

Looking from above
Yes you down there below
Practice what you preach
Your contract is in breach

I'm coming back for you

No point running

Children's Choirmaster a fiddling evil pastor
You're, time is running out that there is no doubt
Confronted bastard soul faster cruise control
No courage in your head screaming mournful dead

Mamba you're a snake
You face your final wake
Your lord don't love you now
Perverted sacred cow!

I will not be your victim

No point running [x3]

Deformed disjecta membra, no postage or no sender
Resident of hell, join your clientele
Fire sucks cold air, the flames of massacre
Behind you there's a ghost, a dark uncanny host