!

Chorus:
Don't need a reason, and i wont tell you why
Just take you to hell by the edge of my scythe!

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