

Caedere, Corpse For The Theft

We are no gods, we are just
We are no gods, we are just mortal!

Shadows on the wall, they're about to take control.
Blinking of a knife, the divine strife.
Visions of a morbid dead, this corpse for the theft.
We are no gods, we are just mortal!

They will slay us with all their pleasure.
They will slay us without any sequence.
They will slay us when we're in their mind.
They will slay us when we're in their sight.

Ripping off the skin, massacre too deep within.
Caustic through the bowels, grasping at nothing less.
With the utmost exertion, slowly decapitation.
We are no gods, we are just

No chance, when they seek for a victim.
No hope, when they manage terror.
Too late, evil is on your way.
So fear, as malediction arises.

[2x:]</i> Corpse for the theft.
Decaying to bloody sludge.
Corpse for the theft.
Smash the limbs to smithereens.