

Existo Vulgoré

Morbid Angel

My sour images dispelling all doubt
One sip of poison and my darkness comes out
Like glass reflecting all the venom I see
My spirit taken Task and now I will forever be

Vulgore of the gory
Vulgore for the glory glory
Vulgore tells the ugly story
Vulgore existo vulgoré

All the worldly deeds of malice displayed
From a wicked recipe this potion is made
Each drop of future's bleak and calloused in view
Sick clerics unprepared for vulgore I spew

I rejoice in awful ways
I sickly tune the worst of days
To have unreason's show to tell
All the world is a victim 'cause I'm raining hell

Go gore the race is on to find a pure one
With simple subjects
Oh this never could be fun
Gore spreads a santo duelo como nino
Feliz un día cuando gore golpea