

Lords Of The New Church, Fresh Flesh

(Bator/James)

Chorus

Fresh Flesh

Just like a prowling beast

I eat forbidden feast

I love pleasures of the plate

I love dining in the moonlight

Upon your couch of death

I'll suck away your breath

Before you get too cold

Don't like it when you mould

I shed my serpent skin

My reign of terror begins

I stalk among the ruins

Join my dining club-I invite you in

To drink from an unborn child

Coffins have much more style

Please fill one to the lid

With fresh unbaptised kids