

Exhumed, Death Walks Behind You

Strike my name from the book of life
Inscribed forever in the book of death
Destroyer, life-taker, the end and the omega
Death walks behind you, waiting to find you to dismember...

The bloody work of death is not too great a task
All this and more, I now hold in my grasp
Like the fear that holds you fast, like the last breath you cannot gasp
Your end comes slashing down, your death revealed at last...

Ends such as yours are the trade that I ply
Stricken by death as your life flashes by
From an autopsy, to a cemetery, then to the grave, your final destiny
Carnage and sin are my blood, kith and kin, and to your end, they will be...

As all begins, so all must end, now your end I shall begin
From dust to dust, return again, life ends in sin
The circle turns back on itself, life ends in death and pain and hell
And dead men have no tales to tell, nor souls to sell...

Death walks at my right hand, and there's a knife-blade in my left
Turning living into dying, soon to be friends and mourners crying
Dispossessing the flesh, leaving death
But no clues for the finding...

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