

Feast Of The Dead

The Gates of Slumber

Walls closing around me
Nowhere to hide
The hordes of hell are set free
The dead refuse to die
Where did this evil come from
A comet's tail
O God again I must run
The dead cannot prevail

Corpses walking in a never ending line
I smell the grave behind me
It can't be my time

Time has no meaning
In a land of the dead
Every moments fleeting
When by fear you're lead
It had been such a long time
Since I'd cause to speak
And then my cry of horror
At the undead reek

On they come to eat my flesh my last thought
I'm a feast for the dead