

The Haunted

"Blood Rust"

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Stale drops of inferior taste.
Handed down just to lay to waste.
Foul scent of a dream gone bad.
Die the death that he never had.
I've seen the flaming sights
I've walked that dreaded mile.
Religious fragmentation I gasp another line.

So be it-This place turns to dust.
So be it-Our blood turns to rust...
I see the world as gone
Bring the pain!
I see the world as gone.
Epidemic spreads across the land.

To every place and into every man.
The solution lost for all.
Betrayed and broken.
Domestic intervention may stop it for a while.
Concealed intentions our code they mastermind.

So be it-This place turns to dust.
So be it-Our blood turns to rust...
I see the world as gone
Bring the pain!
I see the world as gone

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