

Demonslayer

Debauchery

Never kneel before the devil
Never kneel before evil
Fight the demons and their kin
Because they are the embodiment of sin

The fires of hell are burning bright
We battle in their hellish light
It reeks of burned flesh and despair
The ash of blood and the dust of bones are in the air

Torture them on the racks of righteousness
Bring death and pain to the bringers of evilness
Kill them with silver and weapons of god
Stand with the angels, blessed be their swords

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My armour will save the day
My sword will be with me on my way
My job is to crunch the bones - There will flow blood
I rip out their hearts and feed on their guts

Angel of my pain