

Pulse of the Dead

Vicious Rumors

Old man with an evil eye
That rouses the urge to kill
Seven days I gazed upon your slumber
You deemed me mad
A heartless bastard
Only a fool assumes
Not induced by greed
Not persuaded by hatred
Only torment coerces me

I will obliterate him
Bury him underground
Gone forever, never to be found

The beckoning darkness
At the stroke of midnight
Overcome by fear
Surmounted by my wrath
The deed is done
His fate is sealed
I've no remorse
Prisoner of anguish nevermore
Now I'm free, the deed is done

Cold, still, pale, no pulse at all
Tear them up, boards off the floor
No sign at all of struggle anywhere
I hear them knock on the door

Black, his hideous heart
Beats in the dark
The pulse of the dead

Now I decorate him
Condemned his soul to hell
Gone forever, but still under his spell

Cold, still, pale, no pulse at all
Tear them up, boards off the floor
No sign at all of struggle anywhere
I hear them knock on the door