

Feasting On the Blood of the Insane

Six Feet Under

In the dark of the night I search for
The mindless wretches of society
To drink of their blood and feast upon their flesh
Time to break 'cause you'll never take this
Lots of stiffs and blood, what a sickening mess
Feasting on the blood of the insane
Here's another tale of mother fucking deranged
Psychotic, violent another one dead, blood clotted
Lust for blood a need for insanity
Die in the slaughter, time to tap an artery
Brain withered another empty thought
I will kill again and never be caught
Face to face with the monster of hate
Another victim, another piece of meat
Time to kill, no one gets out alive
Another scream, another motherfucker dies
First I kill and then I feed
Can't deny my blood lust need
A son of a bitch, third generation
Schooled in the art of human strangulation
Only one thing will control my pain
That's to drink the blood of the insane
My need for blood drives me to kill
Another dying, bleeding for my lust
Feed on the dead, feed on the dead
Feed on the dead
I've got to get the blood flowing
Just a bit of guts and gore
Indulgence in the blood of freaks
Take another dose of the blood lust
To rip apart, shred the dead
Teeth stuck in another victim
Blood bath, I'm gonna kill again
I am the walking dead
Concentrated hate, fear and pain
Inside of me the same
It's gonna go on and on and on
A new life is born
Broken bodies start now rotting
No way to stop the feeding
Only one way to control my pain
Feasting on the blood of the insane
My need for blood drives me to kill
Another dying, bleeding for my lust
Feed on the dead, feed on the dead
Feed on the dead

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