

# Crypt of Thanatophilia

## Tribulation

The urge grows ever stronger  
A tasty stiff is what I need  
I can't wait any longer  
A dead birth to plant my seed

The stench of death it fills my brain  
Rigormortic love satisfaction gained  
In here I master what now is mine  
Ejaculation turning divine

Desecrate blasphemy  
Repulsive misery  
A divine dead filling spree  
Dead corpse just for me

Hacking their bones while  
I lick them so cold inside  
I feel their intestines rot  
Peeling the skin from the skull  
I rip bones from the ribs  
Sockets pouring blood

The stench of death it fills my brain  
Rigormortic love satisfaction gained  
In here I master what now is mine  
Ejaculation turning divine