Marduk, Hearse

Torn out of your grave deprived of your eternal sleep I'm anxious to steal if for your corpse I want to keep Your journey for Elysium I stopped before in begun Sent through dimensions for me your flesh and soul For you none

I attract misery like a light attacks moths I need you all dead I get off funerals Ghostfaced assassin invisible for eye and ear In life and in death I got you in a chokehold Of fear

When I have killed you I let you hide in death awhile After you all dead I get off on funerals Come with me now and I'll open you eyes Killing for me is a pleasure not even found In paradise

A blessing for the wicked A chalice for the cursed

To ride the nights as frightening dreams

Within the devils hearse Welcome to the neverdead This life was just your first

I'll never let you go I'll never set you free

You can always pray but in the end you follow me All to be entombed and buried you are all my prey

All Morningside mortuary where the dead

No longer is that way
A nightmare for the blessed
And those who puts god first
To see what's afterlife is like
Within the devils hearse
You are now the neverdead

From here on the nightmare only gets worse.