

Rose Funeral, Buried Beneath

When the hour is struck, the dead will rise.
They'll dig up from below, they'll feed tonight.
Terror through the streets, hunting for the weak.
They shall reign supreme until we're all dead.
The skies are black with the plague of death.
You look upwards while you take your last breath.
You're one among the masses if the living dead,
You walk these streets, just to kill.
Now it's in your veins,
You're one among the mass of the living dead.
You walk these streets with no objective in mind, then to kill.
Now the hour has struck, the dead will rise.
They dig up from below, they'll feed tonight.
You will perish.
Viciously killing, spreading their disease.
The skies are black with the plague of death.
Buried beneath the blood.