

# Nunslaughter, As the Cacodemons Feast

There is a house upon the hill  
From which this story is told  
A tale of human cannibals  
Brought into the fold  
One cold and stormy night  
When the asylum did not lock  
From inside the patients gathered  
They began to plot  
Delusions of flight  
And feasting flesh prevailed  
Down the street into the town  
They began to wail  
Hear the screams of agony  
This frightful night begins  
Fulfilling every fantasy  
Of hatred lust and sin  
They rip apart they shall not stop  
Repulsion in the street  
Thought to be possessed by hell  
As the Cacodemons feast  
Rage by a force not known to man  
Their fangs cut like knives  
Psychosis of consumption  
They take away your life  
To savor this a mortal meal  
Humans become a beast  
Thought to be possessed by hell  
As the Cacodemons feast