

Marduk

"Funeral Dawn"

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Claws pulled back in dismay
Behold the Morbid Saints last march
Lungs now filled with unyielding dark
Leaving a whining Shadow in your blood
White light - black rain
Behold the Morbid Saints last parade
Cascades of ash and swift decay
Screaming whispers of a Funeral Dawn
Wreaths of black iron, Deathcult caravan
Behold the Morbid Saint in his grave
Murderous current of needle-sharp teeth
Sunken deep into the flesh of the unwashed

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