

Lord of the Funeral Pyre

Angel Corpse

In the mouth of the wolf
I crush their execrations
Sweating out the poison
My skin crawls black with hate
Fall to fire
My vengeance burns across the sky
The scent of war and women
Black sullen thunder flames

Revenge
The taste is sweet
Their salted tears
The acrid smoke
The smell of burning death

Revenge
My joyous feast
I purge their souls
I stoke the flames
Inhale the burning death

Statusque and impure
A cenotaph of treason
Avenge my fallen breath
A blood red crown my wrath
My throne eclipse the heavens
And storms above the stars
Iron judgement handed down
On wings of lightning death

Revenge
The taste is sweet
Their salted tears
The acrid smoke
The smell of burning death

Revenge
My joyous feast
I purge their souls
I stoke the flames
Inhale the burning death

Holocaust
Vengeance war
Skin crawls black with hate
Disaster
Angelcorpse
On wings of lightning death

Lord of the funeral pyre
Lord of my hate...