

# Nearly Departed

## Creature Feature

How dark was the Night  
When they were given new life  
On the Eve of our impending Doom?  
The buried and forgotten  
Molding and rotten  
Began to stir in their Tombs.

Here in our darkest of hours  
Prepare for the coming dread.  
Mindless walking things  
What horror do they bring  
Now their eternal peace is denied?  
The Dearly Departed  
Are back where they started  
And everything's far from alright.

They have woken to devour  
This world will run red.  
The earth has now grown sour  
And it's spitting out the dead.

Be Warned! Be still!  
Now you can hear them stirring!  
Clawing at the ceilings of their graves.  
They're here! They're dead!  
They're evil and they're hungry.  
Flesh and Sinew and Bone have all gone astray.

No pulse! No brains!  
Now you can hear them digging!  
Corpses transformed into feral beasts!  
No soul! No hope!  
No conscience in their bloodlust.  
They've only come here for one thing:  
And that's to feast!

The hordes of decay  
Are crawling this way  
And they're pouring out into the streets.  
Lifeless hollow shells  
Are escaping their cells  
And they're dying for something to eat.

Here in our darkest of hours  
Prepare for the coming dread.  
An army of death  
With their Fetid breath  
And their skin dangling from their bones.

There is no escape  
From the most ghastly of fate  
For this is how we must Atone.

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The dead are awake.  
There's no escape.  
Tombs Asunder.  
Released from Slumber.  
Peaceful Silence.  
Turned to Violence.  
Will this affliction.  
Be our downfall?  
Reanimation.  
Desecration.  
Death is no longer  
The be all end all.  
Insurrection.  
Ressurrection.  
And out of the mouth of Hades  
They have crawled.

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