

Spawn "Beauty In Death"

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Two Hundred Bullets
Country Roads (Over)Filled With People
Now Airstrikes Have Begun
Burning Fields
Crying Dying Children
It's Time To Let Machine Guns Speak

Give Me Shelter
From The Burning Earth
Flames Are Getting Higher
Sirens Call - Death

Our Perfect World
Is There A Beauty In Death?
I See The Raptures Of My World
I Take My Gun To Load It
With Two Hundred Bullets
All In One Horrible Scenario
Black Birds Are Flying Low
Messengers Of Danger
And Devastation

Death And Epidemic Will Be Law
Open My Eyes
And See The Ghostly Shadows Of War
Following My Mind
To Protect My Life
Against The Assistants Of Crime
Humiliation
Burning Pain
Furious Hate

I Had A Suspicion
Beauty Is Only Illusion

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