

# Death Immaculate

## Necrophobic

Can you feel us rising, from the depths of Hades we  
rise  
We come in raging fury to slake your sorry lives  
We hate everything you stand for and all those of your  
kind  
There will be no room for mercy, true hate is always  
blind  
I want to carve that ugly grin from your face  
I want to see you in torment with a rusty razorblade

We laugh at your regrets, you feeble Christian scum  
In agony you shall die for all you have become  
To us your lives are worthless, like an insect or a  
plant  
We tear you inside out, in evil we enchant

Watch the bones, the patterns they create  
They will tell you who we are, they will tell you about  
your fate  
Watch the bones, your fortune they'll reveal  
To suffer in endless darkness, the affliction it  
conceals

Death Immaculate...

You put your hope into the sky  
For your souls salvation  
I put my hope into the fire  
For my souls damnation

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