

Funeral Rites

Sepultura

The doom is near in this night
Bloody skulls are over the pentagram
Cry for the sabbath bells
Fallen angels scream for mercy

It's time to bury the priest
On the down of meggido your grave is dig
The sky turns as black as spell
Haunting my eyes and mind

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You are chosen by hell
Dig your sepulchre
We force you to come in
Wand we'll bury you alive

Black songs are heard with the funeral
Rotting corpses mutilated over the ground
Graves will be violated
And corpses will be stolen

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