

# Rigor Mortis, Shroud Of Gloom

Lying rigid on a table trying to move, I am not able  
On my face a blood stained cloth I am dead but I am so pissed off

I will possess my shroud take life for which I vowed  
Choke men into their tombs I am the shroud of gloom  
I will not stop 'till I am satisfied  
Sending victims to the death zone squeeze their throat breaking the neckbone  
Pulling entrails out of their mouths take revenge ripping their guts out

In the dark alleys morbid actions rotting corpses give me satisfaction  
Senseless murder I have mastered cruel vengeance killing those bastards