

Proud To Be Dead

Defleshed

Here at the end of the grave
Like a premature sleep
the result of the brave

Proud to be Dead

We'll search through infinity
and revenge with our trinity
With the power of a million horses
We are the mightiest of forces

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Solid like a group of hundred men
They'll seem like only ten
When we're back for them again

Now our death-tour begins
we'll bring back the head
of the comittor of the sins
A feeling of akward self-esteem
Our promise we'll redeem
how unstable that may seem

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We've came to pay respect
your death we will revenge
where you lay I suspect
That you'll be

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