

Thanatos

"Devour The Living"

Visit "[Devour The Living](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Burn...brothers...burn... Beyond the point of no return
Build your funeral pyres, We belong in fire...

Burn...brothers...burn..., The dead have returned
All living souls we despise, Rise...corpses...rise...

The darkest day of horror, the world has ever known
No chance of survival, no matter where you go
You're destined to be butchered, your body left to rot
No sanctuary for you, so stop praying to your god

I inhale the nauseating stench of rotting bodies
As I climb this wall of corpses, piled up in front of me
Forced to feed on the remains of the ones that didn't
make it
Eating my way out of this godforsaken hole

Burn...brothers...burn...The dead have returned

Mildewed organs, white moulded meat
Clotted body juices, voraciously consumed
My stomach is resistant, my heart beats through my
chest
A trail of burning acid cuts deep into my flesh

I feel my powers decline, rotting from the inside
Gastric juices boiling, searching a way out
Vomit leaves my anus, shit runs from my mouth
I prepare for putrefaction, I feel I'm going down

Burn...brothers...burn... Beyond the point of no return

Burn...brothers...burn..., The dead have returned
All living souls we despise, Rise...corpses...rise...

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