

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