

# Bloodbath, Year Of The Cadaver Race

A black and white moving cloud of wings in the sky  
A flock of vultures approach while blotting out the sun  
Their shrieks are deafening  
To the human ears  
Of those who died, all return...

Feel the hoofs - they're coming  
Hear the growls - they're coming  
Fallen prey now hunt their hunter  
Vengeance of the animal beast

See their numbers - they're coming  
Smell their stench - they're coming  
Slaughtered victims now slay their master  
Retaliation of the beast

Nations are trampled under four legged flesh  
A pounding horde of hollow bodies in sight  
They rear their skulls and cry out  
Of all those who were killed, all return

Echoes of swine squeals distorting the silence  
Reclaiming the loss of meat stolen from their bodies  
Chewing and pissing on human remains  
Of all those who were slain, all return

Moans and barks coming from the same direction  
The human's pets no longer sit at their sides  
Primitive instincts, animalistic dogma  
Of all those in captivity, now in devious activity

Species without a language of words  
Known only for their deeds  
A call upon death, death answers quickly  
Of all those who're alive, not an animal - not a man

Massive human emigration  
Massive death inhabitation