

Nocturnal Breed

"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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