

Torn out of your grave deprived of your eternal sleep
I'm anxious to steal if for your corpse I want to keep
Your journey for Elysium I stopped before in begun
Sent through dimensions for me your flesh and soul
For you none

I attract misery like a light attacks moths
I need you all dead I get off funerals
Ghostfaced assassin invisible for eye and ear
In life and in death I got you in a chokehold
Of fear

When I have killed you I let you hide in death awhile
After you all dead I get off on funerals
Come with me now and I'll open you eyes
Killing for me is a pleasure not even found
In paradise

A blessing for the wicked
A chalice for the cursed
To ride the nights as frightening dreams
Within the devils hearse

Welcome to the neverdead
This life was just your first

I'll never let you go I'll never set you free
You can always pray but in the end you follow me
All to be entombed and buried you are all my prey
All Morningside mortuary where the dead
No longer is that way

A nightmare for the blessed
And those who puts god first
To see what's afterlife is like
Within the devils hearse

You are now the neverdead
From here on the nightmare only gets worse.