

If The Dead Could Speak

Nunslaughter

Cauldron black
Feed the demons flame
Serpent rise
Black devil shame
Cooked skin
Evil zombie brew
Eyes and bone
Create the human stew

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Their skin
Burns to the touch
Sick puke
Horrid rancid lust
Mind dead
Craving for smut
Soul gone
Dragging their guts

If the Dead Could Speak

Graves crypts
No religion here
Rotting dead
This is what I fear
Corpse rise
Against the living few
To make
A human zombie stew