

Azrael, The Blade

Pain, your life is only a book of pain
but your life it isn't very plain
this possession of hate
need to be dread
say for your defense
"All for one" to be free.

(Puente)

And all your lies, all your f**king lies...

There's like a swictch blade knife

(Estribillo)

Lies like a blade

see you tomorrow!!

What do you gain?

You only say sillines

it's the same

this possession of hate

Where do you go?

You are a sinner, a sickmen, a stray lumb

(Puente)

(Estribillo)