

# The Ghoul

Pentagram

On endless nights my need to roam  
I've come to desecrate your bones  
As maggots crawl amongst your flesh  
You're soon to meet the truth of death

My wants are few to reach my quest  
You're bound to feel my cold request  
Now my dear you soon shall see  
The dying living truth of me

Cause I'm not living  
You soon will be giving  
So I can die on

From far away and from the near  
My finest clients buried here  
For once you've shared your death with me  
A ghoul I shall forever be

But I must sleep before the dawn  
And then my work will carry on  
Once you've come to grips with me  
A ghoul I know you'll always be

Cause I'm not living no  
You'll soon be giving  
So I can die on  
Chosen one  
Cause I'm not the living  
you soon will be giving  
So I can die on yeah!  
Aaah chosen one!