

## Steal My Corpse

**Forgotten Tomb**

Seven brides serve me seven sins  
Seven seas writhe for me  
From Orient gates to R'lyeh  
Abydos to Thessaly  
And Sirens sing from stern  
But now I cease to play  
For I yearn to return  
To woodland ferns  
Where Herne and his wild huntress lay

Now the tides are turning  
Spurning the darkness  
The great purgations of distinguished tours  
Are but stills in time  
To the thrill that I'm  
Once more  
Heading to the bedding!