

# Angelcorpse, Lord of the Funeral Pyre

In the mouth of the wolf  
I crush their execrations  
Sweating out the poison  
My skin crawls black with hate  
Fall to fire  
My vengeance burns across the sky  
The scent of war and women  
Black sullen thunder flames  
Revenge!  
The taste is sweet  
Their salted tears  
The acrid smoke  
The smell of burning death  
Revenge!  
My joyous feast  
I purge their souls  
I stoke the flames  
Inhale the burning death  
Statuesque and impure  
A cenotaph of treason  
Avenge my fallen breath  
A blood-red crown my wrath  
My throne eclipses the heavens  
And storms above the stars  
Iron judgement handed down  
On wings of lightning death  
Revenge!  
The taste is sweet  
Their salted tears  
The acrid smoke  
The smell of burning death  
Revenge!  
My joyous feast  
I purge their souls  
I stoke the flames  
Inhale the burning death  
Holocaust  
Vengeance war  
Skin crawls black with hate  
Disaster  
Angelcorpse  
On wings of lightning death  
Lord of the funeral pyre  
Lord of my hate...