

Eve Hallows "Goblet Of Gore"

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As the madman we all know who writhed on a crucifix
I too have been sacrificed by death and her tricks
Pursue the grail to make a wish and drink from the
goblet of gore
Souls are but small giblets please death care for more?
In my anger ten more pills shall I gather seven hills?
Lock the horns into place call upon the human race
And I would pray: bitch which art in heaven above
hallowed be thy name
Thy violence come mayhem be done on Earth as it has
in Rome
Give us this day our daily gore forgive us for being
poor
Cause maybe if we pay enough we can wield upon the
whore!
I met an alter side of myself he said I don't know all but
I'm learning
I'm tired of quiet revolution I feel a violent yearning
So gather your masses be masters of your fate
Be all that you sow there is war in the shadows I am the
master of hate
Delivering the final BLOW!!!
We the people shall destroy!!!
The whore my lord she shall not want she eateth
though I wield
She creates the bondage we are sheep in her field
Her cup runneth over with my blood and she wants
more
Death I am your filthy grail your GOBLET OF GORE...
All that I sow... of this horrorshow!

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