

The Howling Dead

Autopsy

Appearing like cracked whispers
From desiccated bones
Sulphuric miscreations
Mausoleum torches glow Spirits from beyond the black
They are three, they are true death
They are Hate, Despair, Disease
Awakened by gore to manifest
Awakened by gore...Re-open the eyes of the once sleeping dead
The dagger goes into the wound bloody red
Releasing the spectres of yesterday's doomed
Bane of the living, a curse to consume
Hate-a vision of flesh being torn
Despair-demise on the altar of Scorn
Disease-Inflicting the soon to be born
All have been forewarned...
The wind of flies approaches
All once held dear befouled
The earth and sea in ruins
The night alive with howls
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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