

From Dead to Worse

Witchery

Sneak up to the cemetery gates
They swing open without a sound
Hurry over to the funeral mound

Rain makes the hair cling to the face
Darkest night but as lightning cracks
Empty the bag of shovels and axes

The earth is soft underneath the leaves
Remove the dirt, we dig with ease

Dead - dead - dead - dead - dead to worse
There are things worse than death,
far more worse than death

So it's done, time to lift the lid
It creaks open, and there it lays
The corpse is prepped and we sing the praise

Slowly stepping out of the grave
Fill the night with nocturnal screams, it screams

On our command, the body climbs from the grave
Once dormant and dead, now forever our slave

From the grave - now death escaped - life retake once
more
Walk the earth - an antibirth - see death reversed
undone

There are things worse than death,
far more worse than death

Worse - dead to worse