

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

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Morgue and crematory

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