

# Coffinfeeder

## Cannibal Corpse

Exhume the rotted casket  
Robbing graves but not for wealth  
Cloaked in moldy rags, hunting dead  
Decrepit things from hell  
Invade the sacred tombs, search for food  
Embalmed five days before  
Ancient body stealers raid again  
A fresh corpse beyond the door  
From the ground they rise  
Plundering the grave  
When the faithful die  
It's them not God they meet  
Consume the rotted body and [Incomprehensible] more  
Craving maws ooze blood  
Gray skinned coffinfeeders seeking carrion  
Eat the old ones last  
Fiendish ghouls are chewing scraps of meat  
Found inside the tomb  
Roy veiled messengers from beyond  
Bring the parish doom  
From the ground they rise  
Plundering the grave  
When the faithful die  
It's them, not God they meet  
Unholy creatures swarming the coffin  
Fighting for mouthfuls of flesh  
Invading the tombs of the recently buried, to feast  
Starvation of aeons sated tonight  
Foraging ghouls consume  
Ancient hunger awakened again  
Strengthened by blood, the undead attack  
Septic beats from the grave  
If living approach they are devoured too  
Fragments of corpses nourish the pack  
Fresh entrails they crave  
The coffin is torn open  
The zombies start to consume  
From the ground they rise  
Plundering the grave  
When the faithful die  
It's them, not God they meet

Songwriters

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