

# More Corpses for the Grave

Desaster

He is a collector  
At least the owner of your soul  
The one who gets 'em all  
Master in eternal fall  
The fairest guy in multiverse  
Perfect in taking lives  
Raping all that bleeds  
King of all whats blasphemy

The keeper at the gates to own hell  
Surely ending no need to tell  
Eternal nothing private cell  
Damnation till the end of all day

Please keep close the eternity  
High priest of the living  
Trapped

You hear these words of anguish,  
the voice within all walls  
This frost now stirs your will  
while slaughtering your soul  
Your live never eternal, never joking the unknown  
Not really to await a call, soon he strikes us all

Your cannot fell what's nothingness  
A void ever unknown

Rot

The breed of existence, the everything of all  
The lord of carnage, destruction and gore  
The death maybe something real  
And devastation his loving thrill

You cannot fell what's nothingness  
A void ever unknown

Try to stand...  
The almighty troop of abomination  
Soldier 666

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It needs  
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Corpses to the grave