## **Battle Lust**

I gaze through the mist at the approaching host My hand finds the hilt of my sword Soon they are sundered, their bodies we roast Their leader is hacked, mauled and gored

Battle lust takes me Demon be damned No way to slake me Die by my hand DIE

Sternum's are cloven and skulls they are split They then are heaped up in piles Monarch of murder, the crown seems to fit Suffering brings only smiles...

Battle lust takes me Demon be damned No way to slake me Die by my hand DIE

Whirling and hacking I'm bathing my blade Mutated myrmidon of rage The howling vortex of the hatred I've made The enemy is still miles away Addicted to war lust I can't be controlled The burning blood soon chokes the pyre Slaughter with frenzy - must eat their souls Don't even pause to perspire (well, maybe just a little bit)

Let slip the dogs of war!

The foe was fanatic, the battle well fought I split another rib cage, the blood is black and hot Volleys rain, bodies drop Lungs collapse, sinews pop

Is good ya!

Battle lust takes me Thrive on your pain Abattoirs churning Die in my name DIE

My friend the buzzard he follows my toils My friend the rat grows fat from my spoils My friend the maggot he spawns in your brain My friend or enemy, all shall die in pain

LUST!