Morbid Angel "Bleed For The Devil"

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Come to me, lord of filth Hear my cries princes of nightmares Touch us with your morbid lips Let us taste your foulness

Bleed for the devil Impious mortal lives Feel the enticing power Fill the chasm of your soul

Fill the air with the smell of death Grace us with your magick Fill the night with the stench of evil I summon forth the beast

Cold look in his eyes He holds the gleaming knife Girl cries as he cuts way the Strips of flesh

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