

# 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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