

# Tankard, Dark Exile

Soul after soul! My black wings cut the sky  
Hatred so old! My long teeth ripped flesh  
The corpses, I'll take them into my hall of bones  
The slaughtered, the entrails, the guts will be my throne  
Victims abound! Their wickness is my strength  
Red moon beyond! Straight from the underworld  
I'm creeping, the rain beats on rusty iron walls  
The foul stench of my mouth, the abject evil calls

Dark light! Blood is the currency, and I'm the paradise  
The doors of my dark exile are closed and locked up tight  
I am the parasite and blood unlocks the light  
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Hymn of the damned! The fire burns the cries  
Realm of the dead! Welcome mortality  
My temple, unholy, the altar made of plagues  
Your crosses, just dripping, religion - sick and fake  
Hell ain't a dream! Hot pits and freezing cold  
Sin after sin! Your nightmare never ends  
That oily machinery, cooled by the human sweat  
I feed them with envy, the worms inside your head

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