

## Holy War

### The Lords Of The New Church

Chorus  
Fresh Flesh  
Just like a prowling beast  
I eat forbidden feast  
I love pleasures of the plate  
I love dining in the moonlight  
Upon your couch of death  
I'll suck away your breath  
Before you get too cold  
Don't like it when you mould  
I shed my serpent skin  
My reign of terror begins  
I stalk among the ruins  
Join my dining club-I invite you in  
To drink from an unborn child  
Coffins have much more style  
Please fill one to the lid  
With fresh unbaptised kids