

Gangrel

"Gangrel"

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Gangrel

Words by Fernando Reñitegui and Diego Garc a

You are walking late to your home and you feel scared
You hear the steps yeah near you your mind is going
insane
the fog won't let you see what is following you
the night is becoming darker there is only the moon

Bridge

For centuries we existed we are cursed till death
the haunt becomes our lifestyle we are seeking for
flesh
corrupted by the demons for they we stand tall
our price is now your free souls you will hear our call

Yeah (x4)

Chorus

(We are the gangrel)
The hell is our place
(We are the gangrel)
Increasing your pain
(We are the gangrel)
Surrounded by blood
(Here comes the gangrel)
Your world we will blow

Solo

Obsessed by your hearth sound we follow your smell
you see big shadows near you, you get desperated
you feel we catch your left leg and you start to scream
you'll never see the day again cause now you are our
meat

Bridge

If you don't recognize us you better start pray
cause that will guide is faster to your bloody flesh
this trashing killing sounds we will always obey

with this we force you to hear the hell in your face

Yeah (x4)

Chorus

(We are the gangrel)
The hell is our place
(We are the gangrel)
Increasing your pain
(We are the gangrel)
Sorrounded by blood
(Here comes the gangrel)
Your world we will blow

For centuries we were demons on earth
We fight the gods, and we all kill the men
Under the moon, rivers of blood, we fight with the
wolves
Half animal, half psycho man, we're hunting your
souls

Blood of the cursed, run in our veins
Our father, ran away, you might called him Cain
We're roaming the roads, we're looking for you
We just can't wait to taste your blood, the hunt has
begun

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