

Runemagick, Death Collector

(Rudolfsson)

In the moment of your last breath
He opens his jaws of death
Soul asphyxiation and decay
Your death becomes his trophy

In the halls of eternal death
Claws of darkness around you
Come to his kingdom

Enter through the gates
To the realm of the death collector
Twisted rigor mortis
Impaled on the walls

"Come to me, I will let you bleed...Bleed"

Death collector

He sits on his throne of frozen corpses
Beholds his collection of death
Drinking blood from your skull
In a toast for torment and pain

In his halls of eternal death.

Enter through the gates.

Your rotten limbs fall to the ground
To be eaten by the rats
Just a skull and some bones
Is hanging on the walls

Death collector