

Phantasm

"A Rotting Surprise"

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Mask of white dressed in black
Time has come to attack
Cannibal killer satan's son
This he is all in one

Scared to death of his sight
Cannot run cannot fight
Crazy bastard out of control
Jumps on you he's death's patrol

Nails of razors cut your flesh
Smell of blood it's so fresh
Bites your ribs crushes your lung
Now your dead on a hook your strung

Out for more needs his fill

Crazed of mind blood he'll spill
Eating his food loving the taste
Bite by bite none to waste

Little to know victim of disease
Suffer of pain soon to decease
Killed by his kind now he's gone
Who will last disease undone

Nails of razors cut your flesh
Smell of blood it's so fresh
Bites your ribs crushes your lung
Now your dead on a hook your strung

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