

Dreaming With The Dead

Ripping Corpse

Through the iron gates
Past the holy graves
Down the marble steps
Unlock the family crypt
My sinister ancestry
Have hypnotic holds on me
Their spells and incantations
I learn with trepidation

Within the lurid tomb
Their black ideas bloom
I spend my nights awake
To hear the dead relate
Arcane philosophies
Nocronomic prophecies
Summoning beasts that dwell
Deep in the ancient well
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
The dead control my living husk
Compelled to embrace such an evil trust
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust

Now I am a somber shell
The dead direct my living hell
Sometimes they toy with me
The horrors they make me see
Hideous blasphemies
Things that I set free
Abominations free to strike
This vile curtain shouds my life