

# Death Collector

Runemagick

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In the moment of your last breath  
He opens his jaws of death  
Soul asphyxiation and decay  
Your death becomes his trophy

In the halls of eternal death  
Claws of darkness around you  
Come to his kingdom

Enter through the gates  
To the realm of the death collector  
Twisted rigor mortis  
Impaled on the walls

"Come to me, I will let you bleed...Bleed"

Death collector

He sits on his throne of frozen corpses  
Beholds his collection of death  
Drinking blood from your skull  
In a toast for torment and pain

In his halls of eternal death.

Enter through the gates.

Your rotten limbs fall to the ground  
To be eaten by the rats  
Just a skull and some bones  
Is hanging on the walls

Death collector