

The Black Dahlia Murder, When The Last Grave

inhuman, the mounting of a tragedy macabre
resurrection of the fallen, the undead start to rise
driven by hunger for vengeance
we're left with little time to question the motives of the damned

we turn to science to make the puzzle whole
what lies beyond those hollowed eyes
we'll be defeated, destroyed by our own ghosts

when the last grave has emptied
when the last shred of hope melts away
an endless swarm of damnation will swallow the last of humanity into the black

in hiding, our dwindling numbers rush to find a cure
the laws of reason are dissolving into never ending night

mere shadows of their former selves
we fall to friend and foe alike
we stand abandoned by our gods
backed into corners, there's nowhere left to hide

the soils of hell shall keep them coming
our feeble planet overrun with the legions of the dead

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(solo)

fits of hysteria have claimed the hearts of man
the panic ridden are consumed, their bones dry in the sun
the zombies multiply with haste
the streets are stained with human waste

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