

Funeral Dawn

Marduk

Claws pulled back in dismay
Behold the Morbid Saints last march
Lungs now filled with unfailing dark
Leaving a whining Shadow in your blood

White light - black rain
Behold the Morbid Saints last parade
Cascades of ash and swift decay
Screaming whispers of a Funeral Dawn

Wreaths of black iron, Deathcult caravan
Behold the Morbid Saint in his grave
Murderous current of needle-sharp teeth
Sunken deep into the flesh of the unwashed