

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 beast
They 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 knife
Men without anguish
Men without fear
Men chosen to ride the earth
Evil confrontation nears
These 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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