

Buried by the Dead

Bloodbath

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

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