

Acheron, Lifeforce (The Blood)

Within slaves lurks the sacred heart
A food that the chosen need
Flowing energy that must be absorbed
While the vampire feeds
The human species is its source
That's why they were bred
Immortals search for the taste of "The Blood";
So that they may be fed

Little by little victims are drained
To quench the savage thirst
Being careful not to take too much
For their tiny minds will burst
This precious power within the flesh
Is our living key
Lost children of the temple's brood
Soon you all shall see

Lifeforce, lifeforce

Lifeforce, lifeforce

Those who understand the pleasures of the drink
Shall realize the magick it possesses
And those who don't will never understand
Because they are not of our kind

Blessed be the blood!