

Accursed Wound "Netherworld's Prize"

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Alive!
Heavy dead night
Swollen stinking air
Constant rain
Open the earth
For fresh dead to rise
Zombies, tormented faces still in place
Rigor mortis, the dark one wanders
Above them now, seeks a netherworld's prize
A soul still looming
Easy prey
A body to prolong

With a sword
Pry the cold
Coffin open

Alive...
Bind the souls and feed him
Where in life is honor
Is mine only now in death
Simply struck in terror
Under the ground

"Yah yah yah yah yah..."

So in time this cemetery nursery
Feeds the war
And leads me to the crown.

Alive...
"oohhh yah!"
Alive...
"ooohhh yah!"
Alive...

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