

## Eyes Of The Dead

Ancient

Deceased not dead my fire burns  
Procession of my rotting worms  
Heads in hand and silent moans  
Rotting cloth remains on bones

Furious yet I ride with ease  
Grand invasions of crushing knees  
Rolling boulders the sound of thunder  
Soldiers rot they come from under

Hear the scream it's time to die  
We ride the sea and glide the sky  
Feel the cold rise your feet  
Our silhouette is black and bleak

Severed limbs you felt no slash  
Mouths are gaping dripping ash  
Brain is dead you look so old  
Hands are numb your face is cold

Eyes of the dead eyes of the dead  
Eyes of the dead

Crusted black putrid face  
All are dead the rats in place  
Fingers crawl in searching birth  
All around is dripping earth

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