

Dark hooded figures marching
Procession wreathed in jet
A sob escapes in horror
For someone newly lost

So heavy on his shoulders
Dark box of new laid pine
Its contents sacrifice to
A providence divine

This wounded fear unhinging
My scars like fire burning
Lovers in life
But what has changed
Your promise bound us to the grave

Awakened from my sleep
Embalmed but not forgotten
Your eyes go wide when you see
It's no hallucination
And you will feel my touch again
Cold as the rain is wet
When we are are united in death

Why do you cringe in terror?
Your foresworn bride returns

Dark hand sends splinters flying
Thrown back the hood of death
He watches not believing
Alive she walks again

Dark hooded figures marching
A ghastly silhouette
She reaches out to touch him
His heart beats faster yet

This wounded fear unhinging
My scars like fire burning
Brought back to life
To stake my claim
Come follow me into our grave

Awakened from my sleep
Embalmed but not forgotten
Your eyes go wide when you see
It's no hallucination
And you will feel my touch again
Cold as the rain is wet
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Why do you cringe in terror
Your foresworn bride returns