

# Deeds Of Flesh, Infecting Them With Falsehood

Little do they now me  
They call me a demon  
Infectin women with poison  
To get my hands on their precious money  
Inviting to my castle  
All who would be so naive

My names are plenty and so are my deeds  
Donations of anatomical specimens  
To rid myself of worries

My fortress was built weekly  
To secure my secrecy  
In my basement  
Morgue and crematory

Acids baths and griding machines  
Enter my den and I will peel off your skin

Sell your bones  
An do it again  
Bring your children  
Let me kill then  
Sell your bones  
An do it again  
Bring your children  
Let me kill then

My castle is full  
Time to use the tunnels

To sneak on these peoples  
Taht are soon to be history  
To get my hands on their precious money

My fortress was built weekly  
To secure my secrecy  
In my basement  
Morgue and crematory

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Bring your children  
Let me kill then  
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Inviting to my castle  
All who be so naive