

# Impaled Nazarene, Curse Of The Dead Medusa

Your guardian angels took a day off  
As I entered the picture  
Your life got a new meaning, a purpose to live  
Little did you know what was to come

This is the Curse of the Dead Medusa  
Blood, wet shit and pure horror  
Fear the Curse of the The Dead Medusa  
The one that comes without any cure

Do you remember how  
Clouds stopped smiling at you?  
Do you remember no bird was singing  
Do you remember their totally unmoved faces  
As your corpse was rotting away

This is The Curse of Dead Medusa  
Blood, wet shit and pure horror  
Fear The Curse of the Dead Medusa  
The one that comes without any cure

Your attempts to catch me  
They are all in vain  
I shall mark my path  
With dead angel bodies  
And cut out their rectums  
And keep them as souvenirs

One day all of this will make sense to you  
Before that i keep on hunting  
Then when you realize the meaning behind this  
You will see me as your God

This is The Curse of Dead Medusa  
Blood, wet shit and pure horror  
Fear The Curse of the Dead Medusa  
The one that comes without any cure

Slash Action Kills