

Sigh, The Dead Sing

listen to the song which we sing you mortal fools
it is a song of vengeance filled with hate
for the fury and flame of hell is burning
burning your soul, binding your fate

we will take what we need, there is no egress
we will sate our desires on all that is left
since the dawn of time evil has lived and dwelled
walking the shadows between the worlds

searing the flesh
tearing the spirit
scorched beyond existence
burnt to ashes
the skies turned to fire
all perished in flame
boiling the blood
igniting the soul

as dreams are scattered, who's next for the pyre?
whose essence is condemned to the fire?
we need your soul to set us free
the hundreth soul, corrupt and guilty

poisoned souls trapped in the dark with no hope of salvation
await the eve of destruction, to cross to your dimension
all the denizens of hell will journey from that world
to visit pain and darkness upon every man and child

the sentence is death, and pain you'll not escape
struggle for breath in vain your nemesis is shaped

what a miserable way to die!
skin stripped from flesh
your lifeless body cast
into nothingness
spectres are hunting, for mortal life
all your souls will be devoured!

vengeance is completed by the torments of hell
even the dead shall shed tears of fear
hatred is satiated by the lost souls that fell
even the dead cry for help; cry for help!