

# Thrashssacre

Lich King

Dull and horrid, feel the low end crush  
Roaring panzer tank oncoming rush  
Gallop hard, synapses rapid fire  
Fingers tear at white-hot razor wire

Thickened fist, toxic hammer smash  
Sticks are whipping, cymbals crash  
Keeping perfect time with the reaper's scythe  
Causing all the damned to writhe

You're the keeper of the giant's spine  
Melt the flesh away and flay the mind  
Become doom, your nerves are pounding red  
You're the herald of the angry dead

Bones and blood  
Feel your skull go thud  
Conscious thought is gone  
Join the primal throng  
Blades a blur  
Thrashssacre

Gut the throat with a monstrous yell  
That's rooted in a private hell  
Tearing brains apart and screaming free  
On a brutal killing spree

Battle's waging as you churn up scum  
Gouging faces to pulp for fun  
Lightning death, hard and fast and fierce  
A chainsaw bloodbath for the ears

All together now let's kill as one  
Slay the heretics, sparing none  
Become war, raise the dripping sword  
Leaders of the savage horde

Rise and die  
In this blood soaked sty  
Blistered cracked and peeled  
axe of sharpened steel  
Mass murder  
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