

# 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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