The Corpse Walks

The Accused

Alive among the lifeless
How many of us still survive?
Stranded in this hell
Cursed by the walking deadThere's not much time left now
The sun has already begun to set
Time to board up the windows and doors
It'll be dark in half an hourRising from forgotten graves
The dead returning to life
The corpse walks
Never to be killed againBon(e)y fingers covered in moldy flesh
It's got you by the neck
A look of hunger in dead eyes
Broken teeth sink into your throat
Too late, you saw it too late
Your flesh a feast for fiendsThe body scattered on the ground
Blood soaked into gravelly earthThe streets are now empty
I watch the dead as they begin to feed

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