

Malk De Koijn

"Insatiable Thirst For Blood"

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I cross the sweet catacombs of a morbid cemetery
I dig a sepulcher until the last grain of sand
I violate that sad and gloomy coffin
Infested of worms and rotten meats

Bones!
I take them to the mouth
Under a silvered and bizarre moonlight
To the beautiful eyes of bats, owls and candles...
...In my insatiable thirst for blood

Candles!
Which illuminate my way back home
But, before, I satiate my insane thirst
My necromantic pain which numbs Satan
With my untamable lusts and intimate depravities

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