The Ghoul

Pentagram

On endless nights my need to roam
I've come to desecrate your bones
As maggots crawl amongst your flesh
You're soon to feel the truth of deathMy wants are few to reach my quest
You're bound to feel my cold request
Now my dear you soon shall see
The dying living truth of meCause I'm not living
You soon will be giving
So I can die onFrom far away and from the near
My finest clients buried here
For once you've shared your death with me
A ghoul I shall forever beBut I must sleep before the dawn
And then my work will carry on
Once you've come to grips with me
A ghoul I know you'll always beCause I'm not living no
You'll soon be giving
So I can die on
Chosen one
Cause I'm not the living
you soon will be giving
So I can die on yeah!
Aaah chosen one!

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