

Shroud Of Gloom

Rigor Mortis

Lying rigid on a table trying to move, I am not able
On my face a blood stained cloth I am dead but I am so pissed off

I will possess my shroud take life for which I vowed
Choke men into their tombs I am the shroud of gloom
I will not stop 'till I am satisfied
Sending victims to the death zone squeeze their throat breaking
the neckbone
Pulling entrails out of their mouths take revenge ripping their
guts out

In the dark alleys morbid actions rotting corpses give me satisfaction

Senseless murder I have mastered cruel vengeance killing those bastards