

One Man Army And The Undead Quartet

"How I Love To Kill You"

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So sinister, all thoughts wicked
My flaming grip contaminates these loyal plains
I'm a morning star born at the throne of heart
Forever the mortals burn inside my chamber of torture

I feed on pain
Your suffering makes me tick

Hail to the flesh!

I love to die your pleasant death
I Spare no one that offers warmth and progress
I feed on pain
Your suffering makes me tick
I seal your faith
The murdering is now complete
Hail to the flesh!

Pale and cold, ride with me through the mist
Your fate I hold, sharing intimacy below
As the maggots eat you question why but get no
answer
Earthly horror, sickness through health
I feed on pain
Your suffering makes me tick
I am the signature of fate
And oh, how I love to kill you!

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