

A Living Grave

Alghazanth

I am many and we are one
Seeketh I must and findeth we shall

From the tunnels most abhorred
I, the unclean, once crawled forth
Dripping with fluids repulsive and vile
Haunting the night, ravaging minds

The stench of human fear is addictive
A source of bliss there is in each victim

Waiting for that moment so sweet to arrive
When you are lost, that's when I'll strike

I am many and we are one
Taketh I must and feedeth we shall

...and feedeth we shall!

Though I slash you open
And brand my mantra on your skin
It's not your flesh I'm after
But what lies deep within

Only a fool would mistake this for a dream
A death-struggle this is
And resistance just strengthens me!

No force, no light, no flame
Just a dead soul in a living grave

I am many and we are one
Taketh I have and returneth we shall