

3 Inches Of Blood "Phantom Of The Crimson Cloak"

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Out of the fog comes a huddles shape
Cloaked head to toe in crimson flowing robes
It hunts, kills, eats

Unseen in sickening mists of night, some evil's lurking
in the gloom
Voracious hunting appetite and piercing demon eyes
A mandrake sets upon it's prey, slashing mangled claw
Soulstealer strangling terror, in crimson cloak it kills

Mortals who cross the path
The phantom hunts and kills
With a swift ferocity
The demon's carcass strikes
Death is his way, dare not cross hi path
The phantom of the crimson cloak stalks the dark and
silent night

A killer waiting for the strike, in silence you will stand in
fright

Captured by it's frozen stare, your body drained of
essence
Predator of the pure in heart, sending all their souls to
Hell
There is no escape from here, phantom horror attack

He must feed
On innocent human flesh
To hold the madness at bay
That torments his eternal march

Death is his way, dare not cross hi path
The phantom of the crimson cloak stalks the dark and
silent night

An ancient corpse
He's trod this worn path
Many forlorn years
Aeons yet to come

Death is his way, dare not cross his path

The phantom of the crimson cloak stalks the dark and
silent night

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