

One For The Butcher

Winds of Plague

When I'm dead and gone I'm gonna rage in hell.
I believe in nothing but belief in myself.
One day I'm gonna go.
Coming back to haunt you as a mother fucking ghost.
One for the butcher rising high with sharpened knives
There's no soul to hide behind these eyes
One for the butcher.
It's a full moon tonight. At midnight the butcher will rise
When the sun goes down you best not find yourself
With no one home you're not alone. You'll all be dead by dawn.
One day I'm gonna go when I come back you'll be a mother fuckin
g ghost.
One for the butcher.
Live in the dark long enough until you eyes adjust.
One for the butcher
Born of primordial doze I've got no pulse and I've got nothing
to lose.
We are what nightmares are made of what
The feared fear most on this day of the living dead.
All hallow's eve where the dead rule the night.
Translucent apparitions come into plain site.
Six more hours till the sun lights the sky.
No one is safe on halloween night,
Unearthed from the ground,
Spirits manifest from the gates of hell
Flickering flames pierce the lingering veil.
Tonight we forget the bounds of right and wrong.
Come summer's end when the leaves turn brown.
Creatures buried deep wont stay in the ground.
Come take a walk on the dark side with me.
Peel away the earth and raise the dead.
Back from the grave to strike again.
We have come as children of the night.
Sworn to drain everything of life.