

Infestation of Grey Death

Cathedral

The living dead are all I see, this man made grey society
A funeral life in front of me, its futile joy my misery
Bombs falling from the skies, starving children left to die
Witnessed on a plasma screen, they care more for commodities

Infestation of grey death - putrefaction everywhere

Drudgery of the factory, funds material slavery
A holiday beside the sea, some tickets for the lottery
Can't escape this life of death, blindly racking up the debts
Dreams are rotting you can't see, decomposing dignity

Infestation of grey death - putrefaction fills the air

On a pale horse ride across the sands death
Barren wilderness, a soulless world bereft

Corpses fill my eyes, I don't hallucinate
Feeling terrified, anxious filled with hate

I've seen the things I need to see, just took a long time to believe
Days pass by as I walk slow into the ground, oh yes I know
The reaper blessed me long ago, with the wisdom they don't know
We're all dying it's plain to see, but some are gone long before me

Infestation of grey death - putrefaction kills the air