Plague

Abramelin

Driven by an unknown force, awakened from eternal sleep
Dried up eyes snap open wide as hunger starts to creep
Deflated hearts begin to pump, sunken chests begin to rise
Crypts and tombs around the globe spit forth sepulchral cries
Rotten hands break though the earth,
morgue draws start to open
Funeral parlours liven up as coffin-lids a broken
Hysteria begins to mount as people flee and try to hide
As shambling armies of the dead begin to end mankindThe uttermost catastrophe, surpassing your worst dreams
Chewing at the insides of vomit-coated cheeks, to prevent your final screams
A hoard of decayed twisted filth, a horrid mass of wormy flesh
The air fills with the stench of rot, diseased and fetid putrid death
A thirst for blood the taste of flesh, their only thought the need to eat
To fondle innards warm and soft, embedding teeth in blood-soaked meat[Chorus]
Lips pulled back in a rictus grin
Bones protrude through decayed skin
Rotten lungs breathe nauseous breath
Through twisted fangs in jaws of deathA vile and nauseous rancid stench chokes the once pure air
Decayed left over dinner scraps, discarded everywhere
An arm, a leg, a severed head - body parts and ravaged meat
Clotted stains lay on the ground of silent city streets

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