

# 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