

## Buried Beneath

Rose Funeral

When the hour is struck, the dead will rise  
They'll dig up from below, they'll feed tonight  
Terror through the streets, hunting for the weak  
They shall reign supreme until we're all dead

The skies are black with the plague of death  
You look upwards while you take your last breath  
You're one among the masses of the living dead,  
You walk these streets just to kill

Now it's in your veins,  
You're one among the masses of the living dead,  
You walk these streets with no  
objective in mind, than to kill

Now the hour has struck, the dead will rise,  
They'll dig up from below. they'll feed tonight  
You will perish!

Viciously  
killing, spreading their disease  
The skies are black with the plague of death  
BURIED BENEATH THE BLOOD!