The Morgue

Nasty Savage

The fear of evil lurks around
It's dark it's quiet
There's not a sound
The dead among you
You must be still
For when they arise
They're out to killThe morgue
The morgueThe caskets open, you hear them squeak
You feel the terror, your heart quickens beat
You hear the moaning, the growling, the sickening sighs
The dead among you, they're on the riseThe morgue
The morgueThe spirits have risen, they're on the prowl
Time has come, time is now
Gather around, like demons of the night
Lurking towards you to win the fightThe morgue
The morgueYou hear the breathing of angry souls
Burning with fire, you feel the cold
Chances are over, darkness has come
The battle is over, they have wonThe morgue
The morgue

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