

The Creek of the Dead

Deceased

It flows the obscene, a living death machine
Repent the day, this world first met your wondering mind
Stay at one with tears, the dark is near
It calls to you, now reach out
Amazed, as the wind is full and the night is day
Resist, to the golden sun and the virgin air
Release, as nature's spell was cast on you
Defeat, as your haunted soul breaks its shell
Bringing out the plead of instant death
Take your life, cross the line, don't be scared
Come to us
Below a wordly forest and beneath an awful sky
An always moving madness, creeps onward with the tide
A killer long and lasting, that washes all its sins
A silent shocking something, that draws us ever in
The creek of the dead, the creek of the waiting dead!!!
The sun shines on your worldless tomb
As life permits your soul to die
The creek it bathes, while nature blooms
With blood that flows, to bring new life
The life you gave is nothing now
While death reveals a sign of joy
The creek of the dead!!!

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