

So your life seems shining bright,  
Time to turn day into night.  
There's a price upon your head now.  
Just one chance to:

Pay you back. Make you bleed.  
Face the fact. Make you scream.

So your day has turn to night,  
And my night has turn to day.  
All because that hidden thought.  
The thought that wants to:

Pay you back. Make you bleed.  
Face the fact. Make you scream.

Raging, hating, driven. Purpose of the soul.  
Flying like a bullet aiming for its goal.  
No more bright horizon. No more lighten land.  
Amused by the thought that you died by my hand.

Now I am beyond the skies.  
Raised above what lies behind.  
As the darkness clouds my mind,  
Hate is growing, easy to find.

Pay you back. Make you bleed.  
Face the fact. Make you scream.