

Black Sunday

The Coffinshakers

I never was that friendly, I guess nobody would say
And even in death I loathed the light of the day
Ready to meet my Hell
It was midnight when my funeral was held

On that Black Sunday

No mourners were present, as if I really cared
And I guess I can see why they all were so scared
I was laid in the crypt and shunned
'Cause the earth couldn't bury all the sins that I'd done

On that Black Sunday

I can't see why they didn't see it coming anyway
As soon as the funeral was over I returned from the grave
Now people will always know and fear my name
And as long as there is life I will be out there to maim

I never was that friendly, quite the opposite most would say
And even before death I loathed the light of the day
Ready I submitted to my Hell
By midnight I was reborn to the sound of the knell

On that Black Sunday

Centuries later, a cold and dark November night
No light comes from the starless sky
The grave lies empty once again
Like it has done so many times since I don't know when

It's another Black Sunday

I can't see why they didn't see it coming anyway
Every night until the end of time I'll return from the grave
And people will always know and fear my name
Yeah, as long as there is life I will be out there to maim