

Lord Finesse

"Breakfast At The Manchester Morgue"

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Raise my banner drenched in blood,
As I hold my hammer high.
Smash it down, splitting your skull,
As I ravage all life across the land.
No one, shall endure my wrath.
Feasting, upon the flesh I lack.
Fetish, for the dead I've raped,
Todesking supreme, harvester of hate.
Rapist of the weak,
Necro-ubermensch arise.
Witness massive piles of bodies, burning bright.
Hate-fucked, I thrust as I punch,
So you writhe in agony,
Lord Gore, the sickness of all mankind.

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