

Funeral Mist

"Screaming For Grace"

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Down by the gates of the graveyard
Covered by cobwebs and dirt
The eerie atmosphere of the dead
It emerges by night

By the winds of funeral
By the winds...

At the graveyard the fog covers the open graves
Arisen from our tombs of stone
We emerge by the winds of funeral
Spreading death and destruction
Brining fear and agony over the mortals
By the call of the winds
The mortals are filled with fear
Hunting for the soon to be dead
We kill with delight

By the winds of funeral
We slay the mortals... destined to die
By the winds of funeral
We crush the servants of light
By the call of the winds

It becomes clear... the message of the dead
By the call of the winds, all life ends

By the winds of funeral
By the winds...

At the graveyard the fog covers the open graves
Arisen from our tombs of stone
We emerge by the winds of funeral
Spreading death and destruction
Brining fear and agony over the mortals
By the call of the winds
The mortals are filled with fear
Hunting for the soon to be dead
Who are screaming for grace

