

Old Mans Child, Phantoms Of Mortem Tales

A burning lust for pleasure less desire
A needless urge to kill
Fearful thoughts, a strength we admire
With hate that their minds are fulfilled

Like tyrants, living life in wrath
Like wizards, vanishing into the dark:
As black divine gods

Born under crimson rain
Taking lives in seductive ways
Putrefy the human skin
Feeding the demons within

Nailed to the heavenly cross
You will die with the taste of dust
Praise your demonic saviour
Erase your memories of god

Like wolves, howling to the night
Like beasts, living beyond the light:
As black divine gods