Deceased, The Creek Of The Dead

It flows the obscene, a living death machine Repent the day, this world first met your wondering mind Stay at one with tears, the dark is near It calls to you, now reach out Amazed, as the wind is full and the night is day Resist, to the golden sun and the virgin air Release, as nature's spell was cast on you Defeat, as your haunted soul breaks its shell Bringing out the plead of instant death Take your life, cross the line, don't be scared Come to us Below a wordly forest and beneath an awful sky An always moving madness, creeps onward with the tide A killer long and lasting, that washes all its sins A silent shocking something, that draws us ever in The creek of the dead, the creek of the waiting dead!!! The sun shines on your worldless tomb As life permits your soul to die The creek it bathes, while nature blooms With blood that flows, to bring new life The life you gave is nothing now While death reveals a sign of joy The creek of the dead!!!