

# Voracious Souls

## Death Angel

In the night, in the circle of death  
They congregate to hold a feast  
There lies a body in the center of the ring  
Each human soon becomes a beastThey sing the song to glorify the dead  
They chant, they chant eternal life  
The master sails as he lifts the gleaming blade  
The sound of flesh sliced by the knifeMen without anguish  
Men without fear  
Men chosen to ride the earth  
Evil confrontation nearsThese mindless sinners sit there  
Without greed, not even grief  
The final incision, having now been complete  
As these ominous demons start to eat

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