

My Own Grave "From The Ashes"

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From the ashes born, a new beginning dawns.
Disciples of chaos resurrect and form.
From beyond the grave sounds the symphony of war.
Smashing through the gates of death with ten fist-wielded scorn.

Thought the beast was dead?
Thought the grave would quiet the call?
Pity to your weapons, fable mortal craft!
Left to rot, devoured by unearthly pain.
Dead and burned, brought back to life to kill again!
A thousand screams of death greet the rising dawn.
From the ashes born!

This is rebirth, adrenaline breathing life through stagnant limbs.
Zombie teeth grinding deep, post mortem evolution.
Cutting threads of dying faith, of narrow-minded ire.
Fire raging in my veins, the lust for blood the thirst for life.

The sound of heavy boots against the marble steps.
The battering of clenched fists against the pearly gates.

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