

# Legion Of The Damned, Sepulchral Ghoul

Pale shining full moon light  
A nocturnal summer breeze  
It is desecration night  
The scent of the waving sea  
Age old graveyard calls  
Black shadows drawing near  
The water hits the shores  
The tide it has now turned  
Ceremonial chant begins  
The casket breaks  
The curse of the sepulchral ghoul  
I crave the rot  
The curse of the sepulchral ghoul  
I love decay  
The curse of the sepulchral ghoul  
I love the rot  
The curse of the sepulchral ghoul  
In the catacombs below the gathering  
Is held for the desecrators praise  
Nothing left to be sacred  
Embrace the inverted law in profanation raised  
Seven radiating towers seven subterranean  
Streams the peacock angel reigns  
Desolating the disciple in order to liberate  
Through the razorblade ritual  
Seeking the right corpse  
To mediate upon  
Soon the shovel hits the earth  
Soon the casket breaks  
I exhume the rotting corpse  
The skull is in my hands  
An I wipe away the dirt  
Seated on the corpse  
I smell the rancid flesh  
Shivers sent down my spine  
As I feel the cold of death  
The terror of the night  
On a lysergic high  
Catapults my mind  
Inducing visions from beyond  
Perception of reality fades  
Disintegration in the visions  
Dreamlike experience  
Of a horrifying kind  
The casket of the witch  
Her body long decayed  
A shrine to the damned  
Prayers sung in reverse  
Homage to the concubine  
The angel burns in a thousand flames  
Walk among the graves  
The foulness from the pits  
From the caverns of your brain  
Relish in catharsis  
As the acid fucks your mind  
Transcending the mundane,  
The necroshaman bids,  
Welcome to the initiate  
Lysergic congregation,  
Drunk on Dionysian wine,  
Moves into altered states  
From the darkest realms,  
Surges atavistic rage,  
The bestial manifests

Wolfhounds of the Apocalypse,  
Bred in disordered times,  
Boil with primal hate  
Prayers sung in reverse  
Homage to the concubine  
Reigns the desecrator's curse  
See the traces of destruction  
The tombstones that are smashed  
The angel burns in a thousand flames  
I love the rot  
The curse of the sepulchral ghoul