

Rigor Mortis

"Shroud Of Gloom"

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Lying rigid on a table trying to move, I am not able
On my face a blood stained cloth I am dead but I am so
pissed off

I will possess my shroud take life for which I vowed
Choke men into their tombs I am the shroud of gloom
I will not stop 'till I am satisfied
Sending victims to the death zone squeeze their throat
breaking the neckbone
Pulling entrails out of their mouths take revenge
ripping their guts out

In the dark alleys morbid actions rotting corpses give
me satisfaction
Senseless murder I have mastered cruel vengeance
killing those bastards

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