

Nasty Savage, The Morgue

The fear of evil lurks around
It's dark it's quiet
There's not a sound
The dead among you
You must be still
For when they arise
They're out to kill

The morgue
The morgue

The caskets open, you hear them squeak
You feel the terror, your heart quickens beat
You hear the moaning, the growling, the sickening sighs
The dead among you, they're on the rise

The morgue
The morgue

The spirits have risen, they're on the prowl
Time has come, time is now
Gather around, like demons of the night
Lurking towards you to win the fight

The morgue
The morgue

You hear the breathing of angry souls
Burning with fire, you feel the cold
Chances are over, darkness has come
The battle is over, they have won

The morgue
The morgue