

Lyzanxia

"Bled Out"

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Set up devastation by blood aspiration
You're mine even before the Devil burned your brain
Enjoy your life, you'll find the next one in your pain
Believe me, you will not escape Sister insane

Don't worry 'cause wicked friends will clean up your
scars
Don't miss the chance of smashing your skull to pieces
I clean my hands before the ground cleans up your
brain
The face machine is upon you, blood will be drained

Face's Bleeder
Scrap, Clash, Killing all over
Smell that dread
You're gonna bleed your action
Screaming with despair

Pay, that's all
(The) Day is coming
Blood, Strength, Gun

The kind of man to kill your mother in your stead
Your grimy rape of her makes you a big mistake
You can never be cured choosing that kind of hell
Postmortem pain shall infiltrate every cell

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