

# The Dead Sing

Sigh

listen to the song which we sing you mortal fools  
it is a song of vengeance filled with hate  
for the fury and flame of hell is burning  
burning your soul, binding your fate

we will take what we need, there is no egress  
we will sate our desires on all that is left  
since the dawn of time evil has lived and dwelled  
walking the shadows between the worlds

searing the flesh  
tearing the spirit  
scorched beyond existence  
burnt to ashes  
the skies turned to fire  
all perished in flame  
boiling the blood  
igniting the soul

as dreams are scattered, who's next for the pyre?  
whose essence is condemned to the fire?  
we need your soul to set us free  
the hundreth soul, corrupt and guilty

poisoned souls trapped in the dark with no hope of salvation  
await the eve of destruction, to cross to your dimension  
all the denizens of hell will journey from that world  
to visit pain and darkness upon every man and child

the sentence is death, and pain you'll not escape  
struggle for breath in vain your nemesis is shaped

what a miserable way to die!  
skin stripped from flesh  
your lifeless body cast  
into nothingness  
spectres are hunting, for mortal life  
all your souls will be devoured!

vengeance is completed by the torments of hell  
even the dead shall shed tears of fear  
hatred is satiated by the lost souls that fell  
even the dead cry for help; cry for help!