

Torn out of your grave deprived of your eternal sleep  
I'm anxious to steal if for your corpse I want to keep  
Your journey for Elysium I stopped before in begun  
Sent through dimensions for me your flesh and soul  
For you none

I attract misery like a light attacks moths  
I need you all dead I get off funerals  
Ghostfaced assassin invisible for eye and ear  
In life and in death I got you in a chokehold  
Of fear

When I have killed you I let you hide in death awhile  
After you all dead I get off on funerals  
Come with me now and I'll open you eyes  
Killing for me is a pleasure not even found  
In paradise

A blessing for the wicked  
A chalice for the cursed  
To ride the nights as frightening dreams  
Within the devils hearse

Welcome to the neverdead  
This life was just your first

I'll never let you go I'll never set you free  
You can always pray but in the end you follow me  
All to be entombed and buried you are all my prey  
All Morningside mortuary where the dead  
No longer is that way

A nightmare for the blessed  
And those who puts god first  
To see what's afterlife is like  
Within the devils hearse

You are now the neverdead  
From here on the nightmare only gets worse.