

Ectoplasm

Creeping fluid, from my tired hand
ethereal body in the shadows stand
green darkness from my cutted veins
instead to blod, sucked like wine

No more illusions from my past life
i ain't an undead because i'm die
but my soul now, it's alive
into a new body made of sight

...:chorus:...

Ecto... Ecto... Ectoplasm!

There's no biological crumbling or decay
no air inside my lungs from today
i see the human life burn faster
the speeds of dream made from your master

Ectoplasmic flying, sucking mind in mind
deviated from creation from an evil wind
destruction inside the ectoplasmic shell
before the damned soul falls into hell!

...:chorus:...

Ecto... Ecto... Ectoplasm!

Living into hatred, within the human race
we're near now, but far into space
in this way of pain, forgett my past
it's my road again so as the last

Never can survive behind the hell's gate
human, leave this place or surround to the fate
when the candles burnin' her all around
are you ready? Warning!! Awaiting this sound !