

Bloodsport

There's a creep in my brain
but to you it's the same
as the smile on your face
what a grin

No one dares to go home
you go nowhere alone
cus God's locked you in
what a sin

When the smell of your feet
that you taste – oh so sweet
lick your lips
draw your knife
cut `em up!

Make the blood on your plate
that you taste – oh so great
stain your soul

Kill `em all

Don't you stop!

Cus in years that will come
it will all be undone

Gods creation of Men disappear

For the meat that you eat
and the blood – oh so sweet
chokes a whole of a race
without fear

We continue to spend
and we don't see an end
to the game that we play
-Lock `em in!

Make them slaves cus we can
it was years since they ran
free of us, free of God, free of sin

Well the stain that we made
from the strain that we said
was our way to acknowledge our place

That was given to us

From our Lord

you must trust

in His name, in His word

see the face
As an image of His
all was sealed with a kiss and a grin
don't believe - it's a sin
When the sport of it all
is to kill big or small
you can eat, God has said
all the meat
Just remember the day
when they've all past away
and it's choking us all, when you fall
from the grace that you thought
was a gift from our Lord
from the God that you mirror today
Don't you smile in my brain
I'm not going INSANE
Save your grin
it's a sin
and my pain
You're a creep
and a fake
it is never too late
to redeem what you did
Please relate
To the fact that life is
just as sacred as this
in your mind, in our hands
lies our fate
If it's game that you want
you can shoot and then count
on that God maybe meant it that way
For the beast to roam free
just as sacred as me
not to stand in one place
without say
When the creep in my brain
wants to see blood and maim
I stand up
and I shout
DON'T YOU DARE!
For the future of Men

I must fight to the end
for this world
to be heard
cus I care
what will happen to God
if the creep will prevail
what an image to mirror
if I fail
Not a soul to be seen
was it all just a dream
was creation just doomed from the start?
In this world that we share
beasts will always be there
so let go of this blood
let them eat
What we claimed for our sort
in the law, it's a tort
was a trick, take your pick
realize
That the creep in our brain
it will kill once again
if you feed on the blood
our demise
Just depends on the fact
if we stop to attract
what we fear
is the beast that we feed
Feed the side that is good
you will be understood
it's one life
it's one soul
it's one love
For salvation is near
just listen and hear
in Gods voice
you will know that it's true
Hear their cries
our demise
Stop the blood
Stop the sport
There's an answer

- the answer is you.

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