

To All That Are Dead

Whitechapel

I am the one who is always exhuming,
I am the one you think you will see in the darkest of
nights.

I have yet to reconcile the thoughts within myself
For still I'm the one with the dead.

Oh, sanguine blood of thy corpse,
Quench my thirst and stain my skin.
Oh, how ironic it is to feel so alive
When you cease to exist.

I adore what I have become.

I have longed for such a love in my dreams
And my wrath will not subside until this love is mine.

Forever I remain the hideous figure treading these
unholy grounds
For I have failed the one who has created me.
My conscious is telling me to ingest the flesh of the
deceased
with my tongue I shall lick the graves of all who will
follow me.

Mark my words.
They will pay.
I still am one with the dead
And I swear
And I swear
To all that are dead I swear
To all that are dead

your dead.
[solo here]

and I swear

I swear to all that are dead
And I swear to all that are dead
And I swear to all that are dead

And I swear to all that are dead