

## Canned Heat

### "Coffinfeeder"

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Exhume the rotted casket  
Robbing graves  
But not for wealth  
Cloaked in moldy rags  
Hunting dead  
Decrepit things from hell

Invade the sacred tombs  
Search for food  
Embalmed five days before  
Ancient body stealers  
Raid again  
A fresh corpse beyond the door

From the ground they rise  
Plundering the grave  
When the faithful die  
Its them, not God they meet

Consume the rotted bod  
And unt more  
Craving maws ooze blood  
Gray skinned coffinfeeders  
Seekig carrion  
Eat the old ones last  
Fiendish ghouls are chewing  
Scraps of meat  
Found inside the tomb  
Roy veiled messengers  
From beyond, bring the parish doom

From the ground they rise  
Plundering the grave  
When the faithful die  
Its them, not God they meet

Unholy creatures swarming the coffin  
Fighting for mouthfuls of flesh  
Invading the tombs of the recently buried, to feast

Starvation of aeons sated tonight

Foraging ghouls consume  
Ancient hunger awakened again

Strengthened by blood the undead attack  
Septic beats from the grave  
If living approach they are devoured too

Fragments of corpses nourish the pack  
Fresh entrails they crave  
The coffin is torn open, the zombies start  
To consume

From the ground they rise  
Plundering the grave  
When the faithful die  
Its them, not God they meet

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