

Coven

"Out Of The Grave"

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The thoughts within my twisted mind
Wreak of death and hate
Your dreams of life in heaven
Begin to melt away
The evil of my horrid thoughts
Makes your flesh decay
Your life falls victim to my game
As I rise out of the grave

In the darkest corners of my mind and evil dwells
Forever I must lie here and burn within this hell
Eternally ensnared as Satan's evil slave
Once again to claim new souls I rise out of the grave

Your world begins to crumble
As you see my wrath unfold
The fingers of my rotting hand
Grasp your weary soul
You become another victim
Of this wretched game I play
You see the hell in which I live
As you're pulled into my grave

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