

Fleshcult

Fleshcrawl

[chorus 1]
Sons of flesh - marching - feasting
On your blood
Lords of death - thirsting - greeding
For your soul
In the night - hunting - crawling
With sharp knives
Sacrifice - cutting - screaming
Mutilation

[chorus 2]
We are the fleshcult
Addicted to death
We are the legion
Of crawling flesh

[repeat chorus 1]

[repeat chorus 2]

On your knees
Hold out to die
Your heads will roll
Beheading day

We are the messengers of true belief
We are the death squad as you can see
Pray to the bloodsoul, breeding the dead
Feeding the demons without regret

We're forged in blood, we are damned in fire
We are the deathlord's great desire
Legions of hatred, guiding our ways
Thousands of souls that we have slain

[repeat chorus 2]

In the center of hate, we will arise
We cause havoc, pain and demise
We skinned souls and we are forced to kill
Through guts and gore we pursue our will

We returned from the dead to the living
Absorbing all what corpses are giving
No one can stop us, the death machinery
The legion is marching death to victory