

## Abgott "Death Fugue"

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A dead man  
Leading the hunt, he plays  
With his vipers he rises and rises

When the day draws darker  
To the dark land  
Your golden path he writes, any step

At dawn we stand  
And the star's mist  
He bashes his laws into the ground  
While you dig the graves in the ground

He commands us... the commands us... he commands  
you

When the day draws darker  
To the dark land  
You'll have a grave then in the clouds

He grabs the rod in his belt  
He swings his eyes  
Dark and darker

Jab your spades deep and deeper... tear deeper

He shouts with blades more swirling the air  
He's dead and plays with vipers

The dead man leading the hunt he shouts and blades  
us swiftly  
The death he plays with his masters the darker and  
vipers

He shouts "sonape your strings.  
.. darker... you'll rise then as smoke to the sky"

He shoots you with shot made of lead  
You know the true man leading the hunt

He loses his hounds, us grants a grave in the air  
And plays with vipers...

Sleep  
Annihilation

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