

## Noctuary

### "Wicked, Vicious & Violent"

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Into the scablands  
To the end and to your death  
There's something evil in these hills  
Hiding in corpse-chariots  
Into the winter desert-Hell  
As spoils of war - The butchers' bill  
The mortuary wagons stops  
Bloodletting time is here  
Tied-up neck to heels  
Dragged off by your hair  
Into the charnel house we go  
Steadfast - With vicious speed  
Nailed onto a wooden cross  
Hung from the walls to bleed  
One by one - Stretched out on a butchers block  
With a ripping sound - Like tearing meat  
The scalped hide comes off  
As bait on hook - Skull-fucked to death  
They're carving flesh from bone  
Dejointed - Limb by limb  
As pigs they feast with rabid moans  
Wicked... Vicious and Violent  
For 7 times 7 nights  
They ate away our flesh  
Flesh-meister's funeral feast  
Rawhide and ravenous death  
Sliced and diced and cleaved in two  
A master piece of meat  
Mouth and eyes sewn shut with wire  
Upon the table of Hell you reek  
Picked clean of skin and meat  
The flesh-hooks pin you down  
Licking corpse-grey lips  
As bone saws grind with cracking sounds  
Festering and flayed alive  
In prolonged agony  
As you smell your own flesh cooking  
Cramped in terror - Viciously  
An all enclosing wickedness  
The savage in their core  
Cannibal - Flesh-ripper crawl

The scavengers of war  
Are you wicked?  
Damned in the desert-foothills  
Meat hooks lick your flesh  
As they're ripping out your tongue  
With rusty needles - Black as death  
Flayed and chained and ripped to shreds  
Skin peels from yellow bones  
Cannibalistic-evil calls  
The sadist in our soul

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