

Paganizer

"At Night They Come"

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At night they're whispering
I can't stand their voices
The things they want from me, to bring them flesh
Still I succumb to the slaughter
I provide their greed
Another dead, another strangled
My hands do their deeds
Fulfill their wretched dreams
And in a twisted way
I need it
Slowly, death will not be quick
Struggling to survive
Thriving, on their fear
At night they're whispering
I can't stand their voices
The things they want from me, to bring them flesh
My hands do their deeds
Fulfill their wretched dreams
And in a twisted way
I need it
A

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