

Cursed Be The Flesh I Have Spared

Sargeist

I step into a cave full of bats.
Tired of the bloodthirsty hunt.
With black leather wings of Hell.
No mercy in my heart cold as death.

But where is the coffin of my nest.
Have the humans finally found me?
Cursed be the flesh I have spared.
You can hunt but never will you win....the Dark.

I take the form of a funeral fog.
Weird and full of tormented souls.
Beware,supersticious mortals.
With claws of black steel I slay.

Pitiful herd with stakes and crosses.
See what Evil breeds from hurting me.
I spit on your efforts to destroy me.
Your souls I'll soon possess..in the Dark.