

Summon "Tales Of Immortality"

Visit "[Tales Of Immortality](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cruel hand of grim pale existence
Embrace me to your midnight slumber
Mistress of cold, fangs of fire
Penetrate with blackened lust

I can feel my blood running cold
For pleasures of the warm streams of life
To satisfy this burning evil thirst
Soul of black, cult of dead, soul with sicken crave

Son of darkness
Hounds of hell
Thirst for blood
Under a demonic spell

Hear the wings of the sacred bat
Soaring in its soundless flight
The power of the moon in its blackening trance

Fills like a Transylvanian night

I can hear the wind's cries for blood
Of wicked pleasure far beyond mere mortal
To satisfy this burning evil thirst
Soul of black, cult of dead, soul with sicken crave

Son of darkness, Hounds of hell
Thirst for blood, Under a demonic spell
Soul of black, Cult of dead
Soul is cursed with sicken crave
Feel the burn, For pulsing pain
Demonial thirst for midnight drains

Soul of black, Cult of dead
Soul is cursed with sicken crave

Visit [Summon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.