

122 Stab Wounds, Hymns Of Misery

Chant The Hymns of Misery
Violence Reach Out of Your Hand
Arousing Feelings In My Head
Innocence Amongst The Dead
In A Fraction of A Second
I Desolve The Serpent Lover
Conform To Violence
On your Knees, Praise Me
Knife Impaling
Razors Piercing
No Hard Feelings
Perverted Shivering
Comes To Mind
That She's Not Blind
Must Do This one Quickly
Lubricate Your Skin
So I'll Get In
Feel My Hands
Penetrate You Deep Inside
Crawling In The Night
A Feast Awaits My Hunger
Raping My Cold Collection
Come Her Child
Kiss Your Life Good-Bye
In Fantasy My Heart Still Bleeds
The Pain I Feel I Grant Thee
Thoughts of Death Flew By My Mind
I Kill For The Thrill
Thrill Me Good Kick Me Hard
Certain Death Awaits You All
Weakness Is Torn Apart
The Strong Ones Shall Survive
Brutal Killed By A Cold Sickness
Cold Blue Eyes Enchants My Heart
Enthralls Me When I Chant The hymns
These Solemn Hymns of Misery
Descendant To An Endless Pit
Where Torture And Decay Is
Can't Forge The Screams I Caused
Laughing, Enjoying The Dead Once More
Rendezvous With Silence
Enter With Sin
This Is Power