Necrophiliac (12.19.87)

Slayer

Mortuaries, dead of night
My body starts to rise
In my mind the horror lives
To feel death deep insideRelentless lust of rotting flesh
To thrash the tomb she lies
Heathen whore of Satan's wrath
I spit at your demiseVirgin child now drained of life
Your soul cannot be free
Not given the chance to rot in HellSatan's cross points to Hell
The earth I must uncover
A passion grows to feast upon
The frozen blood inside herI feel the urge the growing need
To fuck this sinful corpse
My tasks complete the bitch's soul
Lies raped in demonic lustHer stomach bursts the casket breaks
The seed has taken form
A writhing shape of twisted flesh
The Devil's child is thrownHungry for the smell of Death
He rules forbidden evil
Vengeance with a frenzied hatred
The bastard now must dieLost souls of the dead
Form legions that burst through Hell's Gates
Death of one sacrifice
To avenge the raped corpse from the grave
Blood of one mortal man
The fire grows stronger within
Fate of a frenzied lust
Lucifer takes my dark soulDown to the fiery pits of Hell
(Down to the fiery pits of hell)

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