

# Grief Of Emerald, Nightstalker (Pentagram Warrior)

Fear me, for what I am, for what I've done  
I am satan's killing machine, I am the chosen one  
The bullet runs through your head  
A glorious sight to see you dead  
Father Satan, your wish is fulfilled  
One more filthy bitch is killed

I am the nightstalker  
Pentagram warrior  
I am the nightstalker  
Pentagram warrior

I run my knife through the whore  
Feel the long cold blade touch the floor  
Vaginal mayhem, a ceremony against life  
The awful pig getting fucked by my knife  
I am the nightstalker, I am the choosen one  
I am Satans servant, I am his loaded gun

I am the nightstalker  
Pentagram warrior  
I am the nightstalker  
Pentagram warrior

My fingers in your eyes ... deep  
Your soul now I will keep  
Ripp your eyes out of your head  
See you lying there all naked and dead  
The greatest rush of them all  
Is to know I made you fall  
One more soul I have collected  
And one more cunt I have rejected

Through the cold night I walk again  
Soon I will find my next sinner  
There is no question if, but when  
My knife so cold and longing  
I am the nightstalker, I am the choosen one  
I am Satans servant, I am his loaded gun.