

Altar, Walhalla

You seal has not been broken
with 40% you're filled
I smell you from a distance
You are perfectly grilled
I see you turn before me
Your flesh is getting wet
Sixthousand watts of power
are exploding my head
Please get in line
You are my friends
My chosen ones
Four passengers
On the walhalla express
you'll guide me till I'm dead
On the walhalla express
my one way ticket to death
Spirits run in my blood
The ultimate enlightenment
I rip the flesh from your bones
and shiver from excitement
I cum all over your face
Then take you from behind
Reign in Blood from Slayer
is blasting through my mind