

The Corpsegrinder Experience

Vomitory

Walking through blood and guts, scattered bodies
Butchered human remains, a sweet smell of bowels and blood

A morbid legion, with a hunger for flesh
I see them coming in a trail of death

The undead invades, bringer of death
They show no mercy when they hunt for flesh

Carnal, carnage, increasing, bloodthirst
Relentless, gluttony, driven, by flesh

Troops of decomposing creatures, prepare for war
Forward through, the field of death

Crushing spines with an axe, chainsaw decapitation
A dagger through the eye, maiming of the enemies

Harvest with your axe again, split their brains in half
Cut up their infected veins, send them back to their graves

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