

# Back from the Dead

## Obituary

Fall, white light fell.  
You fear, the point death sent.  
Rise the dead's awake. You, you like to find me in what's right.  
Like to dream me in hell, dying.  
We're back, we're back and for once more.  
Like to come in To want gore. Feel. I said rest. You're bad, forgive him.  
Rising, rot the one that's lost.  
Living out what's discard.  
Debating over what is right. You're feeding the guts, feeling the parts  
Grinding the stone sentenced one.  
Fall, white light fell.  
You fear the point death sent.

Songwriters

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