

# Scourged Ghoul Undead

Carach Angren

Little white coffin lowered into the ground  
Parents screaming, desperate, profound  
The clock struck twelve and the family went home  
Little did they know what horrors were about to come

Days of sorrow passed by  
Tears outweighing stone  
Feeling all alone  
Their beloved son, now cold - bound underground  
There is no day without grief  
Death! You remorseless thief!  
Bring back our son!

Countless thoughts and prayers  
Only met by more nightmares!  
All defied in denial of Death  
He comes back in their dreams at night  
To wake them, reminding that he died

Black cats scratching at the white memorial plaque  
Their howling increasingly echoes forth and back  
Coffin-flies dig in and worms voraciously devour  
A crack of lightning striking into the chapel's tower

Thumping, throbbing, pounding, sounding from inside  
That which should be dead slipped away this very night  
In disarray and ruin his little grave was found  
As if he crept out of a blanket made of burial ground

It was an unreal sight  
How the boy walked back home that night  
Risen from a sepulchral abyss  
Dragging forth in rigor mortis  
Mother kneeled in disbelief  
For she could not conceive  
The return of her son  
Her grief undone  
Her nightmare had just begun

Liquid brains oozing from his nose  
Hatching vermin worming through his head  
Draped in filthy graveyard clothes  
Scourged ghoul, undead!

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Scourged ghoul, undead!

It was a sickening scene  
Mother uttered one more scream  
She was thirstily bitten in the neck  
Her blood absorbed in rotten crud  
Tears bathed her eyes in utter grief  
Her heart collapsed in disbelief

From the womb to the tomb and back again  
Once a son of light now a creature in the night  
Grunting, moaning, groaning and gnawing off her face

Eaten alive in her dear son's embrace

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Hatching vermin worming through his head  
Draped in filthy graveyard clothes  
The return of the dead