

## Funeral Dawn

Marduk

Claws pulled back in dismay  
Behold the Morbid Saints last march  
Lungs now filled with unfailing dark  
Leaving a whining Shadow in your blood

White light - black rain  
Behold the Morbid Saints last parade  
Cascades of ash and swift decay  
Screaming whispers of a Funeral Dawn

Wreaths of black iron, Deathcult caravan  
Behold the Morbid Saint in his grave  
Murderous current of needle-sharp teeth  
Sunken deep into the flesh of the unwashed