

## The morgue

Nasty Savage

The fear of evil lurks around  
It's dark it's quiet  
There's not a sound  
The dead among you  
You must be still  
For when they arise  
They're out to kill

The morgue  
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The caskets open, you hear them squeak  
You feel the terror, your heart quickens beat  
You hear the moaning, the growling, the sickening sighs  
The dead among you, they're on the rise

The morgue  
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The spirits have risen, they're on the prowl  
Time has come, time is now  
Gather around, like demons of the night  
Lurking towards you to win the fight

The morgue  
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You hear the breathing of angry souls  
Burning with fire, you feel the cold  
Chances are over, darkness has come  
The battle is over, they have won

The morgue  
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