

# Waking The Dead

Joe Thrasher

Kept in the guard of Mother Nature's womb  
Resting in the safety of their tomb  
Sheltered by six feet of soil and rock  
The spade is the key with which their gate we'll unlock  
Why should they be resting so peacefully  
When we're up above in pure misery  
I don't care that they've already died  
That's not enough to make me satisfied  
So we wait till the stroke of the midnight hour  
Then we'll unleash the darkest of power  
Hell's gates will open a new judgment day  
Now is the time that the dead will pay  
Why should they be resting so peacefully  
When we're up above in pure misery  
I don't care that they've already died  
That's not enough to make me satisfied  
Waking the dead, waking the dead, waking the dead  
All rise  
Hell's gates open the earth trembles and shakes  
Now their pardons are over they pray for their mistakes  
Mausoleums firebombed now rage in flames  
When the dead come out their bodies we'll maim  
Rob, robbing their graves stealing their bones  
Bang, banging our heads to their screams and their moans  
Fix, fixing the wounds that even time cannot heal  
Soon, soon we will know how good it feels  
This is not damnation or an act of God  
Now the dead they rise ripping through the sod  
Purgatory has to wait, but how can this be  
The dead are free, the dead are free  
Waking the dead, you said that it wouldn't be  
Waking the dead, you said that we wouldn't see  
Waking the dead, now the dead stand before our own eyes  
Silence is blaring the earth opens wide  
History repeats, reburied they die  
Darkness descends through nature's pores  
They return to their sleep on earth's basement floor  
Now they rest not so peacefully  
As they've had a taste of our misery  
I didn't care that they'd already died  
That wasn't enough to make me satisfied  
Return back to their tombs now they lay  
This is no game for the novice to play  
Repeat not a word lest ye be forewarned  
The punishment of Hell's darkness and scorn  
Repeat not a word of the sermon said  
A prayer for the dead, don't play with the dead  
Don't try to comprehend what's going on  
You can't understand, please don't understand  
Waking the dead, and we'll be  
Waking the dead, all rise now  
Waking the dead, we're gonna wake the dead

Waking the dead I said the words, what have I done  
I thought it cool, I thought it fun  
The words I say they start to change  
The syllables now rearranged A language I can't comprehend  
I shut my mouth, it doesn't end  
The bowels of nature open wide  
I cannot move, I cannot hide I can't believe the things I see  
The dead are free, the dead are free  
I close my eyes and pray it's not real  
Their presence close, coldness I feel What have I done, Lord, please forgive  
Once they died but now they live  
I wake the dead, I wake the dead  
I wake the dead, I wake the dead Cleanse the lepers  
Cast out the demons  
Wake the dead

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