

The Feast Of Ghouls

Necromantia

My reign beneath the graveyard my
kingdom's underground disease of
necrophagia child of Ancient Gods.
My shape's a living fear my eyes
reflecting horror my growl will
make you creep.

[Let's all gather under the
moonlight prepare our feast this
unholy night come my brothers
follow my signs this is the feast of
ghouls.

I growl into your coffin licking my
lips for flesh the highest of
repulsions the sacrilege of death.
I'm the cremator from ashes I've
been born you're destined for my
supper your corpse is my rebirth.
I love to crunch your bones one by
one ripping you to shreds suck the
eyeballs of your socket feeling the
taste.
Your tender tongue is a special
piece rotten in your mouth your
entrails smell delightfully soon
will be mine.