

Claymore "Built To Kill"

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A nameless scorn was born,
Loathsome scorn of I'll fame!
In my flesh is a thorn...
I saw the ever burning flame.

I can control myself no more!
All I see is never-ending war!

Kneel or die! Of property deny!
To the defeat you should submit,
Or even suicide commit!
Of no delay praise me and admit:

You bow to my every wish!
Devoted you will die!

Pondering over things you have already said...
A cloak you should be wearing blood-red!

Glowering dead, the sun is frozen
And new idol now is chosen!

They never had dreams - only nightmares.
I am the ghosts that don't go away by means fair!

A nameless scorn was born
Loathsome scorn of I'll fame...
In my flesh is a thorn.
I saw the ever burning flame.

You're already dead
And you are no threat!

Life lost it's relish
For those who cherished it!
I am the bringer of pain!
Fierce fears are my gain!

Glowering dead, the sun is frozen
And new feeder now is chosen!

