

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

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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

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Slash Action Kills