

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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