

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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