

Ritual Carnage

"Thirst For Blood"

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Blessed to kill, I'm ready to strike, I walk through the
valley of death
I fear no evil, for god is with me prepared for the
coming attack
Weapon in hand, my lust to kill, determined to
eliminate
Firing pin ignites the fury, cold steel seals their fate
Lock and load, adjust my sight, and squeeze off
another round
A raging projectile seeks it's target, moving the enemy
down

I need to quench, my thirst for war, cover in fear, or
meet your demise

Lightning strikes the hammer falls, a baptism of fire
Apocalypse upon the damned, the fall of there empire
Without fear and terminating, he surges in for the kill
To retreat is not an option, his orders he'll fulfill
On fields of flame he will converge, he knows of defeat
A soldier of the highest honor, menacing power, elite

I need to quench, my thirst for war, cover in fear, or
meet your demise
I need to quench, my thirst for blood, cover in fear, or
die

His ever yearning hunger, to spill the blood again
Another forsaken soul to waste, the product of inner
violence
Annihilating those who stand, who dare to cross his
path
A villent death is subsequent, apocalyptic land

Tally up the head count, as he slays without mercy
For death knows only company, infernal misery
Bred to fight and trained to kill, unparrled violent force
To resist is all but fital, as fate takes it's course
With glory on the horizon, he will charge right into the
light
With valor and his head held high, and victory in sight

I need to quench, my thirst for war, cover in fear, or
meet your demise
I need to quench, my thirst for blood, cover in fear, or
die

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