

## Nocturnal Breed "Fields Of Rot"

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We blasted through the front-line  
Crossing the carnage remains  
Into the meat grinders rattle  
Chain-fed in lunatic waves  
Through clouds of poisoned gasses  
Ankle-deep in blood  
We did not see - The chain-gun front  
Bullet-bait for the Gods  
No... Please don't leave me here  
On the fields of rot  
Send me home in pieces instead  
I feel it coming  
Lung-rot - Gang green  
Inflectional disease  
In rotting white flesh  
More maggot now than meat  
Slowly blood-flies eat me up  
My hands are rotting off  
Hacked apart - The living Hell  
Upon the fields of rot  
Buried alive in mass graves  
Side by side with the dead  
Abandoned here - In no-man's land  
Flung to the four winds we're spread  
Out of the trench it came  
Into the midnight black  
His rottenness - The Ghost of war  
The Devil's on his back  
To walk the fields of bone  
The curse of necrotising black  
A rotted ruin of a face  
Is licking at my soul  
Burning with the fever  
It is tearing down at me  
A lipless grin - And rotten teeth  
Insane and splendorously  
Rotting and forgotten  
Buried face up in the mud  
Through the stink of death  
My soul cries out  
Last breath of sanity  
Oh God... Please kill me

Crawling through leprous-white corpse-flesh  
Bone-ash is choking my lungs  
Forced to drink rottified corpse-blood  
I'll crawl back to Hell on my bones  
Massacre beyond all sickness  
Nothing but eternal rot  
Left to die - Born to rot  
Worm-eaten into your soul

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