

## Lord Gore

# "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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