Ground Zero

Septicflesh

Cold, pale, grey...

Standing still against the change of seasons
Without a coffin, the corpse of yesterday
Ground Zero...

Catacomb of perished memories
Empty slot in this necropolis
Ground Zero...

Not a soul, not even troglodytes
There's not a soul...

Washed away with the rain
All the stains that were made from blood
And the canvas is white...

No traces of blood

Washed away with the rain
All the stains that were made from blood
And the canvas is white
From an artist lobotomized

Cold, as a winter's day
Pale, as a ghost in chains
Grey, as the ashes that drift with a nuclear wind

Cold, Pale, Grey

Cold, as a winter's day
Pale, as a ghost in chains
Grey, as the ashes that drift with a nuclear wind

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