

Obituary

"Back from the Dead"

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You fall, white light fell
You fear the point death sent
Rise, the dead is awake

You like to find me in what's right
Like to dream me in hell, dying
We're back, back and for once more
Like to come in to want gore

Feel, I said rest
You're bad, you forgive him
Rising, rot the one that's lost
Living out what's discard
Debating over what is right

You're feeding the guts, you're feeling the parts
Grinding the stone, the sentenced one
You fall, white light fell
You fear the point death sent

Raid, raiding out the one that's lost
Living out what's discard
Debating over what is right
You like to find me in what's right

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