

Infestation

"Feast On The Wicked"

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The wretched souls of the incest
Find there ways back home
But they will never know
What is in store

They will find there way back home
Just to find there families dead
Finding blood that has run dry
They decide
Where they will die
Grip this tight and don't let go
Soon you will know
Soon it will show
They don't belong

Feast on the wicked
They will go to hell anyway
They don't give a fuck
For their blood runs black
They show everyday more slack

Point the gun to your head[2]
Pull the fucking trigger

Let them decide their death
We will get the privlage to rip the skin from their bones
Just watch
Their flesh will melt beneath the masses
They lay
Dry
Blood soaked
Just one hour
Just one hour
Left till their death

Show no mercy

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