

The Deepest Tomb

Vomitory

Fumes of the hidden, rotten corpses
In unmarked graves
Swollen by putrefaction, devoured by maggots
Buried rancid remains

By nature, disemboweled
Eaten by vermin
Flesh to be consumed
Gnawn to the bone

Follow the blood trail
Human flesh consumed
Follow the blood trail
To the deepest tomb

Desecrated by human hands
Scarred and deformed
Left in piles of festering pus, septic meat
The foul scent of zombie flesh, decomposing
Assumed dead and deceased
The flesh comes alive

The odour marks the way
Where the rotten starts to crawl

Soiled and ruptured, broken bones
Scattered beaten chumps
Zombies arise, beneath the soil
To collect for the flesh buffet

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