

Sanatorium, Dunwich Morgue

Bodies laid upon cold steel slabs
blood and urine drenching the floor
the stench of decay over helms the living
as pus seeps from every pour

Rusty instruments of healing
now devices of torture and suffering
as pain becomes life and life becomes death
the screams of the dying becomes
cries of rebirth for the dead

Deep inside the dunwich morgue
the dead begin to rise
feasting on flesh
and seeking new victims

Killing only out of instinct
thinking there alive
consuming body organs of anything
living or moving

The dead eating the dead
fagor the sake of being dead
no remorse or concern
for any human life
all will be consumed

(lyric by Matt Bishop (Lividity))