

Dead Kings Rise

The Misfits

Bound by battle scars
When the savages reigned
The lord of war
From his right hand man betrayed

Beneath the battle field
His murdered corpse they hide
Oh, curse from Hell
Avenge my death
Avenge the lies

Flesh they stole
But the soul is not begotten
Through the gates of Hell
I'll seize my throne

Feel my sword
Though the flesh be dead and rotten
Dead kings rise for vengeance owed