

## **Abramelin "Plague"**

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Driven by an unknown force, awakened from eternal  
sleep  
Dried up eyes snap open wide as hunger starts to  
creep  
Deflated hearts begin to pump, sunken chests begin to  
rise  
Crypts and tombs around the globe spit forth  
sepulchral cries  
Rotten hands break through the earth,  
morgue draws start to open  
Funeral parlours liven up as coffin-lids a broken  
Hysteria begins to mount as people flee and try to hide  
As shambling armies of the dead begin to end  
mankind

The uttermost catastrophe, surpassing your worst  
dreams  
Chewing at the insides of vomit-coated cheeks, to  
prevent your final screams  
A hoard of decayed twisted filth, a horrid mass of  
wormy flesh  
The air fills with the stench of rot, diseased and fetid  
putrid death  
A thirst for blood the taste of flesh, their only thought  
the need to eat  
To fondle innards warm and soft, embedding teeth in  
blood-soaked meat  
[Chorus]  
Lips pulled back in a rictus grin  
Bones protrude through decayed skin  
Rotten lungs breathe nauseous breath  
Through twisted fangs in jaws of death

A vile and nauseous rancid stench chokes the once  
pure air  
Decayed left over dinner scraps, discarded  
everywhere  
An arm, a leg, a severed head - body parts and  
ravaged meat  
Clotted stains lay on the ground of silent city streets

