

Obituary, Dead Silence

Not the one
Souls are gonna burn
You're the one
Coming down the dead

Thru the darkness
Skies are gonna shout
Pray for lies
But who's the one to go

Streams of blood
Flow into the streets
Feeds the need
Of the decayed rotting means

Fires breeds upon
The weary young
Evil tales
Sold his only son

Life no longer
Fills the need
Dead silence
In which to feed

Fires breeds upon
The weary young
Evil tales
Sold his only son

Life no longer
Feeds the need
Feeds the need
Of the decayed rotting means