

You're lost and hounded
You're legs are too weak to run
You're mind scream forward
Your back to dead for fun.

Wrath, the undead.
Breathe down youre neck.
Smash down the undead
Return Attack return Attack
Redie
undead
Death is coming near
i feel it more and more
Swallowing my fear
I'm ready for the gore
send the dead to me
Fear is not my name
I'm not the one to flee
Redying
They're dead unbounded
Their souls have left and gone
They've no mind to stop them
I'll beat them one on one
Wrath, the undead
Chop off the neck
Smash the undead
Swing my axe
Swing my axe
Redie, undead
Drenched with guts and blood
The stench of death and rot.
But i don't care right now
Have fun and laugh out loud
Redie, undead.