

## Spirits of the Dead

Manilla Road

Among the crypts and grey tombstones  
The Spirits did appear  
Where life escaped but not the souls  
Mortally bound in fear

Their voice is like a whisper  
Appearance brief and fey  
Visions of holy sinners  
Not seen by light of day  
Spirits Of The Dead

Holy Fire  
Burning the brain  
Crossed with desire  
Reincarnate  
They stood before, here  
Now laid to rest  
Trapped by their own fear  
To make The Quest

Spectres climbing through the mist  
Where the mourners tread  
Apparitions from the past  
Eyes now orbs of red  
They're Spirits Of The Dead

Born of The Fire  
I have come  
Unto The Fire  
I shall return  
Know well thy soul's path  
Don't bar it's way  
Hell has the last laugh  
For those who stay