

Noctuary

"In Sickness And In Hell"

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Ripe with the sickness
Vanity and Hell
Pointing claws in arrogance
Riot rising - Contemplation ends
Cast your eyes into the burning skies
Can you hear the funeral bells?
As you plough on towards Hell
Excommunicating everything in sight
In sickness and in Hell we stand
Beast of Bourbon - The Devil's hand
You have a dawn appointment with the gallows
"When you fucked with us... An Army was born..."
Ice cold - Riot stare
Horns locked
And metal to the bone I swear
I don't want you here
You don't mean shit to me, No
I bite the hand that feeds me
Hah, I can't take it no more
I'm going straight to the core
Cry... Havoc
It's foaming at my mouth
Better run for your life
No more warnings, no more signs
Scream for retribution
This time I'm first in line
In sickness and in Hell
Primus - Denominator
Spitting bolts in tongues of fire
Enforcer - Eradicator
'Come drag you to the funeral pyre
It's quite a sight, we've come full circle
You have to kill me now to shut me now
Inflictor - Annihilator
You better check your pulse
You might be dead I the ground
Objective - Damnation
Objective - Dead ahead
Drunk on blood I smell your fear
The Blood-froth's in my veins
In sickness and in Hell

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