

# 3 Inches Of Blood, Phantom Of The Crimson Cloak

Out of the fog comes a huddles shape  
Cloaked head to toe in crimson flowing robes  
It hunts, kills, eats  
Unseen in sickening mists of night, some evil's lurking in the gloom  
Voracious hunting appetite and piercing demon eyes  
A mandrake sets upon its prey, slashing mangled claw  
Soulstealer strangling terror, in crimson cloak it kills  
Mortals who cross the path  
The phantom hunts and kills  
With a swift ferocity  
The demon's carcass strikes  
Death is his way, dare not cross hi path  
The phantom of the crimson cloak stalks the dark and silent night  
A killer waiting for the strike, in silence you will stand in fright  
Captured by its frozen stare, your body drained of essence  
Predator of the pure in heart, sending all their souls to Hell  
There is no escape from here, phantom horror attack  
He must feed  
On innocent human flesh  
To hold the madness at bay  
That torments his eternal march  
Death is his way, dare not cross hi path  
The phantom of the crimson cloak stalks the dark and silent night  
An ancient corpse  
He's trod this worn path  
Many forlorn years  
Aeons yet to come  
Death is his way, dare not cross his path  
The phantom of the crimson cloak stalks the dark and silent night