

# Nunslaughter, She Lives by Night

She thirsts for blood  
The passion in my dreams  
A sanguine taste  
Pleasure so extreme  
I await the bite  
And say that I am well  
But in my heart  
I am on my way to hell  
Now I feel the power  
Rush into my mind  
The knowledge of death  
From the start of time  
I use and love  
This wicked cunt  
To possess the rights  
She lives by night  
Deep down in her grave at night  
She walks below the land  
Gathering victims to her breast  
A lurid conquest of man  
Shadow in the black of night  
I follow religiously  
Giving myself unto her  
As she feeds on me  
She lives by night