

Feast of Flesh

Exmortus

Who wields the sword with greater skill?
'Tis I, for see your blood I spill
My hunger calls, your spirit falls
Now I go in for the kill

Now see the soil soaked in red
The broken bodies lying dead
So great my ire, start not the fire
Rather eat it raw instead

Gluttony, engage my primal lust
Savagery, dark ritual unjust
Maim and maul, heed not the cries of pain
Devour, and feed till naught remain

Feast of flesh
Butchered carcass
Prepare the feast of flesh
What are you craving?
Feast of flesh
Carnage and death
Indulge the feast of flesh
In blood we're bathing

Rise up you cowards whence you dwell
There is a story I must tell
Not etched in stone, but from the bone
Tonight, we all dine in Hell

We relish living for the thrill
From all the fear that we instil
Fire up the forge, time to engorge
Never cease to have our fill

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