As the Cacodemons Feast

Nunslaughter

There is a house upon the hill
From which this story is told
A tale of human cannibals
Brought into the fold
One cold and stormy night
When the asylum did not lock
From inside the patients gathered
They began to plot
Delusions of flight
And feasting flesh prevailed
Down the street into the town
They began to wail
Hear the screams of agony
This frightful night begins
Fulfilling every fantasy
Of hatred lust and sin
They rip apart they shall not stop
Repulsion in the street
Thought to be possessed by hell
As the Cacodemons feast
Rage by a force not known to man
Their fangs cut like knives
Psychosis of consumption
They take away your life
To savor this a mortal meal
Humans become a beast
Thought to be possessed by hell
As the Cacodemons feast

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