

# 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  
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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 skeletal 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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