

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
Thrashssacre