

The Final Sacrifice

Mortician

Children return to kill
More elder's blood will spill
Offerings to their god
Dwelling with in the corn
Demon orders their deaths
Knives tear into the flesh
Lust for blood in their eyes
All that enter will die
Mangled corpses now pile
Children's bloody death rites
Trapped nowhere to escape
Sharp sickle seals your fate
Blade cuts, your throat is slit
Offering is your death
Last elder one alive
The final sacrifice