

Axamenta, Echoes

The flesh is dead
The soul forlorn
The final breath
From body torn
But still I hear
As life, in dreams
The restless soul's
Eternal screams
And now I cannot stand fighting
But still they come, haunting and plaguing
Save me...from this...hell...but take...heed...cause
The stench of rot
In their wake
To save me
Share my plague
The hungry dead
They wail and weep
All I crave
Is to sleep