

## 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