

Lord Of The Dead (mortician Part II)

Mortician

Nightmare coming true
Tall man comes for you
Chill runs down your spine
You know it's time to die
Sphere drills in your head
Now you're lying dead
Last one at the wake
Tall man robs your grave
From the hearse into the morgue
Blood is drained out of your corpse
Body crushed into a dwarf
Morbid creature in a hooded robe
Mortician lord of slaves
No chance for escape
Sent off through the gates
You won't be seen again