Vampire

Rigor Mortis

Black is the night full is the moon
Picking the flesh from my teeth
The thick fog rises midnight is soon
Prowling the streets stalking for meat as the necrophiliac
You cannot hide because I will find you
And you will rot
Approaching my victim I make my advance
My eyes have her entranced
With hands cold as death and skin white as bone
Fangs are injected draining her blood the whore lies in pain
With ripped out tendons and the marks of hell
She will rot
The thick fog is rising up to the moon
The coffin opens
I am the one who rises from the grave
To drink the blood of the living
Feeding the maggots leftover flesh
It's frightening to know that I am dead
And as the prince of hell I'm calling you
Blood on the floor, blood in my mouth
I love the taste of death
Decaying afterbirth falls from her face
To all of you people who do not believe I'm my sorcery from hell
Held in my bondage and tortured to death
And you will rot!

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