

Confessions Of The Heretic

Maroon

I can hear the voices - the voices in the dark
I can see the path - the path of the dead
Please take my hand - and show me the sorrow
Here where the dead walk - the human race
Years ago - so many wars before
A human race - destroyed by greed and devastation
The race, a virus - called civilization
Now the dead walk - and the time Is over

THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
THERE IS A PLACE, NO SUN AWAKES
THE WALK OF THE DEAD
THE WALK OF THE HUMANS

I close my eyes, my bleeding eyes
I hope you can feel the suffering everyday
Like all the innocent victims all the years
The walk of heretic, the dying age

WALK OF THE DEAD!
FUCK YOU!

Please take my hand and show the sorrow
Here where the dead walk, the human race
The human race!

THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
HERE IS THE PLACE