

# The Feast Of Ghouls

## Necromantia

My reign beneath the graveyard my  
kingdom's underground disease of  
necrophagia child of Ancient Gods.  
My shape's a living fear my eyes  
reflecting horror my growl will  
make you creep.

[Let's all gather under the  
moonlight prepare our feast this  
unholy night come my brothers  
follow my signs this is the feast of  
ghouls.

I growl into your coffin licking my  
lips for flesh the highest of  
repulsions the sacrilege of death.  
I'm the cremator from ashes I've  
been born you're destined for my  
supper your corpse is my rebirth.  
I love to crunch your bones one by  
one ripping you to shreds suck the  
eyeballs of your socket feeling the  
taste.  
Your tender tongue is a special  
piece rotten in your mouth your  
entrails smell delightfully soon  
will be mine.