

Marduk, Funeral Bitch

The little bell echoes
the great bell groans
this templed city of tombs
where death and grief blooms
fiendish desires in human form, leather clad
black is the veil, streaming in the wind
stiletto heels clicking up the cemetery gates
death among the dead, haunting masoleums
all this death, oh, joyful sight
naked on a table of stone
juices dripping from the wet chaste
exitement of fear and death, it's to me so dear
death life, life as dead and the sharpness of the shrieks
the licking tongues of fire, lustful and crushing
funeral bitch, the urge is so strong
funeral bitch, the night is so long