

3 Inches Of Blood, The Phantom Of The Crimson

out of the fog comes a huddled shape
cloaked head to toe in crimson flowing robes
it hunts, kills, eats
unseen in sickening mists of night, some evils lurking in the gloom
voracious hunting appetite and piercing demon eyes
a mandrake sets upon its prey, slashing mangled claws
soulstealer strangling terror, in crimson cloak it kills
mortals who cross the path
the phantom hunts and kills
with a swift ferocity
the demons carcass strikes
death is his way, dare not to cross his path in fright
captured by its frozen stare, your body drained of essence
predator of the pure in heart, sending all their souls to hell
there is no escape from here, phantom horror attack
he must feed
on innocent human flesh
to hold the madness at bay
that torments his eternal march
death is his way, dare not cross his path
the phantom of the crimson cloak stalks the dark and silent night
an ancient corpse
hes trod this worn path
many forlorn years
aeons yet to come
death is his way, dare not cross his path
the phantom of the crimson stalks the dark and silent night