

Rose Funeral, Embalming The Masses

Mutilate, strip the bodies flesh, now beg.
Look into my eyes and pray.
I am the creator of your grave.
Flames are burning through. The skulls we'll crush once more.
Death awakens you. Tonight we kill for gore.
Masses are burned alive. The bodies rot to dust.
Feasting on your limbs, with the stench of shit.
You're a fucking waste of life. I've come to kill.
Faces putrefy. The dead have risen back to life.
We rip the flesh. They torture through the light.
Blood will spill. Streets fill black with the darkest nights, to kill.
They cleanse the good to spill their guts.
Gore is what we killed them for.