

Tad Morose, Undead

Empty shelves, hollow corridors
A daunting smell, never felt before
Compassion breaking down
In time we lose ourselves, anyway

A strange emotion fill the air
The second seal, cracked up, unfair
I force the needle through my spine
No savior burning
Hammer on...

Still chained to the world
Oh, our circle still turns

It's not fair
It's not fair
Undead