

Lord Gore, Lord Gore

Raise my banner drenched in blood,
as I hold my hammer high.
Smash it down, splitting your skull,
as I ravage all life across the land.

No one, shall endure my wrath.
Feasting, upon the flesh I lack.
Fetish, for the dead I've raped,
todesking supreme, harvester of hate.

Rapist of the weak,
necro-ubermensch arise.
Witness massive piles of bodies, burning bright.
Hate-fucked, I thrust as I punch,
So you writhe in agony,
Lord Gore, the sickness of all mankind.