

Acid House Kings

"More Corpses For The Grave"

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He is a collector
At least the owner of your soul
The one who gets 'em all
Master in eternal fall
The fairest guy in multiverse
Perfect in taking lives
Raping all that bleeds
King of all what's blasphemy

The keeper at the gates to own hell
Surely ending no need to tell
Eternal nothing private cell
Damnation till the end of all day

Please keep close the eternity
High priest of the living
Trapped

You hear these words of anguish,
The voice within all walls
This frost now stirs your will
While slaughtering your soul
Your live never eternal, never joking the unknown
Not really to await a call, soon he strikes us all

Your cannot fell what's nothingness
A void ever unknown

Rot

The breed of existence, the everything of all
The lord of carnage, destruction and gore
The death maybe something real
And devastation his loving thrill

You cannot fell what's nothingness
A void ever unknown

Try to stand...
The almighty troop of abomination
Soldier 666

More Corpses For The Grave
It needs
More Corpses For The Grave

The keeper at the gate to own hell
Surely ending no need to tell
Eternal nothing private cell
Damnation till the end of all day
Corpses to the grave

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