

Rise

Grave

Rise my troopers rise again
Full of hope for another feast
Centuries has passed since you last
Tasted the sweet blood of the living Better beware when daylight breaks
The spell of killing spree is reversed So take your pick there is plenty for all
For one night we rule their domain
Out of our coffins out of our homes
We are driven by the instinct to feed Driven by the most basic need
As the calls us we will rise Rise from your tombs
Into the night
As black as your hearts
And now that you're back
Back from the grave
You won't be saved Born a saint died in sin
So the holy one won't let us in
Soon to come our final feast
As our master calls the angels weep Rise from your tombs
Into the night
As black as your hearts
And now that you're back
Back from the grave
You won't be saved
Soon another night has passed by
And our troops have grown stronger again
From the blood of the fortunate ones
That now join us eternally

Songwriters

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