

## Witchdoctor

### "From Dead To Worse"

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Sneak up to the cemetery gates  
They swing open without a sound  
Hurry over to the funeral mound

Rain makes the hair cling to the face  
Darkest night but as lightning cracks  
Empty the bag of shovels and axes

The earth is soft underneath the leaves  
Remove the dirt, we dig with ease

[Chorus:]  
Dead - dead - dead - dead - dead to worse  
There are things worse than death,  
Far more worse than death

So it's done, time to lift the lid  
It creaks open, and there it lays  
The corpse is prepped and we sing the praise

Slowly stepping out of the grave  
Fill the night with nocturnal screams, it screams

On our command, the body climbs from the grave  
Once dormant and dead, now forever our slave

[Chorus]

From the grave - now death escaped - life retake once  
more  
Walk the earth - an antibirth - see death reversed  
undone

[Solo: Andy LaRocque]

There are things worse than death,  
Far more worse than death

Worse - dead to worse

