

## Whitechapel "To All That Are Dead"

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I am the one who is always exhuming  
I am the one you think you see in the darkest of nights  
I have yet to reconcile the thoughts within myself  
For still I am one with the dead

Oh, sanguine blood of thy corpse  
Quench my thirst and stain my skin  
Oh, how ironic it is to feel so alive  
When you cease to exist

I adore what I have become

I have longed for such a love in my dreams  
And my wrath will not subside until this love is mine

Forever I remain the hideous figure treading these  
unholy grounds  
For I have failed the one who has created me

My conscious is telling me to ingest the flesh of the  
deceased  
And with my tongue I shall lick the graves of all who will  
follow me

Mark my words, they will pay  
I still am one with the dead  
And I swear, and I swear to all that are dead  
I swear, to all that are dead

[Instrumental]

And I swear  
I swear to all that are dead  
And I swear to all hat are dead x3

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