Released from the Catacombs

Skeletonwitch

Evil is upon us, death is in the air
Lightning of blood strikes, falls to the ground
Ruled by the darklord, dead walk again
Spread the infection, evil and mindless
Dead and forgotten, the rotten arise
Released from the catacombs to the horrible unlife
Hunger for warm flesh their only desire
To feed off the living, consume mortal life
Grotesque and gruesome, the stench overwhelming
Skin splits, unleashing clouds of flies
Followed by vermin, the foulest of creatures
Pick the bones of the afterlife
Embrace the stagnant sickness and disease
Unholy unlife the rotten must now feed
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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