

# Dead Silence

## Obituary

Not the one  
Souls are gonna burn  
You're the one  
Coming down the dead  
Thru the darkness  
Skies are gonna shout  
Pray for lies  
But who's the one to go  
Streams of blood  
Flow into the streets  
Feeds the need  
Of the decayed rotting means  
Fires breeds upon  
The weary young  
Evil tales  
Sold his only son  
Life no longer  
Fills the need  
Dead silence  
In which to feed  
Fires breeds upon  
The weary young  
Evil tales  
Sold his only son  
Life no longer  
Feeds the need  
Feeds the need  
Of the decayed rotting means

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