

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