Tales Of Darknord "Fatal Decay Of Morbid Dreams"

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Dead bodies. They're chopped in half.

Innards are eating by vultures.

Gory dead mankind.

It's just a dream of butcher.

Weird images. Conqued sleeping mind.

Man is insane and his brind is blind.

Chaos and darkness.

Fatal decay of morbid dreams.

Phantoms of death so real and

Grim carnivorous thought dominate.

Lethargy - an endless sleep.

Massacre will stay a vision.

Suffocated in stincky crypt.

Bloodshed is a dying illusion.

But the killer someday will arise

No hope for mersy he'll make

Sacrifice, catch some children,

Asphyxiate and eat they hearts,

Fill his coffin with innocent,

Blood and hang entrails on hooks.

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