

## Death Walks Behind You

Exhumed

Strike my name from the book of life  
Inscribed forever in the book of death  
Destroyer, life-taker, the end and the omega  
Death walks behind you, waiting to find you to dismember...

The bloody work of death is not too great a task  
All this and more, I now hold in my grasp  
Like the fear that holds you fast, like the last breath you can  
not gasp  
Your end comes slashing down, your death revealed at last...

Ends such as yours are the trade that I ply  
Stricken by death as your life flashes by  
>From an autopsy, to a cemetery, then to the grave, your final  
destiny  
Carnage and sin are my blood, kith and kin, and to your end, th  
ey will be...

As all begins, so all must end, now your end I shall begin  
>From dust to dust, return again, life ends in sin  
The circle turns back on itself, life ends in death and pain an  
d hell  
And dead men have no tales to tell, nor souls to sell...

Death walks at my right hand, and there's a knife-  
blade in my left  
Turning living into dying, soon to be friends and mourners cryi  
ng  
Dispossessing the flesh, leaving death  
But no clues for the finding...

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