

# Abramelin, Plague

Driven by an unknown force, awakened from eternal sleep  
Dried up eyes snap open wide as hunger starts to creep  
Deflated hearts begin to pump, sunken chests begin to rise  
Crypts and tombs around the globe spit forth sepulchral cries  
Rotten hands break through the earth,  
morgue drawers start to open  
Funeral parlours liven up as coffin-lids are broken  
Hysteria begins to mount as people flee and try to hide  
As shambling armies of the dead begin to end mankind

The uttermost catastrophe, surpassing your worst dreams  
Chewing at the insides of vomit-coated cheeks, to prevent your final screams  
A hoard of decayed twisted filth, a horrid mass of wormy flesh  
The air fills with the stench of rot, diseased and fetid putrid death  
A thirst for blood the taste of flesh, their only thought the need to eat  
To fondle innards warm and soft, embedding teeth in blood-soaked meat

[Chorus]  
Lips pulled back in a rictus grin  
Bones protrude through decayed skin  
Rotten lungs breathe nauseous breath  
Through twisted fangs in jaws of death

A vile and nauseous rancid stench chokes the once pure air  
Decayed left over dinner scraps, discarded everywhere  
An arm, a leg, a severed head - body parts and ravaged meat  
Clotted stains lay on the ground of silent city streets