

# Undead

Tad Morose

Empty shelves, hollow corridors  
A daunting smell, never felt before  
Compassion breaking down  
In time we lose ourselves, anyway

A strange emotion fill the air  
The second seal, cracked up, unfair I force the needle through  
my spine  
No savior burning, hammer on...

Still chained to the world Oh, our circle still turns  
It's not fair, it's not fair undead