

A Great Mass of Death

Septic Flesh

Creators...
Evoke your tragedy.
Betrayers!
You can't deny your lust for destruction.
Predators...
Dance once more waltz with the flesh of your prey.
Your sharpened teeth will sink in a passionate kiss...
There's no hope for redemption.
In every funeral, I have been
Your cemeteries so secrete, with gothic dark cathedrals.

I am the Destroyer of Life, I hear you chanting for me.

A Great Mass... of death
A Great Mass of death
A Great Mass of silence
It's the quiet of absence.

A Great Mass of death
A Great Mass of silence
A concerto of sadness.

A Great Mass of death
A Great Mass...

Run!

A Great Mass of death
A Great Mass of silence

I am the Destroyer of Life,
I hear you chanting for me...