

A small child burning in a crib
I listen to it's tender flesh burn
the screaming has already stopped

I stare at the smoldering corpse...
and now I remove the skull
to keep as my reward
I return to my crypt
and place it in my shrine.

An old man drowning in a ditch
his lungs fill with water
I take pleasure in his death
I stare at his bloated corpse...
I cut off his head
and peel away the flesh
I return to my crypt
and place it in my shrine.

Vacant skulls without life surround the coffin where I lie...
Reminders of the many lives I've taken from this world...
I pray to my master, Night, to keep my soul in evil faith...
As I die another death, I will await new life!

In a darkened crypt
his ancient corpse now rots.
Oblivion has claimed his soul
he lies amidst the skulls...
The lord of another world
the abandoned vampire
his shrine remains forever
a place of skulls sunseen...