

Torsson

"Rats Can Sense The Murder"

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The silence speaks, of carnage and defeat
The death has struck, another life is lost
The swarm of flies, invade your life
Feel my hands around your throat, just before you die

Death will strike imminently, victim falls to the ground
Stains of blood on the walls spell death and terror

I can't wait any longer, I crave the flesh, need the blood
The stench of horror, rats can sense the murder
Soon they'll start to gather, no remorse, no regret
I am the lurking death

Death will strike imminently, victim falls to the ground
Stains of blood on the walls spell death and terror

Murder instinct now revived in need for gore and terror
Purpose of my mortal life is to hack kill and dismember
Butchered life is the outcome, mangled corpse
penetration
Purpose of my mortal life is to hack kill and dismember

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