

Vent To Perversion

Antropofagus

Flesh stinking masses come into the holy place
Dead bodies wanna devour the servants of god.
The church starts bloodpainting
The priest is afraid to die, he prays for him salvation.
He wants his salvation: where his faith in god?
An huge crucifix turns in his new arm,
Self-defence becomes pleasure.
The pries, gone berserk,
Starts tearing to pieces zombies haeds, piercing them,
Making them squirtout blood.
They come one after the other.
He administers them holy communion
Destroying their rotten bodies.
He's now covered with gore.
He comes and gives vent to his perversion.
The servant of god, surrounded, falls.
His throat's bitten, his body's eviscerated;
He wakes up smiling, a new life startsnow for him:
With one hand he bears his guts,
With the other he's already looking for
Living fresh flesh.