

Serpents Beneath The Forest Of The Dead

Necrophobic

Dead vast forests
Cold ground where death threads
The blood of those who fell
Buried in a tomb of ice
Beneath the forest of the dead

The trees stand black and silent
Immobile in the wind
Reaching out in blasphemy
Like hands cursing the gods

Beneath the forest of the dead

The roots still are growing, like serpents in the ground.
Twisting, turning, slowly without sound

The roots now are spreading, thriving on the dead
Hungry, feeding on the lost misled

So our limbs lie spread
In the shadows of frozen wood
But what is eternally dead
Gives birth to blackened blood

Beneath the forest of the dead