

Lord of the Funeral Pyre

Angel Corpse

In the mouth of the wolf
I crush their execrations
Sweating out the poison
My skin crawls black with hate
Fall to fire
My vengeance burns across the sky
The scent of war and women
Black sullen thunder flames
The taste is sweet
Their salted tears
The acrid smoke
The smell of burning death
The smell of burning death
The smell of burning death
Revenge
My joyous feast
I purge their souls
I stoke the flames
Inhale the burning death
Statuesque and impure
A cenotaph of treason
Avenge my fallen breath
A blood red crown my wrath
My throne eclipses the heavens
And storms above the stars
Iron judgement handed down
On wings of lightning death
Holocaust
Vengeance war
Skin crawls black with hate
Disaster
Angelcorpse
On wings of lightning death
Lord of the funeral pyre
Lord of my hate

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