

Mutilation

"Curse My Funeral"

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My shadows is creeping on the grey stones,
Descending the stars of a forgotten castle.
The years have past and war time is over.
Are those steps going to Hell.
Standing alive there leads me to anger, I hope I'm soon
to reach the gate,
Beyond which I'll find a mind of peace, somewhere
fortress seems to bury me.
Bats are showing me the way, this goddamn fortress
seems to bury me.
The elements open on a blacker passage marked by
black candles.
Out in the storms and winds, hiding from the mortals.
Screaming as I wish to quit, cutting my flesh so deep.
What a great artist dies with me...
I leave, I hope you cry as I hurt you for the last time.
You see, as that you'll remind me, poor unconscious
victims.
Now the pit opens to me, I don't even feel my last
time's saviour.
I run to the ugly mouth of death making one with
shadows.
You can already curse my funeral, I still vomit on your
holy earth.
Don't feel any compassion, I've sinned just to betray
god.
A spit on this rotten face, I am the Satan's carrion.

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