

Grave Reaper

Funebrarum

In the shadows
Of the realm of the dead
A spectre has descended
Abhorrent visions unknown to man
Corporealizing disembodied remnants

Transcendent forces
Unleashed from the flesh
The most decrepit of cadavers
Beckons the grave reaper
Predatory necromantic powers

Willing the dead flesh to rise
Wretchedly goremandize
Transmogrified
Into eternities beyond

Rabidly incising flesh
Horrifying putrid mess
Return him to the realm
Of ancient gods

A lifeless expanse that time washed away
A sickening wasteland of pestilential decay
A dark shroud of misery
Drapes this forgotten world
It is here the reaper's twisted soul
Hungers to return

In an instant, torn from malignant bliss
Repulsive immortal at madness' precipice
Eternal torment, salvation in his grip
Scavenged remains torn from the crypt

Grave Reaper
Bloodthirsty pillager of rotted flesh

Goremandize ...

In the shadows of the realm of the dead
A fiend continues to feast
Horrifying visage unknown to man
Ghastly ravenous beast

Transcendent forces
Unleashed from the flesh
Of the most putrescent of the dead
Where the deceased are torn
From their ancient slumber
You will know the Grave Reaper has fed