

Bring Out Your Dead

Naglfar

I caress the cold blackened Skin.
A Whore soon dead as Life has fled.
Necrotic scent unfolds.
My tainted Touch burns in her Veins.
A husk diseased, gagging to breathe.
Soon nothing left but Bones.

You can find me at the Cemeteries.
There, where Death is most real.
I await.
Where the Maggots crawl, there I wait for your Soul.
You can call me by my Name.
I am the Plague.

You will know me by the trail of deceased.
The dead sprawled in the Streets.
Putrid Bodies, my Trophies, they're mine to claim.
So waste no Prayers.
Your God is not here.
My Presence brings you all Despair, so...

...Bring on your Dead.

I caress the cold blackened Skin.
Another Soul add to my fold.
Necrotic scent unfolds.
My tainted Touch burns in her Veins.
A Face so pale as Life has failed.
Soon nothing left but Bones.

You will know me by the trail of deceased.
The dead sprawled in the Streets.
Putrid Bodies, my Trophies, they're mine to claim.
So waste no Prayers.
Your God is not here.
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...Bring on your Dead.