

# Warhammer, Dawn Of The Cadaver Ghoul

(Lyrics by V. Frerich)  
(Music by F. Krynojewski)

He feeds on the ones that died in the battle  
When the sunlight sets, he creeps out of his cave  
The smell of rotten flesh excites his insane mind  
The stench of decay fills the fiery air

Dawn of the cadaver ghoul  
Only the dead satisfy his soul

He likes the sight of all those broken bodies  
Decapitated corpses are lying all around  
What's disgusting to us, he finds of beauty  
The absolute horror is represented through him

Dawn of the cadaver ghoul  
Wicked, awful creature just waiting for you

The wars fought by mankind supply his eerie needs  
He's the king of predators, the instinct of evil  
The legend passed on by the children that he went insane  
The perfect mirror for the wrong that is done in this world

No one sees the demon when his work is complete  
Is he just a ghost of all wild stories that are told?  
Or will he come back when more blood is shed?  
And will the fear never ever go away from here?

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