

Ragnarok

"Murder"

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Your stinking perfume can't hide piss
With my lethal arsenal I serve you Hell
Bloodstained I rejoice watching you wither

The turbulent abyss within
The urge, the hunger
Demanding your funeral I feel so alive

No-one- is closer to the Devil
Than me on my nightly raids
Hell prepares a red carpet for me

Murder... executioner procedure
Murder... death bringer strategy
Murder... I'll will amhush
Murder... carnivorous manoeuvre

Murder... a sharp caress by knife
Murder... massive triumph over life

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