

# Buried By the Dead

## Bloodbath

Into death cast, a spiral of the past  
Eclipse grips for my soul  
Torn from death's bed  
And buried by the dead  
Their hands are white and cold  
Pulse expire, death comes in a burst  
Black forecast of a lifelong thirst Lord of the tomb by my side  
Cadaverous, dead and insane in the eye  
Speak a madman's prophecy He will drain my soul when it is free  
Phantoms of the grave kill to survive  
Sucking death-energy from the ones who will die  
Into death cast, a spiral of the past Eclipse grips for my soul  
Torn from death's bed  
And buried by the dead  
Their hands are white and cold Crawling through the soil and snow  
Pitch-black grave cracks up below  
Screams measure a timeless echo  
Hideous figures laugh and beckon Coming through me, souls imprisoned in gore  
Malignant anguish never seen before  
Victims drag their limbs across the halls of the dead  
Funeral bell rings to celebrate the dread Deteriorating, all my flesh and my bones  
Are ready to explode in a gush of red foam  
Virulent infectious death-disease is spread  
Rush of thoughts vanish as I die undead Into death cast, a spiral of the past  
Eclipse grips for my soul  
Torn from death's bed  
And buried by the dead  
Their hands are white and cold [x2]

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