

Ghoul, Forbidden Crypts

We smelled the greasepaint in the air,
They stumbled into town last night, completely unaware,
Clad in shirts of mesh and with mascara on their eyes
We saw a keyboard player and we knew they had to die.
They played a show at Ivan's Inn,
From underneath the stage we heard the caterwauling din,
They sang of forests, elves, and trolls,
The urge to kill them on the spot we barely could control
After the show they all got drunk,
Apparently to celebrate a set that really stunk,
To the graveyard they predictably paid call,
These lords of chaos whined about their tour bus being small
They spoke of Norway and "the scene";
The sound of laughing Ghouls reverberated through the trees
"We should take some pictures!" the one in chain mail said,
"That's it." Cremator growled, "It's time these idiots were dead."
They scattered like rats when they saw Ghoul attack,
The drummer was the first to go, a hook in his back
Machetes were sinking into painted flesh
Carnage and gore soaking leather and mesh
The keyboardist begged but Fermentor just laughed
We hacked off his hands and then chopped him in half
The vocalist was strangled with his very guts
His female back-up expired from her cuts
Splattering brain pans as a matter of course
Violently murdering with no f**king remorse
Their bassist, to a boobytrap, paid a toll
His head having gained five or six extra holes
The blood from his mouth made a hot, steamy treat
We savoured the moment, then sawed off his feet
Both of the guitarists made a run for the gate
Digestor cut them off and sealed their fate
One of them cried while the other was killed,
His tears did no good as his skull was still drilled
Slicing and dicing, our fanatic obsession
Of slaughtering poseurs, we've made a profession
In our forbidden...
Forbidden crypts!!!