

Mayhem, Deathcrush

Demonic laughter your cremation
Your lungs gasp for air but are filled with blood
A sudden crack as I crushed your skull

The remind of your life flashes by
A life that soon won't be
Smiling with axe in my hand
Evil's rotten hand you'll see

I come forward
Deathcrush

I'll send you to your maker
I'll send you to your death

Death nicely crucified
Death, heads on stakes

The barbeque has just begun
Deathcrush - deathcrush - deathcrush

Crush - crush
Deathcrush
Deathcrush
Deathcrush