

Death Immaculate

Necrophobic

Can you feel us rising, from the depths of Hades we
rise
We come in raging fury to slake your sorry lives
We hate everything you stand for and all those of your
kind
There will be no room for mercy, true hate is always
blind
I want to carve that ugly grin from your face
I want to see you in torment with a rusty razorblade

We laugh at your regrets, you feeble Christian scum
In agony you shall die for all you have become
To us your lives are worthless, like an insect or a
plant
We tear you inside out, in evil we enchant

Watch the bones, the patterns they create
They will tell you who we are, they will tell you about
your fate
Watch the bones, your fortune they'll reveal
To suffer in endless darkness, the affliction it
conceals

Death Immaculate...

You put your hope into the sky
For your souls salvation
I put my hope into the fire
For my souls damnation

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Death Immaculate...