

Spirits of the Dead

Manilla Road

Among the crypts and grey tombstones
The Spirits did appear
Where life escaped but not the souls
Mortally bound in fear Their voice is like a whisper
Appearance brief and fey
Visions of holy sinners
Not seen by light of day
Spirits Of The Dead Holy Fire
Burning the brain
Crossed with desire
Reincarnate
They stood before, here
Now laid to rest
Trapped by their own fear
To make The Quest Spectres climbing through the mist
Where the mourners tread
Apparitions from the past
Eyes now orbs of red
They're Spirits Of The Dead

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