

# Slayer, Necrophiliac

(Lyrics Hanneman/King; Music Hanneman)

Mortuaries, dead of night  
My body starts to rise  
In my mind the horror lives  
To feel death deep inside

Relentless lust of rotting flesh  
To thrash the tomb she lies  
Heathen whore of Satan's wrath  
I spit at your demise

Virgin child now drained of life  
Your soul cannot be free  
Not given the chance to rot in Hell

Satan's cross points to Hell  
The earth I must uncover  
A passion grows to feast upon  
The frozen blood inside her

I feel the urge the growing need  
To fuck this sinful corpse  
My tasks complete the bitch's soul  
Lies raped in demonic lust

[Lead - King]

Her stomach bursts the casket breaks  
The seed has taken form  
A writhing shape of twisted flesh  
The Devil's child is thrown

Hungry for the smell of Death  
He rules forbidden evil  
Vengeance with a frenzied hatred  
The bastard now must die

Lost souls of the dead  
Form legions that burst through Hell's Gates  
Death of one sacrifice  
To avenge the raped corpse from the grave  
Blood of one mortal man  
The fire grows stronger within  
Fate of a frenzied lust  
Lucifer takes my dark soul

Down to the fiery pits of Hell  
(Down to the fiery pits of HELL)

[Lead - Hanneman]