

Cancer, Death Shall Rise

Maggots eating rotten flesh
Chomping through a fucking mess
Eyes white and glazed
Bodies rise from their graves
Skin falling to the ground
In a decomposing mound
Their organs building up with pus
They're decaying in front of us
Zombies from the grave
Be the eternal slave
Zombies from the grave
Death is what they crave
As the dead still rise
Satisfaction of human demise
They want to take the world
And turn it into our hell
Their power is a plague
Killing for their domain
Our death is what awaits
Our life goes on, but insane
Death shall rise
For our demise
Rotting stench
Our punishment

Now the time has come
To see what the dead's become
Demons from our past
Making our cities tombs
Quickly their plague has spread
Leaving everybody dead, & The living hide away
While the dead leave decay
Death shall rise
For our demise
Rotting stench
Our punishment
Zombies from the grave
Be the eternal slave
Zombies from the grave
Death is what they crave