

[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