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