

Dead March

Omen

You call it a premonition, a vision of things to come. The
Signs are there for all to see but the lies, deceit,
Corruption and bile, they spread throughout like disease.

And we march like the dead, by tortured souls were lead,
And we march like the dead, ambition is blind or were cast
From the light, it's straight into hell were lead. We
Continue this null existence void of all warmth and soul.
Can we reform and save the future or is it time a lesson shown

And we march with the dead, and we march with the dead.

And we march like the dead, by tortured souls were lead,
And we march like the dead, ambition is blind or were cast
From the light, it's straight into hell were lead. We
Continue this null existence void of all warmth and soul
Can we reform and save the future or is it time a lesson shown.

I drag my feet across the desert sand sluff off my rotten
Skin, I read the signs but I did not need the warning, danger
Is a curse for me.