

Buried by the Dead

Bloodbath

Pulse expire, death comes in a burst
Black forecast of a lifelong thirstLord of the tomb by my side
 Cadaverous, dead and insane in the eye
Speak a madman's prophecyHe 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 castA spiral of the past
 Eclipse grips for my soul
 Torn from death's bed
 And buried by the dead
Their hands are white and coldCrawling through the soil and snow
 Pitch-black grave cracks up below
 Screams measure a timeless echo
Hideous figures laugh and beckonComing through me
 Souls imprisoned in gore
 Malignant anguish never seen before
Victims drag their limbs across the halls of the deadFuneral bell rings to celebrate the dread
 Deteriorating
 All my flesh and my bones
Are ready to explode in a gush of red foamVirulent infectious death-disease is spread
 Rush of thoughts vanish as I die undead

Songwriters

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