

## **Six Feet Under "Feasting On The Blood Of The Insane"**

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In the dark of the night I search for  
The mindless wretches of society  
To drink of their blood and feast upon their flesh

Time to break 'cause you'll never take this  
Lots of stiffs and blood, what a sickening mess  
Feasting on the blood of the insane  
Here's another tale of the fucking deranged

Psychotic, violent another one dead, blood clotted  
Lust for blood a need for insanity  
Die in the slaughter, time to tap an artery

Brain withered another empty thought  
I will kill again and never be caught  
Face to face with the monster of hate  
Another victim, another piece of meat

Time to kill, no one gets out alive  
Another scream, another motherfucker dies  
First I kill and then I feed  
Can't deny my blood lust need

A son of a bitch, third generation  
Schooled in the art of human strangulation  
Only one thing will control my pain  
That's to drink the blood of the insane

My need for blood drives me to kill  
Another dying, bleeding for my lust  
Feed on the dead, feed on the dead  
Feed on the dead

I've got to get the blood flowing  
Just a bit of guts and gore  
Indulgence in the blood of freaks  
Take another dose of the blood lust

To rip apart, shred the dead  
Teeth stuck in another victim  
Blood bath, I'm gonna kill again  
I am the walking dead

Concentrated hate, fear and pain  
Inside of me the same  
It's gonna go on and on and on  
A new life is born

Broken bodies start now rotting  
No way to stop the feeding  
Only one way to control my pain  
Feasting on the blood of the insane

My need for blood drives me to kill  
Another dying, bleeding for my lust  
Feed on the dead, feed on the dead  
Feed on the dead

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