

Midnight Coffin

Entrails

Possessed night of a possessed Death.
All life is broken.
Crawling evil summoned tonight.
A sinister Death is evoken.

Risen from a dark, musky grave.
Up from the ground.

A pungent mist, destroying lives, stinking is the source.
Every night Death will rise from the coffin, of course.

Possessed by the night.
Midnight coffin.
Death comes ripping.
Midnight coffin.

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Rotten and putrid bodies below, an immense stench starts to grow.
Their decomposing heads and feet, this night is complete.

Midnight possession!
Where fog meets stench, life can no longer be found.

Unholy blood ruling tonight, bringing forth a shrieking fright.
People are dying of asphyxiation, life replaced by devastation.

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