

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