

# 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