

## **Gortician**

# **"Next Religion"**

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Waters of oblivion  
Raining down terror  
Mausoleum of your fears  
Preying on your horror

Your faith I demand  
I expect no less  
Sacrosanct command  
Your obedience I bless

Author of sedition  
I am the next religion

Obscurity a shroud  
I use to cloak myself in  
Conjuring up images  
To define your sins

The pettiness of your idolization  
I laugh at your transgressions  
Primal need for deification  
I am your obsession

God of war, God of the blind  
I am the god, in your mind

Bringer of wisdom  
I am the next religion

Cellar of Horror

An innocent victim, it's easy to pick them  
A young girl out walking alone  
I prowl the streets nightly  
So lock your doors tightly  
It's best to just stay in your home  
Cruising by slowly, you might even know me  
Our next meeting will be your last  
Your pretty young pout, as I knock you out  
Tonight I am ending my fast

Pure and unspoiled, I've troubled and toiled

Over how to prepare such a dish  
Losing all fear, as the hour grows near  
Tonight I will get my wish

Bound and gagged in my basement  
Subject to debasement  
Staring death right in the eyes  
Preparations begin, as I season your skin  
Oblivious to your muffled cries  
Starting to boil, you're bathed in hot oil  
Your meat soon will fall from your bones  
Practically starving, you're ripe for the carving  
A gourmand leaving no unturned stones

The hunger sets in, I remove your skin  
Surveying the blood-stained room  
The rest of your flesh will stay Tupperware fresh  
Alone in a deep-freezer tomb...

CELLAR OF HORROR

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