

Legion Of The Damned, Obsessed By The Grave

I am obsessed by the grave
Born in the shadow of death
Blessed with a vampire rage
My touch is Azrael's breath
Roaming through the night, in the gothic grave yards
Digging up the coffins and opening the tombs
Haunting in the dark, these places many years
Craving morbid thrills, to be satisfied soon
Looking for a corpse, to maim and desecrate
Opening the lid and catch the smell of death
Necrosadistic lust, is about to manifest
I want to maim the corpse, with my steel artifact
I am obsessed by the grave
Born in the shadow of death
Blessed with a vampire rage
My touch is Azrael's breath
Cut the strip of flesh, from the pale corpse
In the bloody morgue, before it's being buried
Feeding on the dead, flesh, blood and ashes
Consuming the deceased, necrophagious feast
Preying on humans misanthropic urge
Homicidal maniac, on a random killing spree
Assault them in the house, shoot them in the head
Crush the fucking skull, I want to see them bleed
Welcome to my temple of death
Worship my skelethal shrine
With bones of the dead decorated
To death and the evil I am dedicated
Sigils of Satan inscribe my body
Confirm my allegiance with him
I made a pact and ritualized
Evoked the demons in sinister rites
Torture animals to express my malice
Thoughman is a more worthy prey
I show contempt for your weak kind
Hatred is, my only way
No regret of the mayhem I've spread
The murderous snake is uncoiled
Misanthropic thoughts rule my mind
I am heir to the ancient bloodline
Power and submission make up my world
Ghouliness, I celebrate
Torture, bloodlust, without-end
I crave the stench of decay
I obtained blessings from the other side
Done the deeds of which many dreamt
I have seen the belly of the beast
But now the vampire roams again
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