

Tankard, Sunscars

Darkness, I feel the hunger in a world of the silver moonlight
Living beyond the grave from the cold of the earth I will rise

Unseen, and cloaked in shadows when I crawl over cryptic ceilings
Modern to gothic times eating souls of the mortal begins

Sunscars all over my body
On my pale skin marks of light
Filthy fingernails, encrusted
Sunscars - back to the night
Sunscars all over my body
On my pale skin marks of death
Bloodbath on the edge of sunrise
Sunscars - I have to rest

Virgins, I love to kill them I despise religious vermin
I'm not the will of god, centuries on my blackened teeth grin

Black clouds, the nightwinds howling as your body collapses lifeless
Ripped out the heart and throat, frosty day, far away, I'm ageless

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