

Sleepwalkers

Pyrrah

In nights cold and grim
The graves open up
Lifeless cadavers roam the earth
To take their revenge
Tormented souls without hope
No possible escape
A terrible fate they must lead
But they do not complain
The town sleeps most calmly
Unknowing, full of bliss
The room might reek of death
Yet they sleep in peace
Gasping for a final breath
Awoken savagely
Staring in deaths cold eyes
Torture and let bleed slowly
These are the dead
Arisen from eternal sleep
They are the sleepwalkers
Not a scream, not a sound
Lungs ripped out of sleeping bodies
The art of silent slaughter
They want nothing, but to harm
Get revenge on the human race
For all its evils
Torture and let bleed slowly
These are the dead
Arisen from eternal sleep
They are the sleepwalkers
As warm blood hits the ground
Life leaves drop by drop
Nothing left but an empty carcass
To one day join the sleepwalkers
Sleepwalkers of the night
Eternal and forever there
They will not stop killing
Until we are theirs
We are theirs
We are theirs
We are theirs
We are theirs

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