

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!