

Trivium

"Pull Harder On The Strings Of Your Martyr"

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The face and the lips tremble as it rips
Your breath quickening as heat rushes in

Pull harder strings martyr
Stop you cry that's a lie
Flush gasping white reddening
You smile and destroy it- it's time that we end this

It's our curse that makes this world so hopeless
Allowing our king to spread his genocidal wings
Clawing the skin each kill your weakness
Annihilation your masturbation- tyrant, I'll burn you
down

My hands grip your throat I need your end
Burned, staked, ripped apart- I avenge
For every life you have taken
I am here to repay You ask me oh God why
'Cause I'm God that's fucking why

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